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LEGENDARY

← EPOCH ALYPSA →

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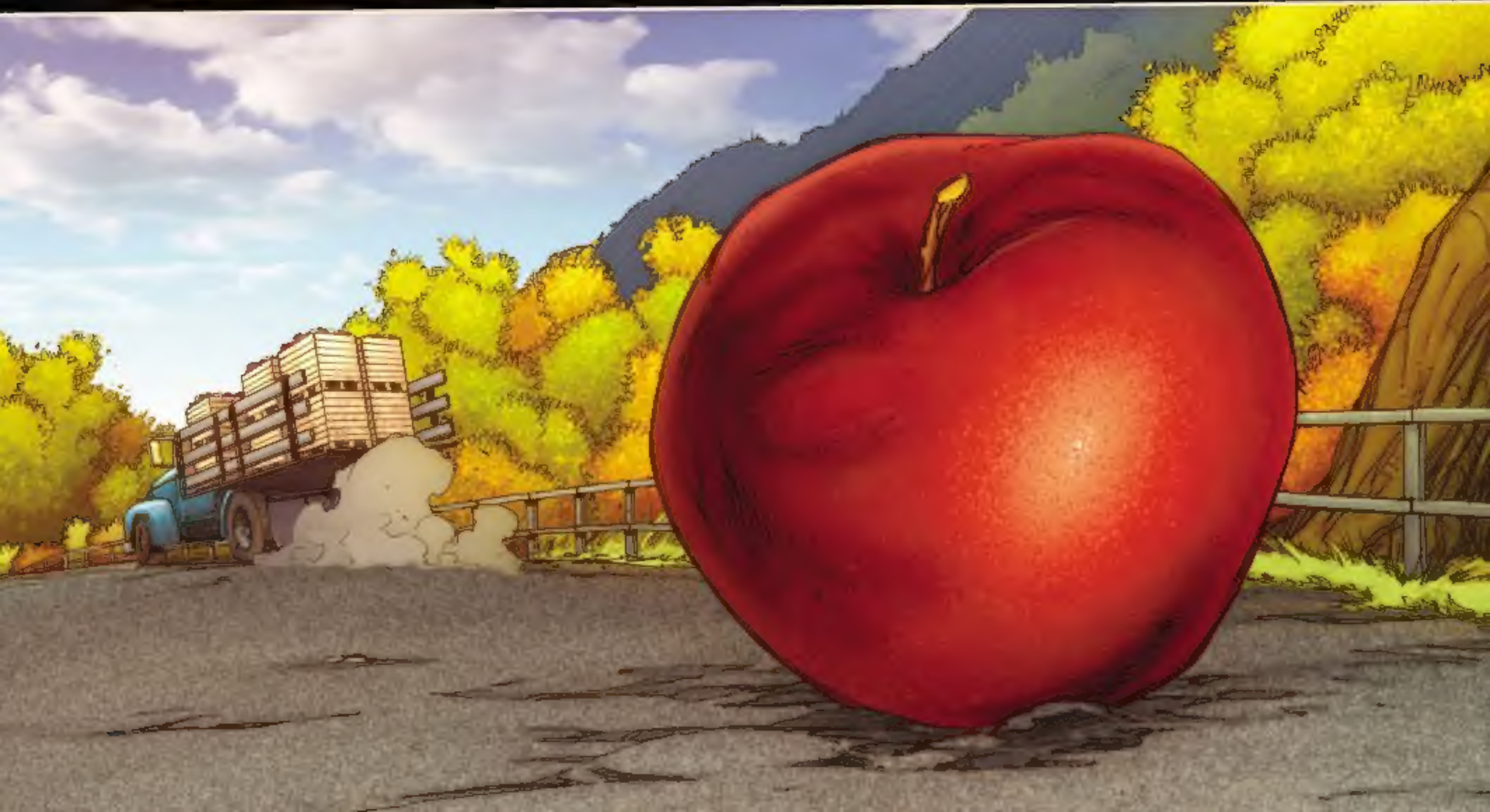
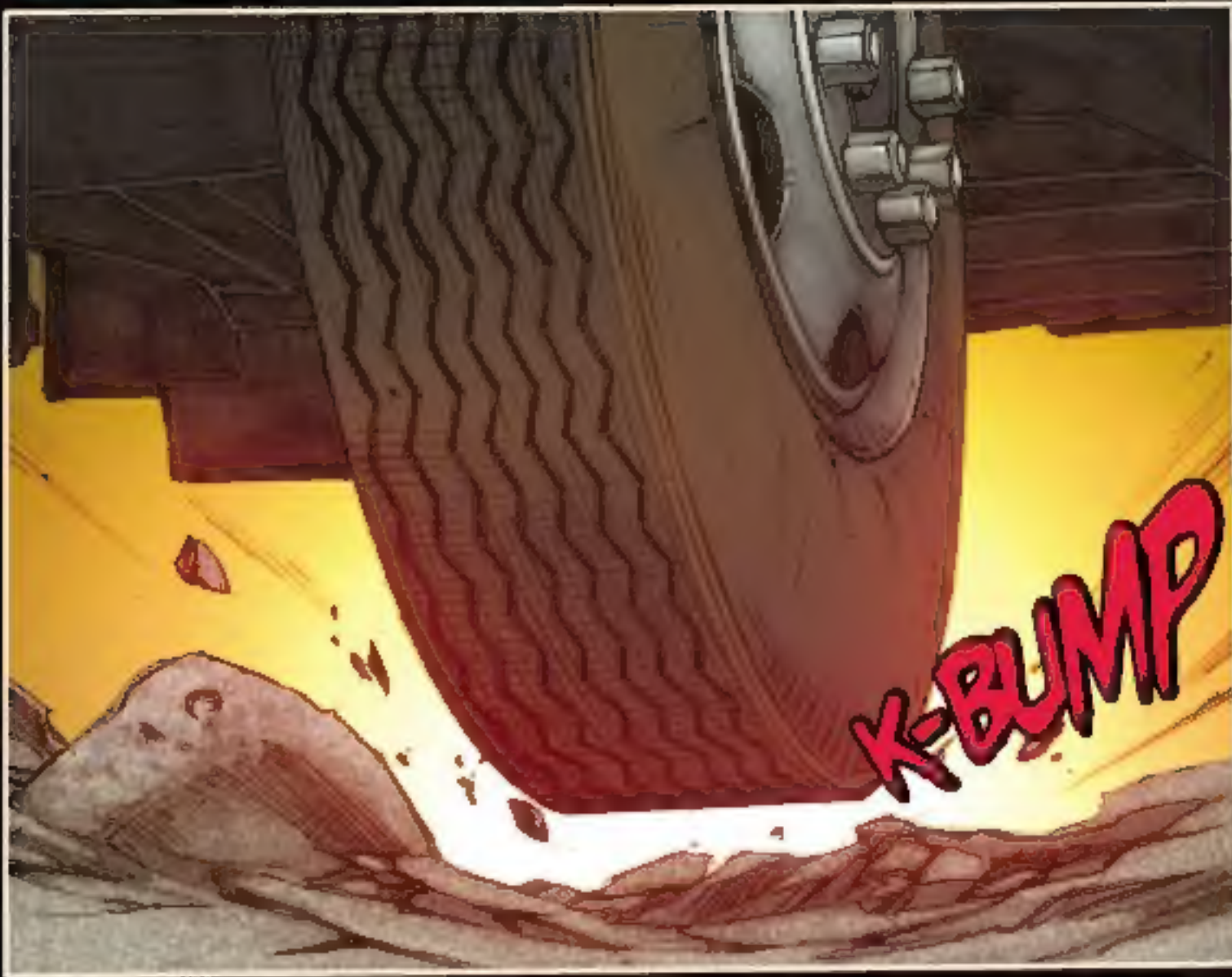
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Page 53-54: Curtis, George William, "Ebb and Flow."

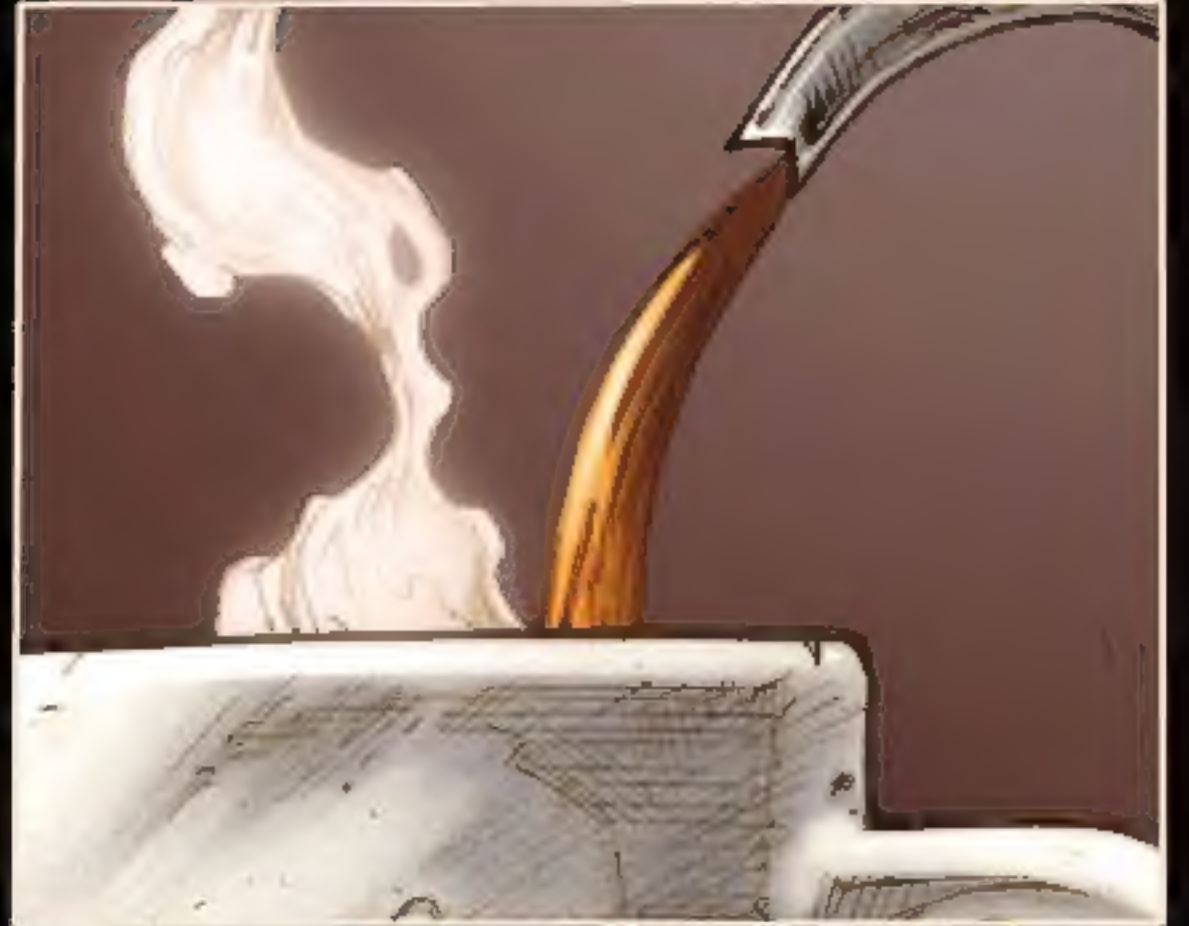
Cover and artwork on pages 3-127 created & designed by Shane Davis





SHHH...!

NOW THIS
IS HOW WE DO IT.
JUST WATCH. AND
DON'T GIVE US
AWAY AGAIN.



YOUR LOCAL HOLSUM FEED AGENT
E — ALWAYS A GOOD VALUE — CALORIE CONTROLLED
64. LICENSED BY EMERGENCY AGRICULTURE MINIS
TRANS-BERKSHIRE DIVISION — FRUCTIDOR
YEAR 14

2	3	4	5
9	10	11	12
16	17	18	19
23	24	25	26
30	31		



YOUR LOCAL HOLSUM FEED AGENT
ALWAYS A GOOD VALUE — CALCULATED
ENSED BY EMERGENCY AGRICULTURE MINIS
-BERKSHIRE DIVISION — FRUCTIDOR
YEAR 14

3	4	5
0	11	12





THAT
TEARS IT! *SLIPS*
EVERYWHERE YOU
LOOK. A WORKING
MAN CAN'T EVEN
TURN HIS BACK
OUT HERE THESE
DAYS.

≡SIGH≡ WELL...
A GOOD, COLD
WINTER OUGHT
TO THIN *THAT*
HERD...



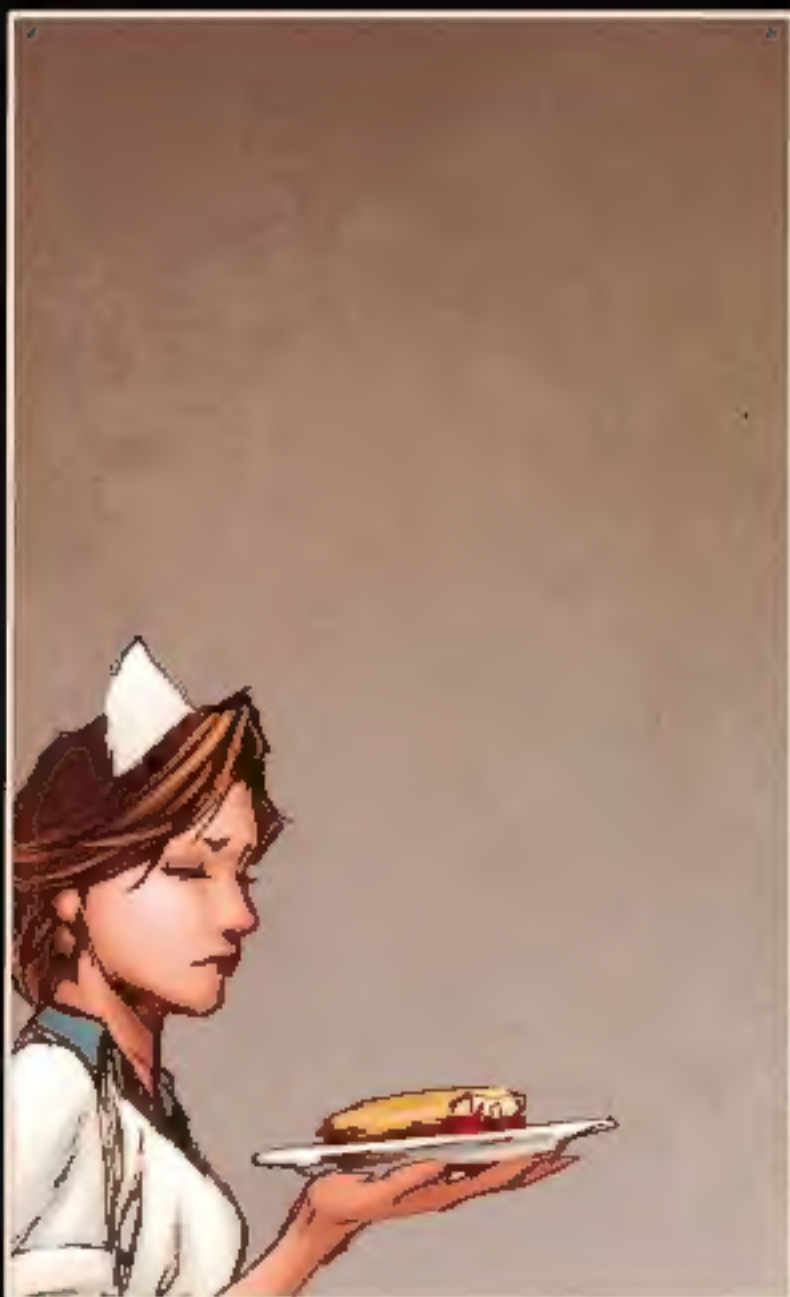
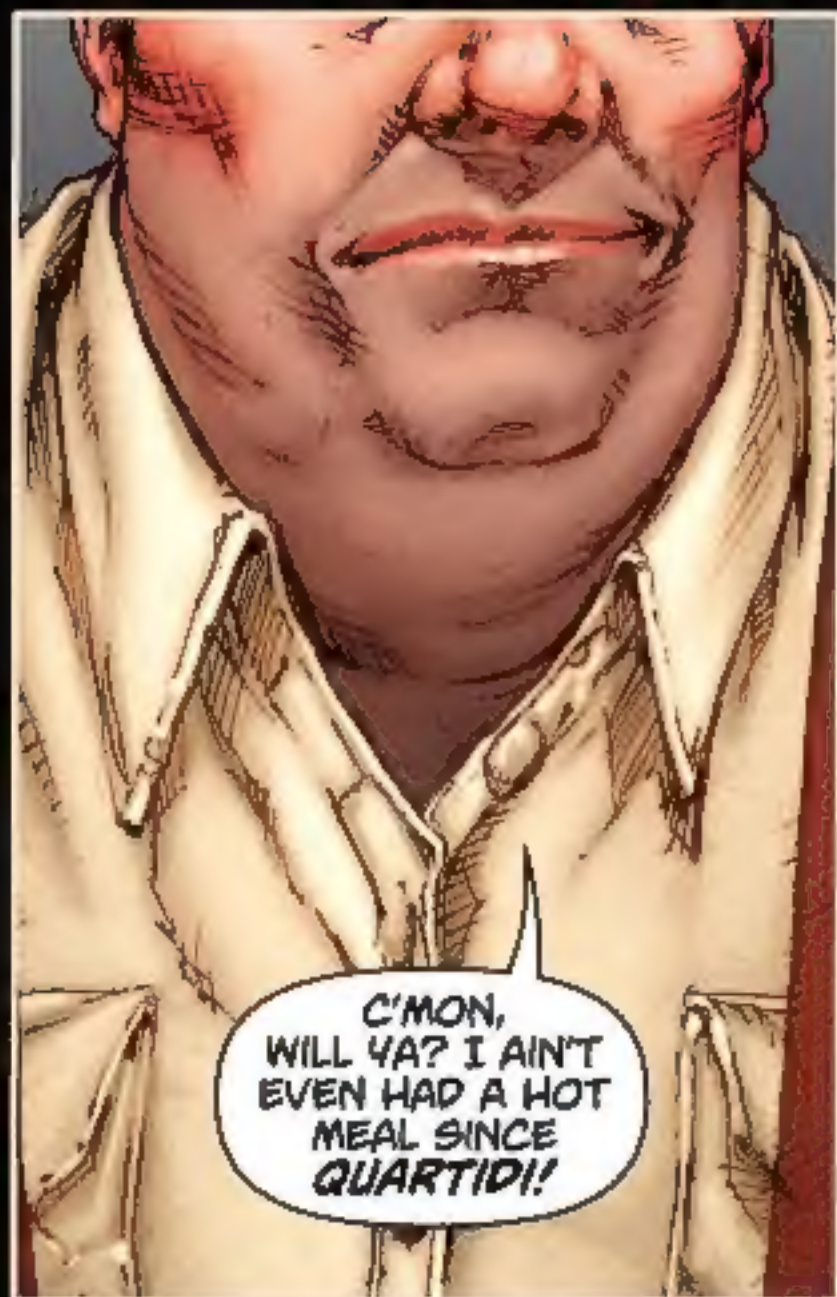
≡GRUMBLE
GRUMBLE≡ NO-GOOD
≡GRUMBLE GRUMBLE≡
THIEVING URCHINS
≡GRUMBLE≡

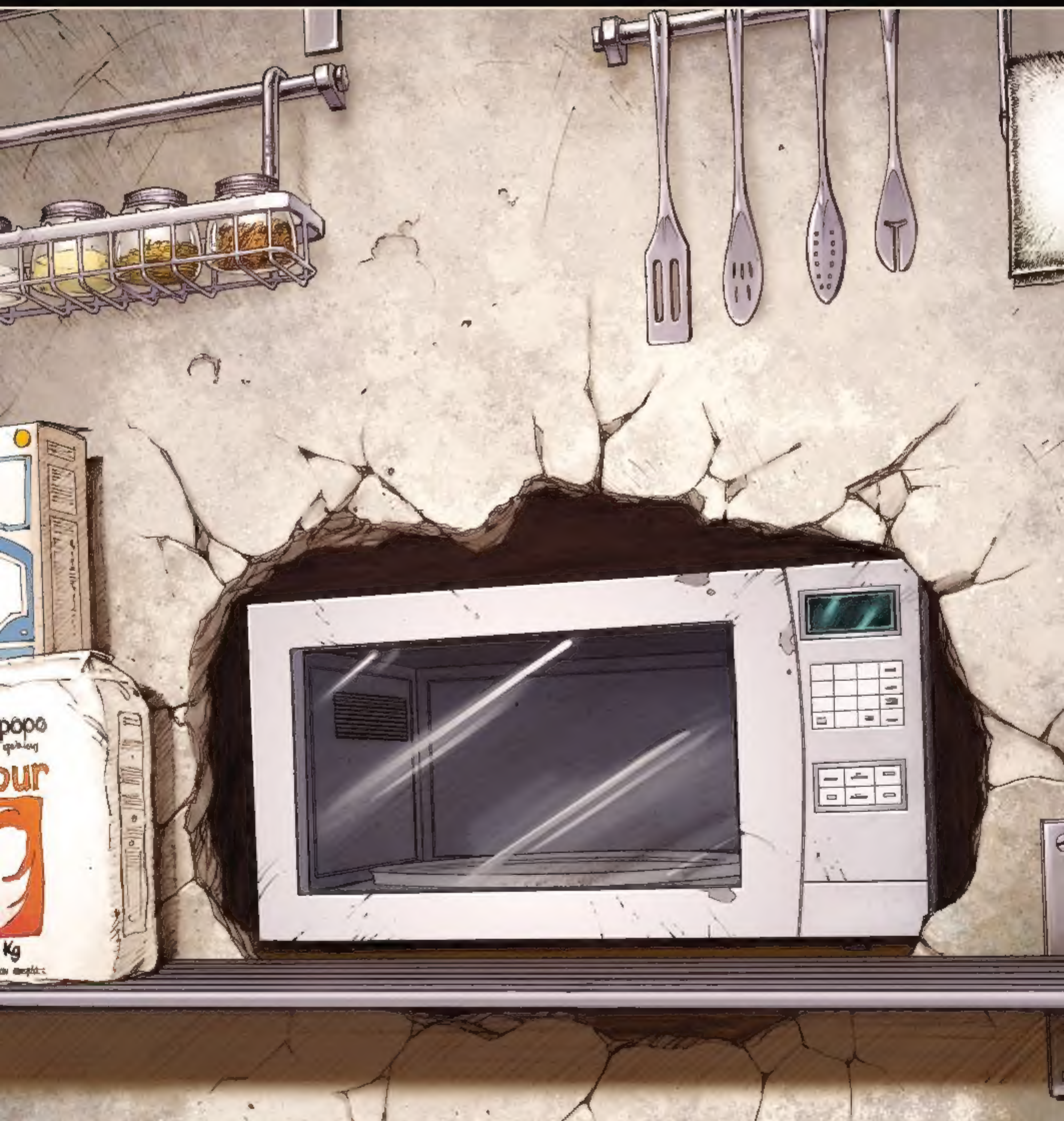


HEY,
TOOTS. HAVE
'EM HEAT
THIS UP FOR
ME?

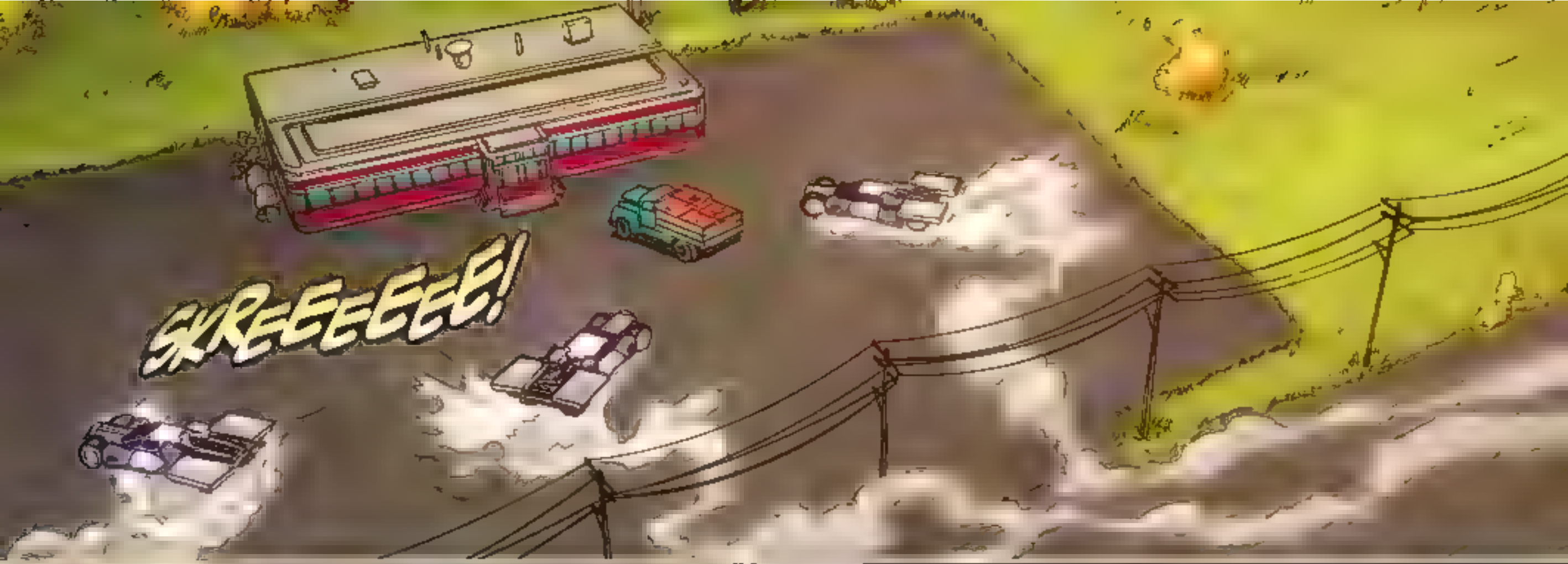
SORRY, HON.
FINLEY'LL HAVE THE
GRILL TURNED OFF
AND HALF SCRAPPED
DOWN BY NOW.

JOINT
CLOSES AT
THREE ON OCTID!
ON ACCOUNT OF
THE ELECTRICITY
RATION DON'T
LAST THAT
LONG.











FREEZE! TRANS-
BERKSHIRE DIVISION
RESYNCHRONIZERS!

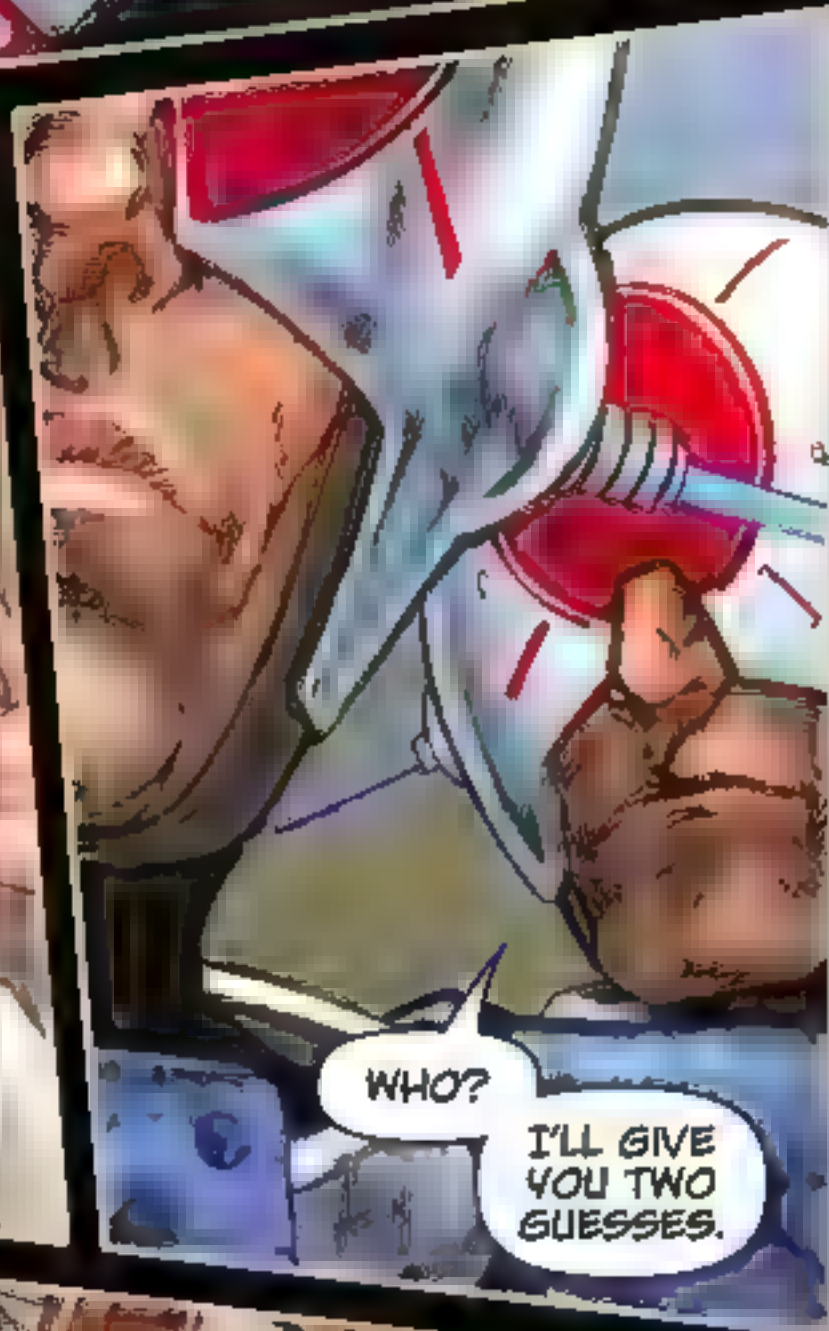
WHERE IS THE
ANACHRONISM?!



I REPEAT.
WHO HAS THE
ANACHRO-
NISM?



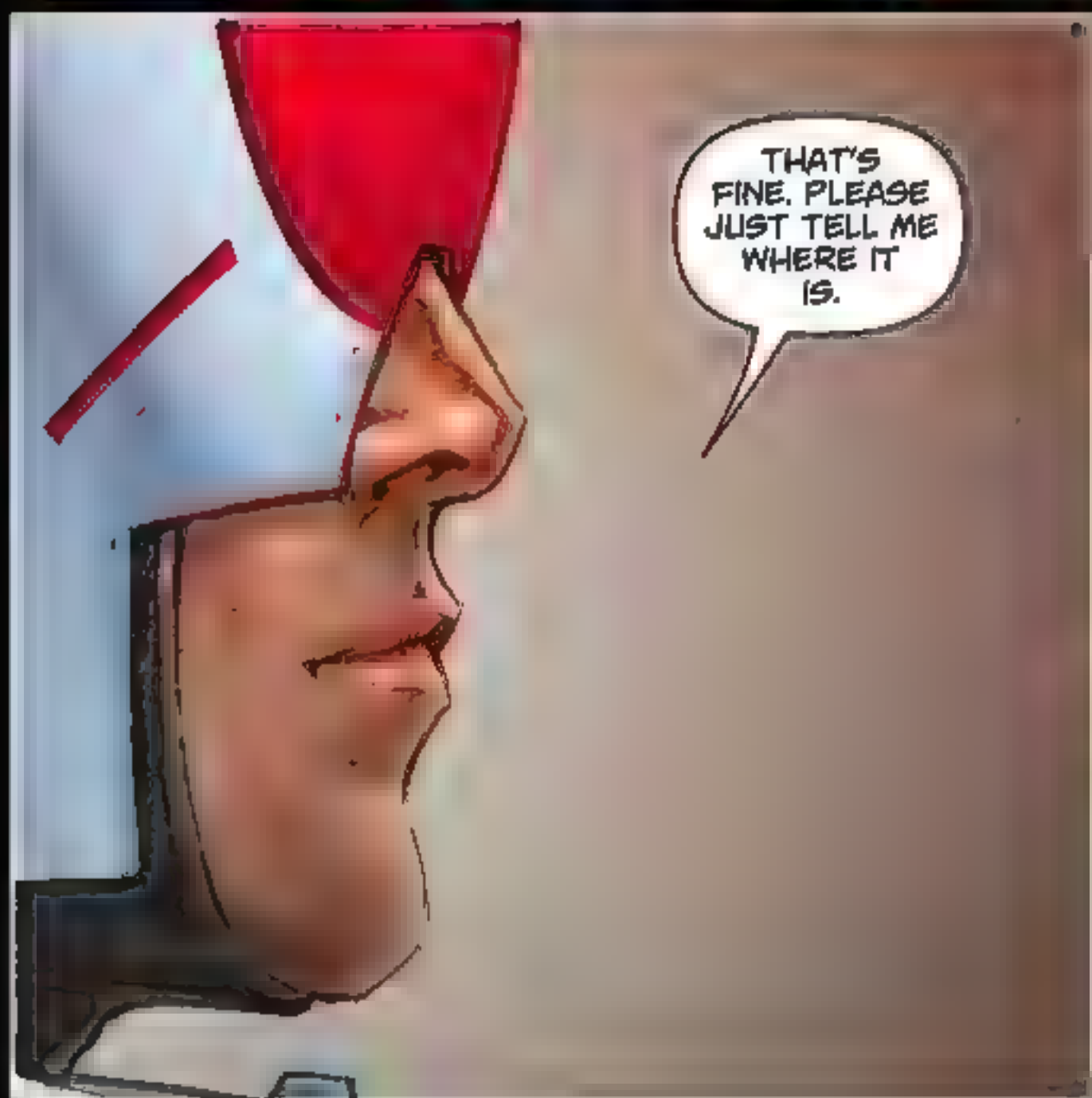
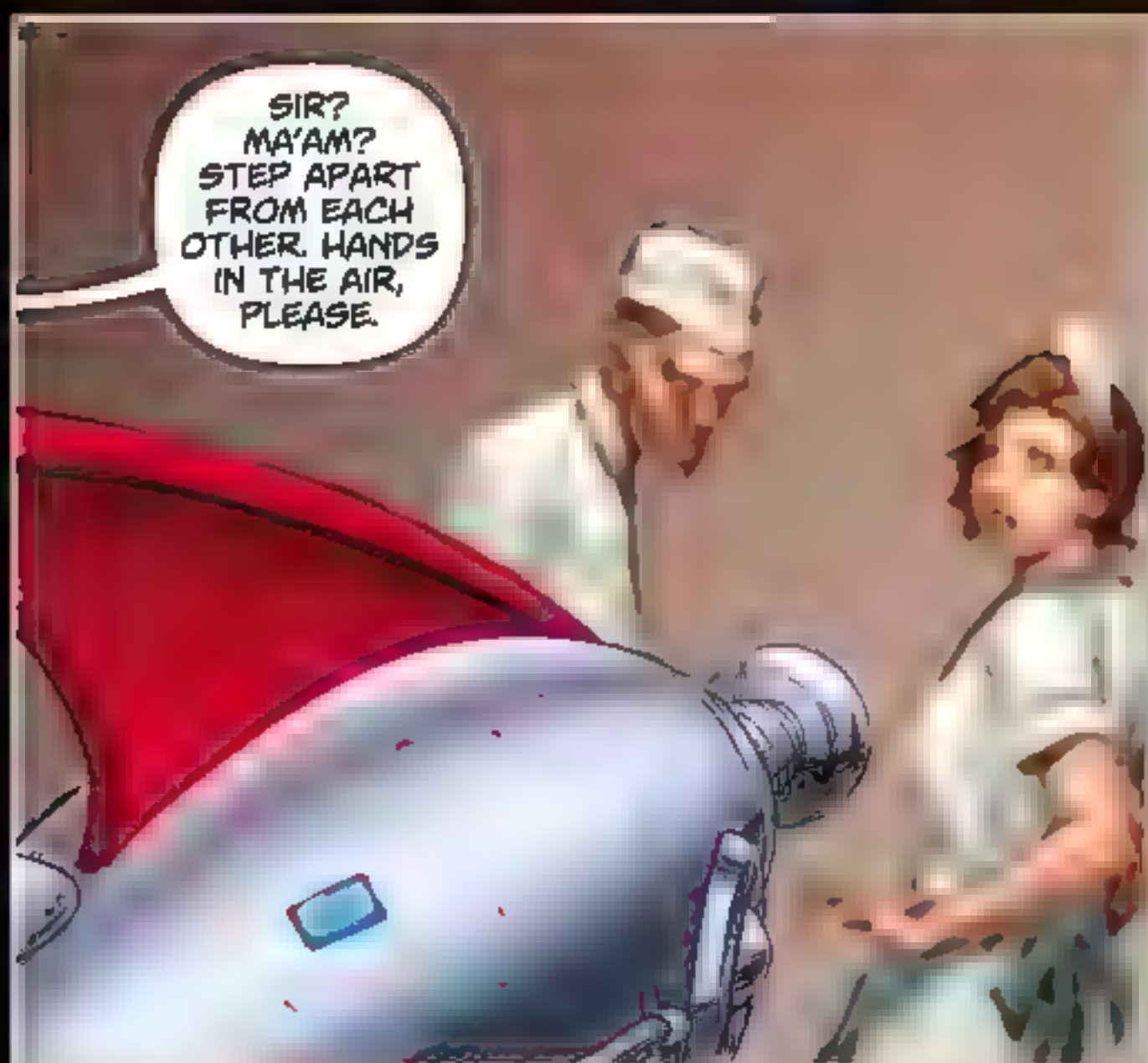
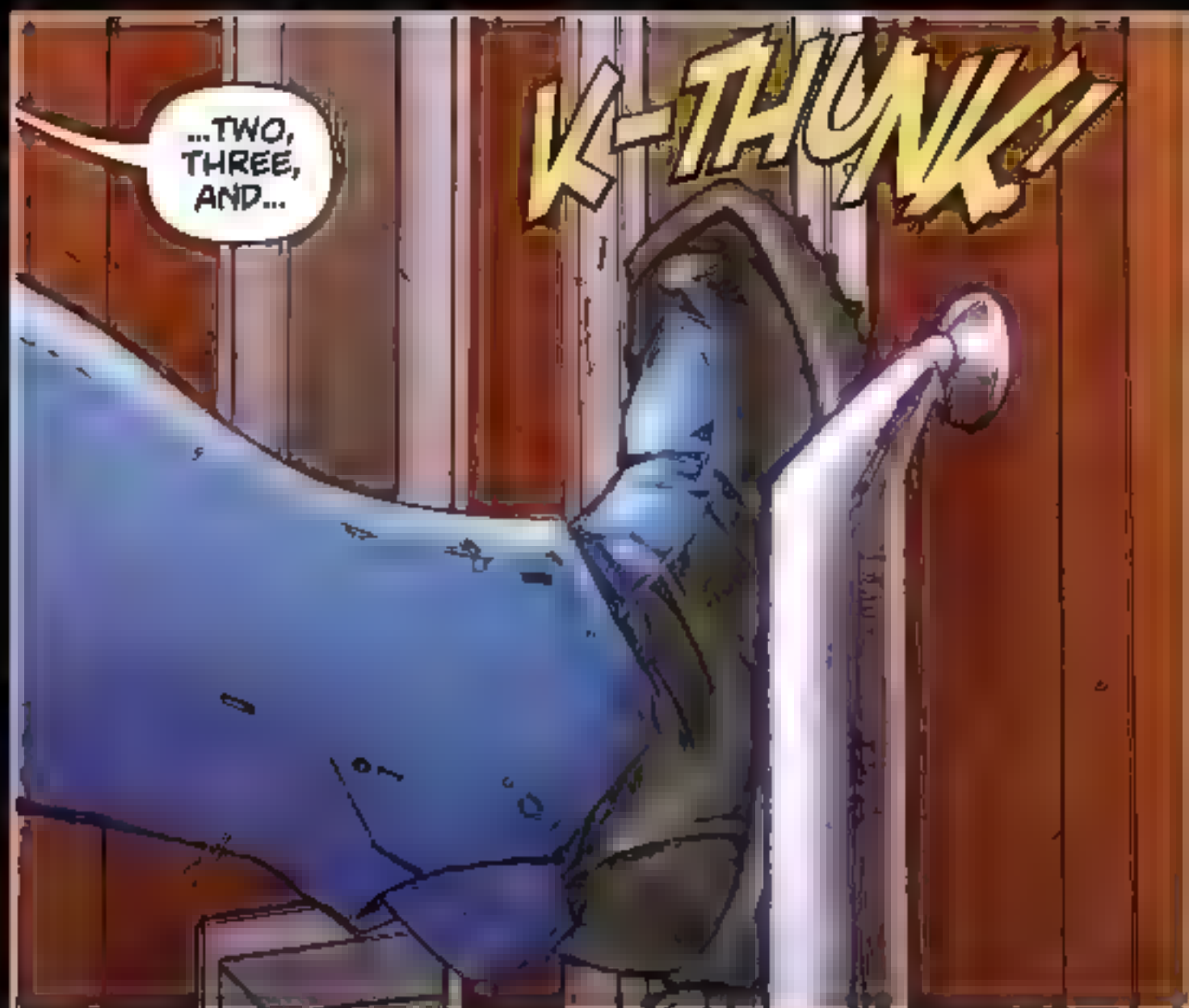
OH--!
OH MY
GOD--!

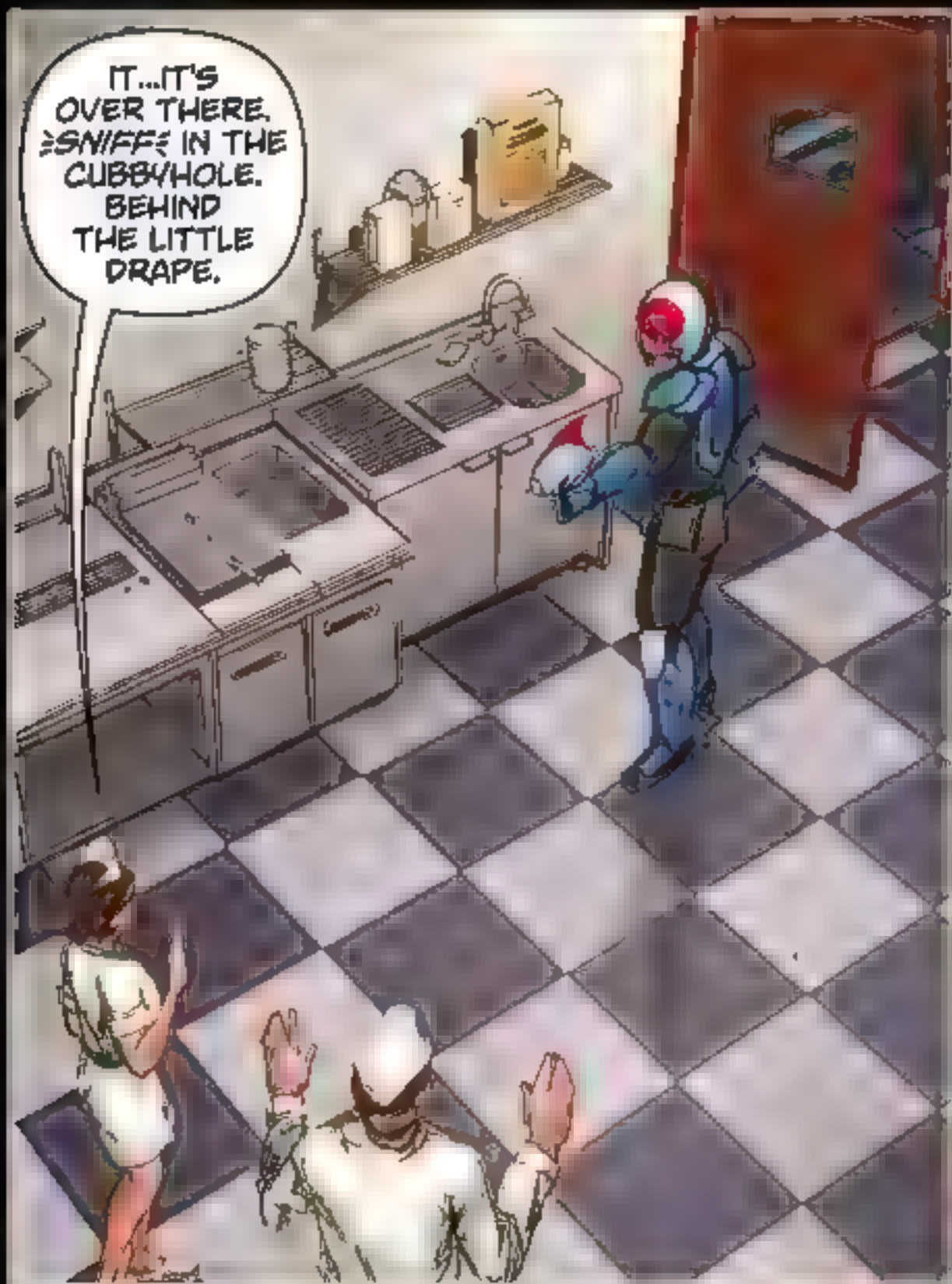


WHO?

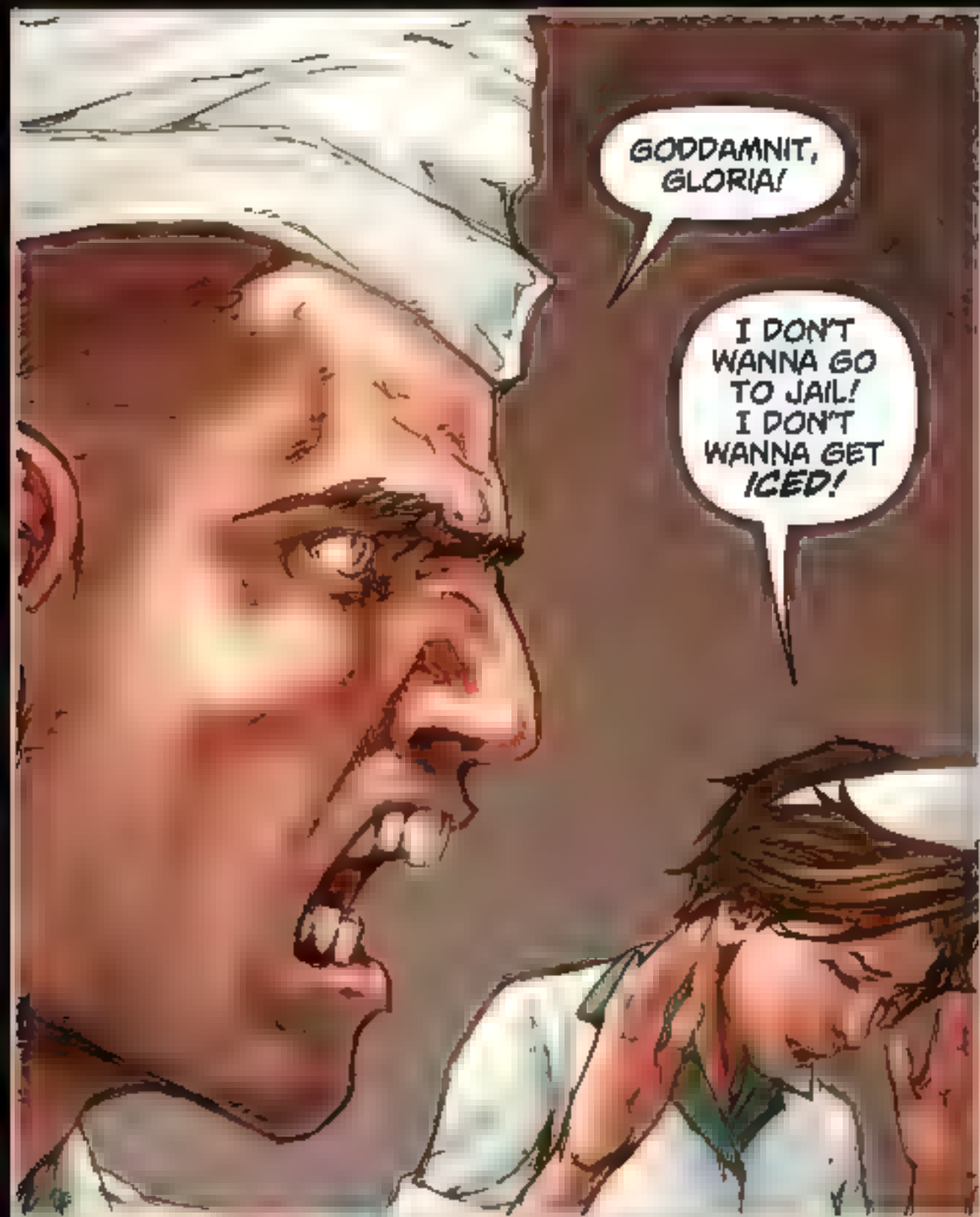
I'LL GIVE
YOU TWO
GUESSES.





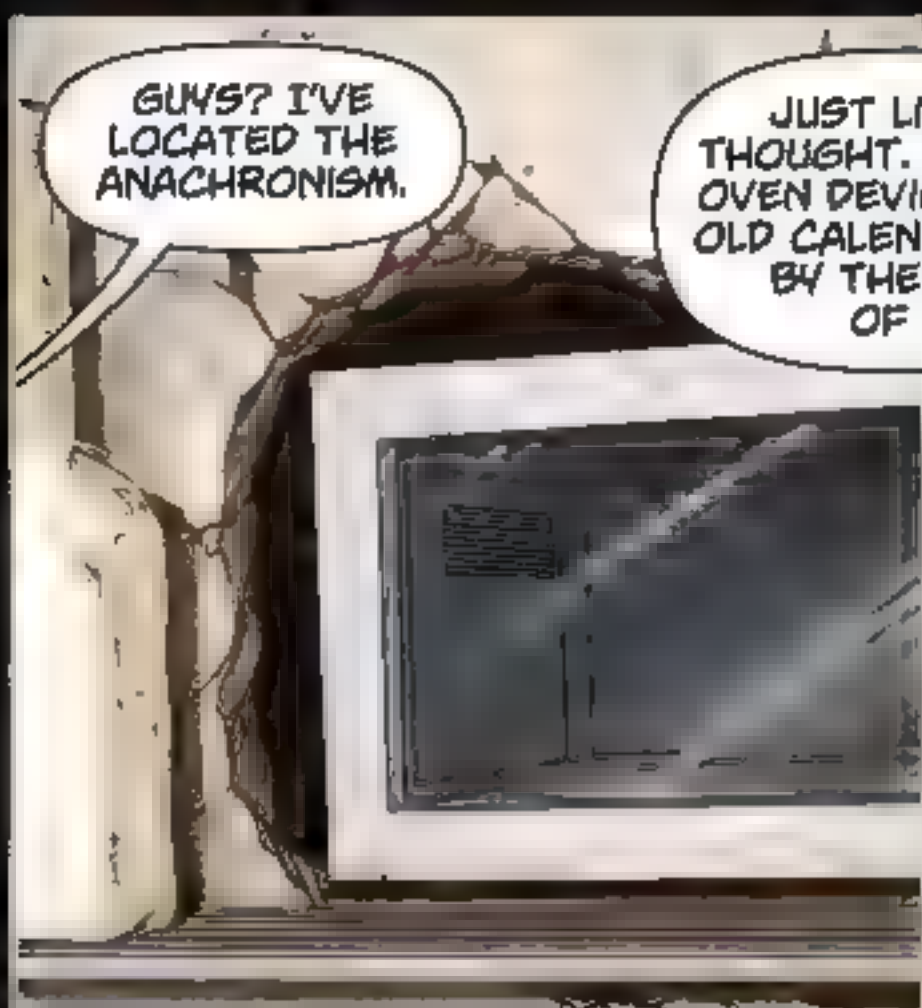


IT...IT'S
OVER THERE.
SNIFF IN THE
CUBBYHOLE.
BEHIND
THE LITTLE
DRAPE.

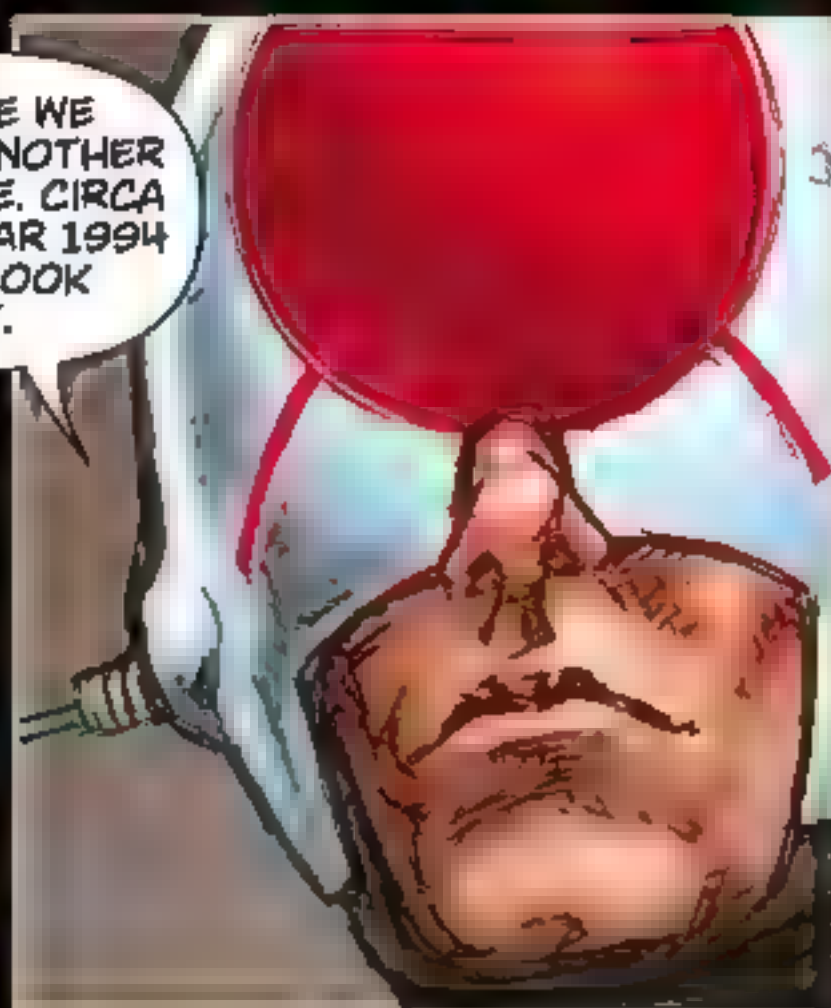


GODDAMNIT,
GLORIA!

I DON'T
WANNA GO
TO JAIL!
I DON'T
WANNA GET
ICED!



GUYS? I'VE
LOCATED THE
ANACHRONISM.



JUST LIKE WE
THOUGHT. ANOTHER
OVEN DEVICE. CIRCA
OLD CALENDAR 1994
BY THE LOOK
OF IT.

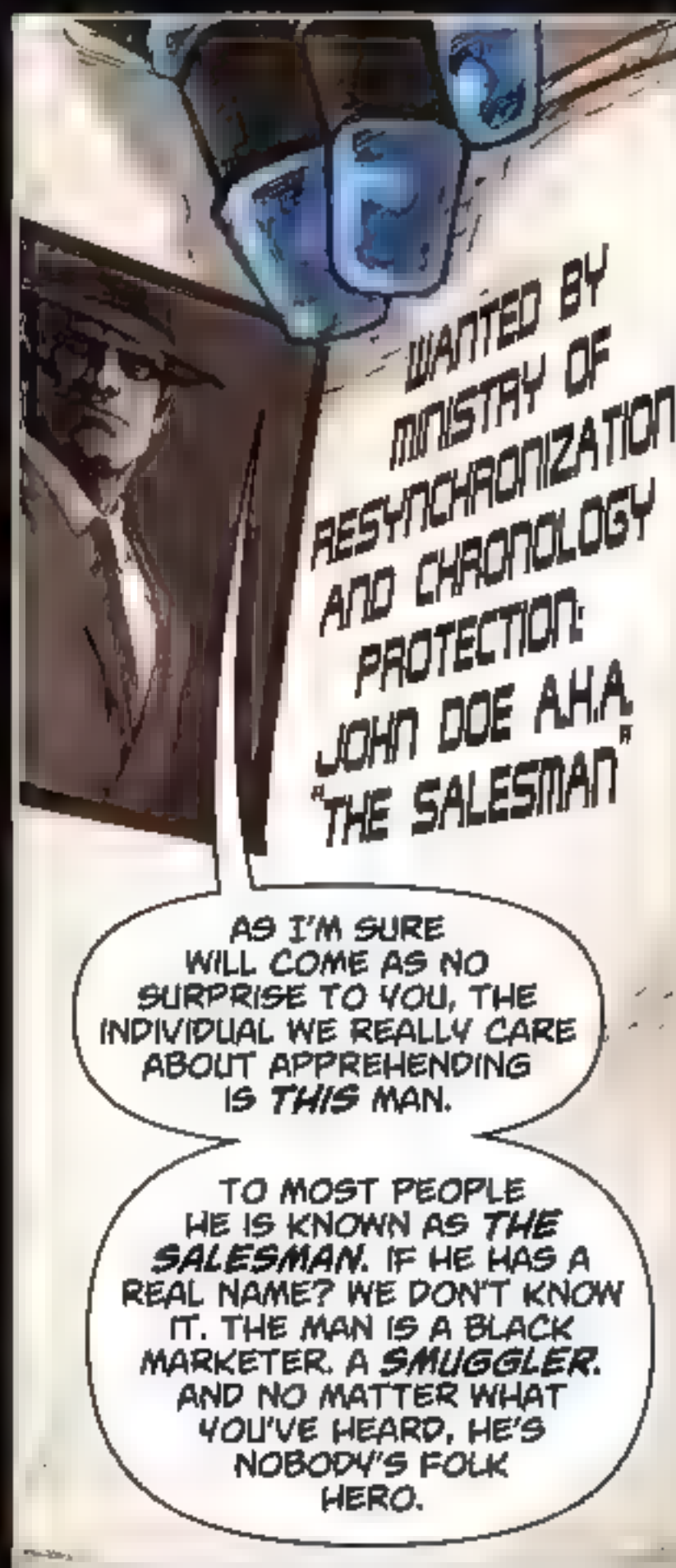
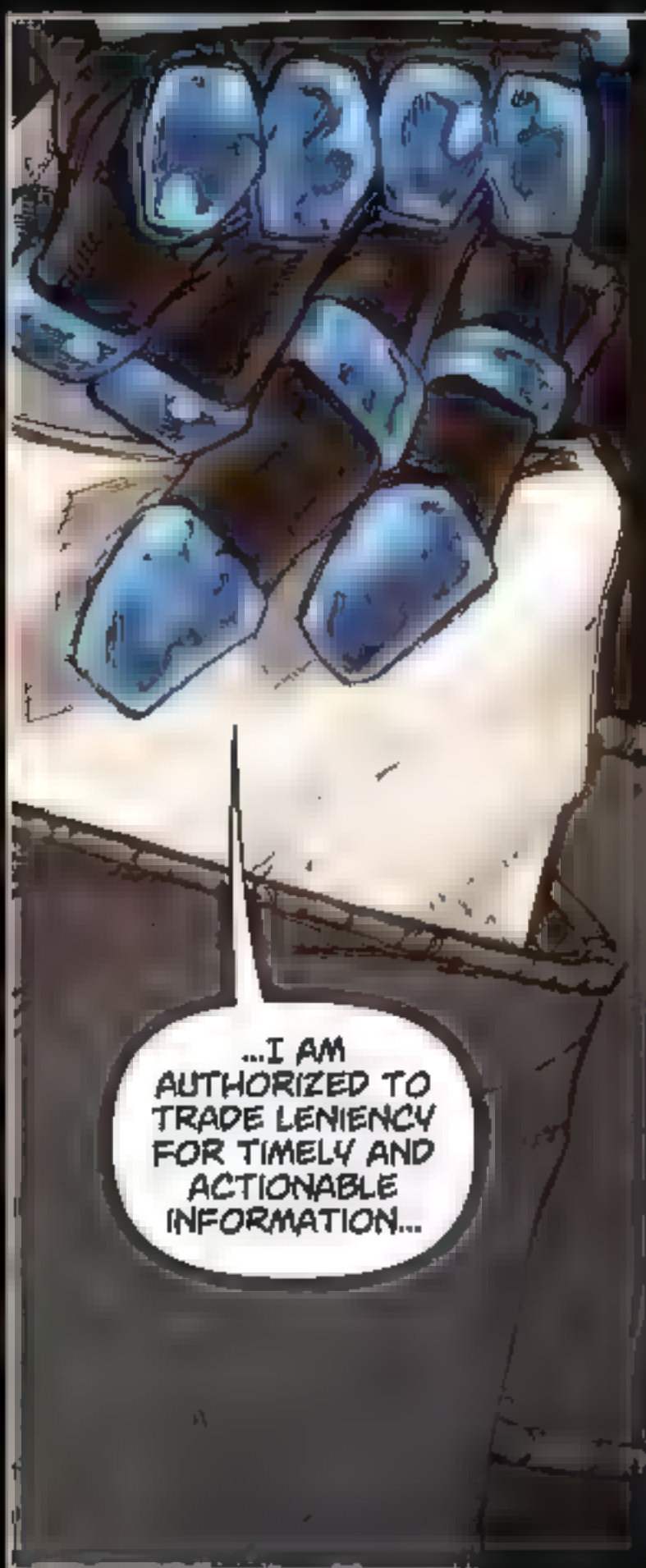
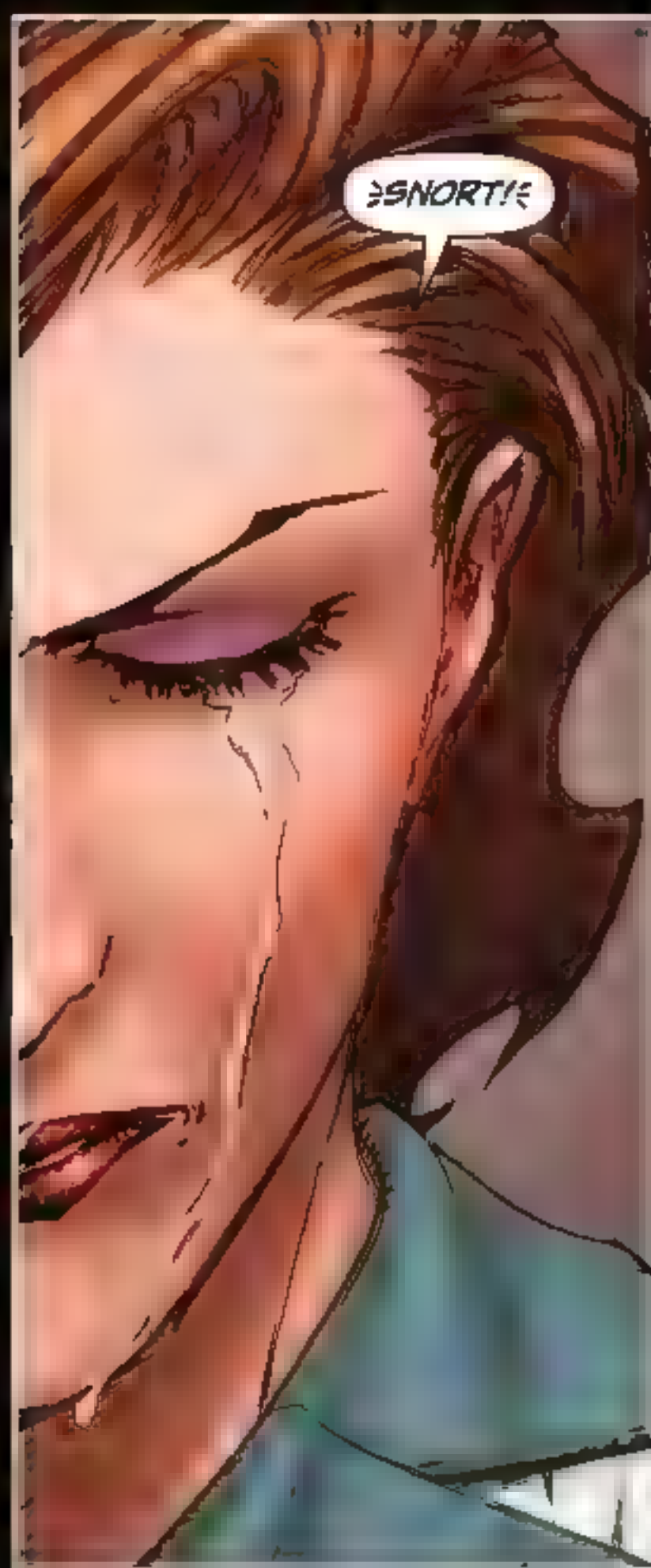
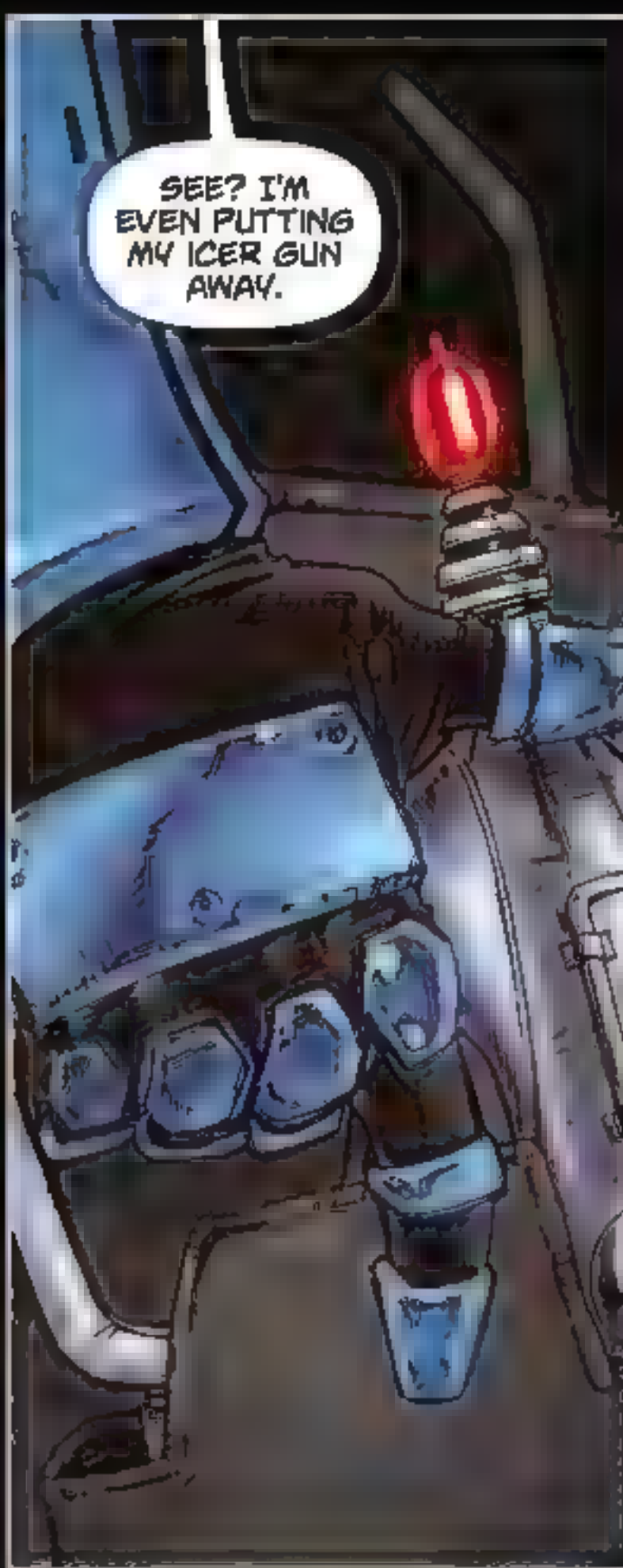
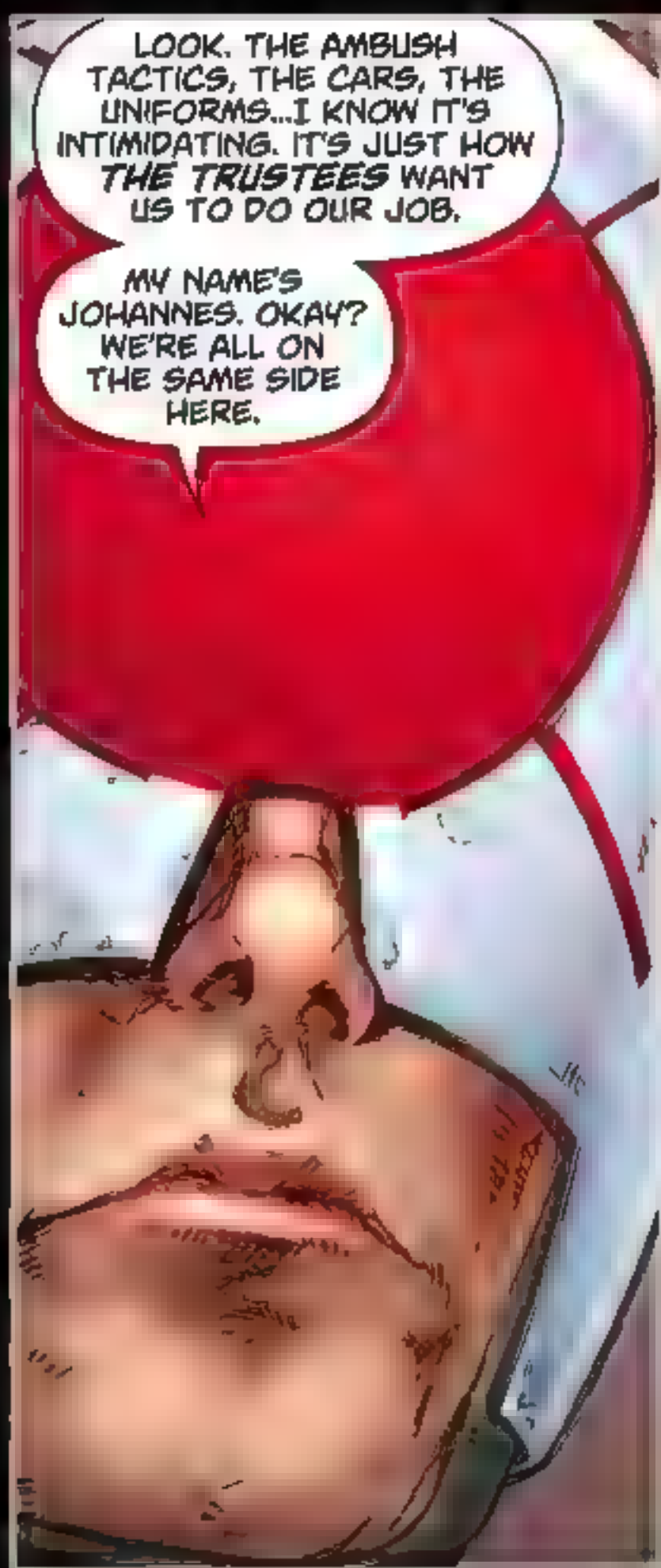


YOU FINE
CITIZENS HEAR
THAT?

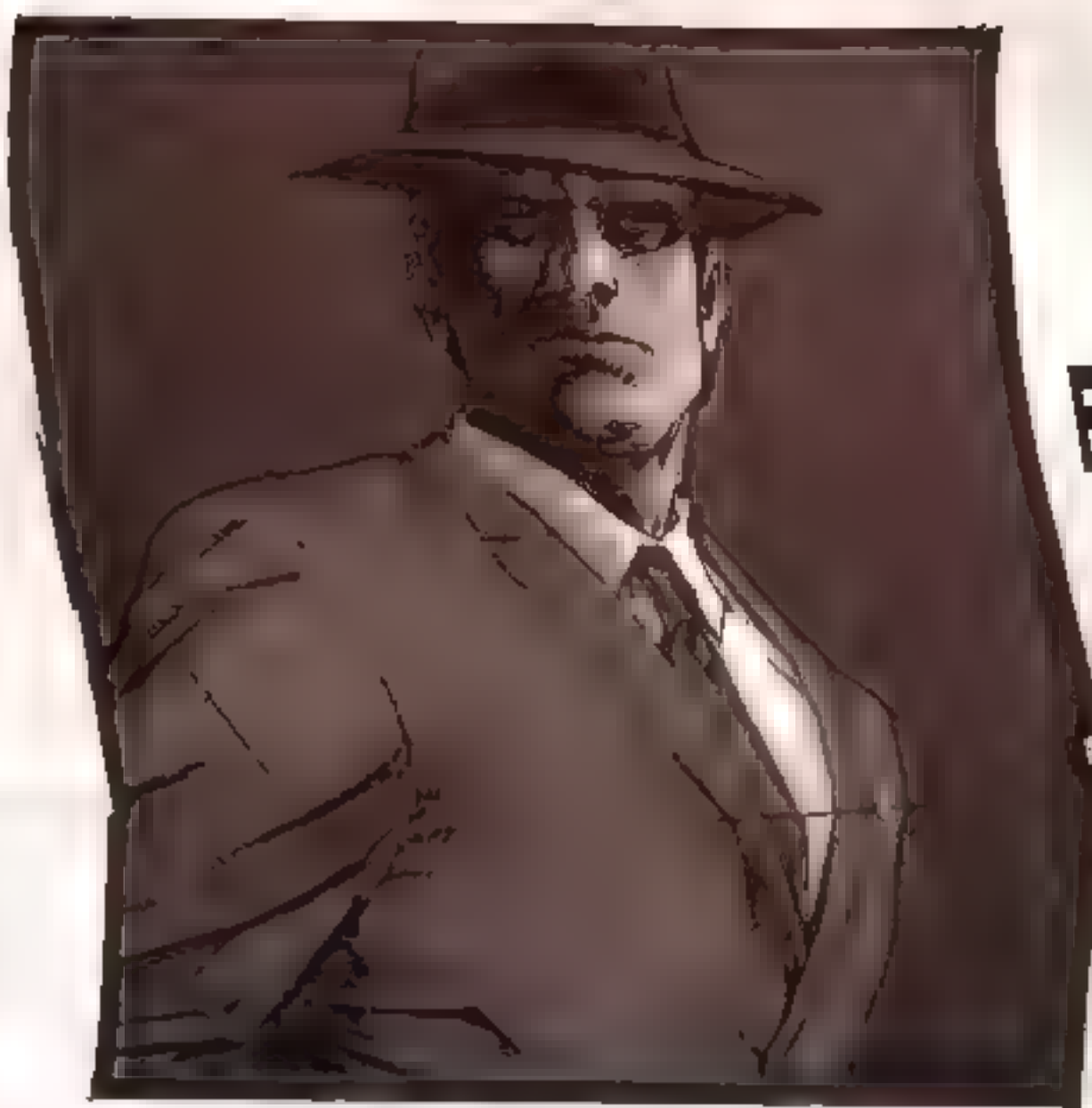
ANACHRONISMS
RIGHT UNDER YOUR
NOSES. BUT I DON'T
SUPPOSE ANY OF YOU
WERE WISE TO THAT.



SIR?
HOW ABOUT
YOU?



THE SALESMAN
CAME THROUGH
THESE PARTS
TWO WEEKS AGO.
DIDN'T HE.

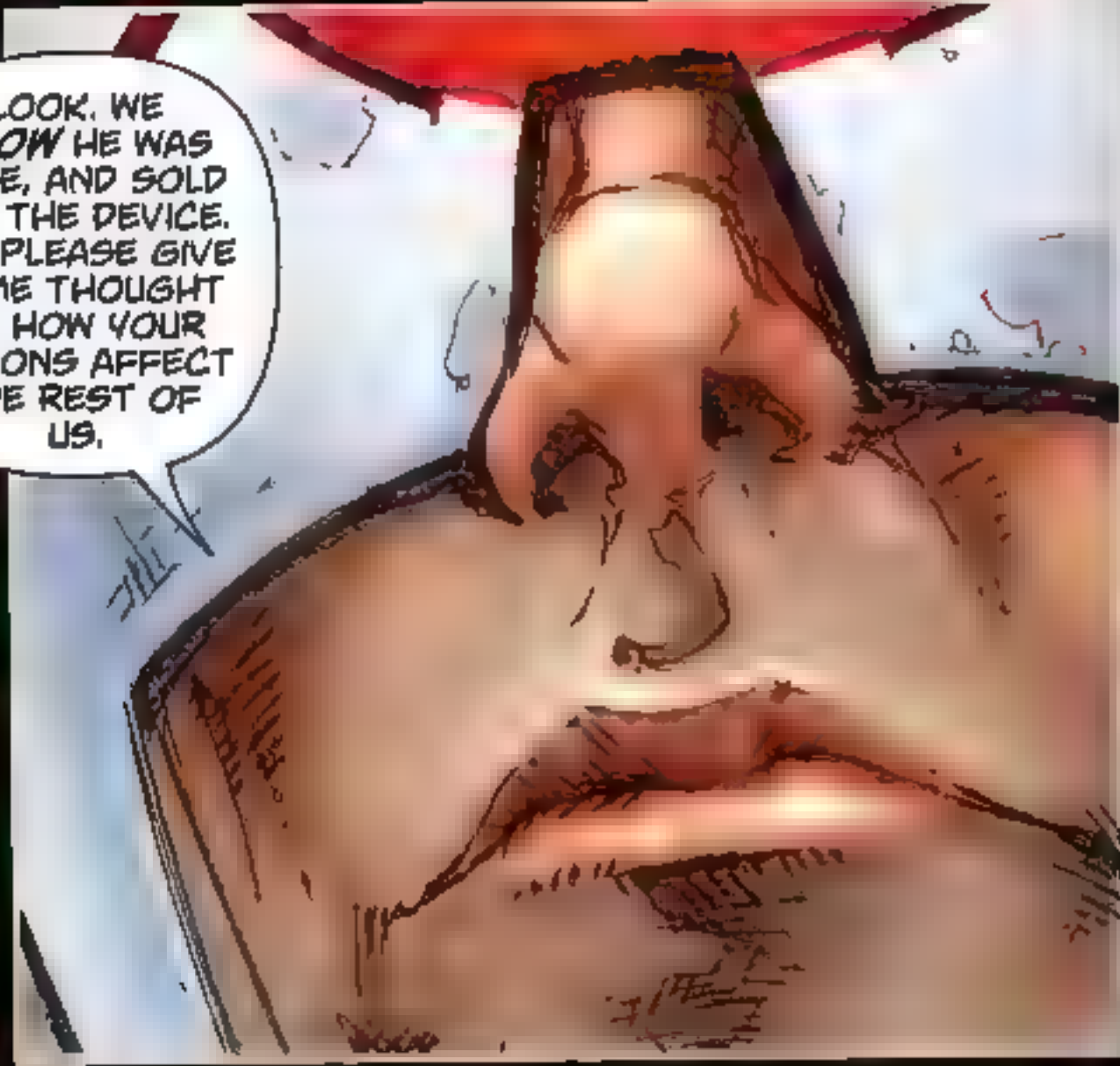


WANTED BY
MINISTRY OF
RESYNCHRONIZATION
AND CHRONOLOGICAL
PROTECTION:
JOHN DOE A.K.A.
"THE SALESMAN"

GLORIA?
ONE MORE
WORD OUT OF
THAT MOUTH
OF YOURS
AND I'LL...



LOOK, WE
KNOW HE WAS
HERE, AND SOLD
YOU THE DEVICE.
BUT PLEASE GIVE
SOME THOUGHT
TO HOW YOUR
ACTIONS AFFECT
THE REST OF
US.



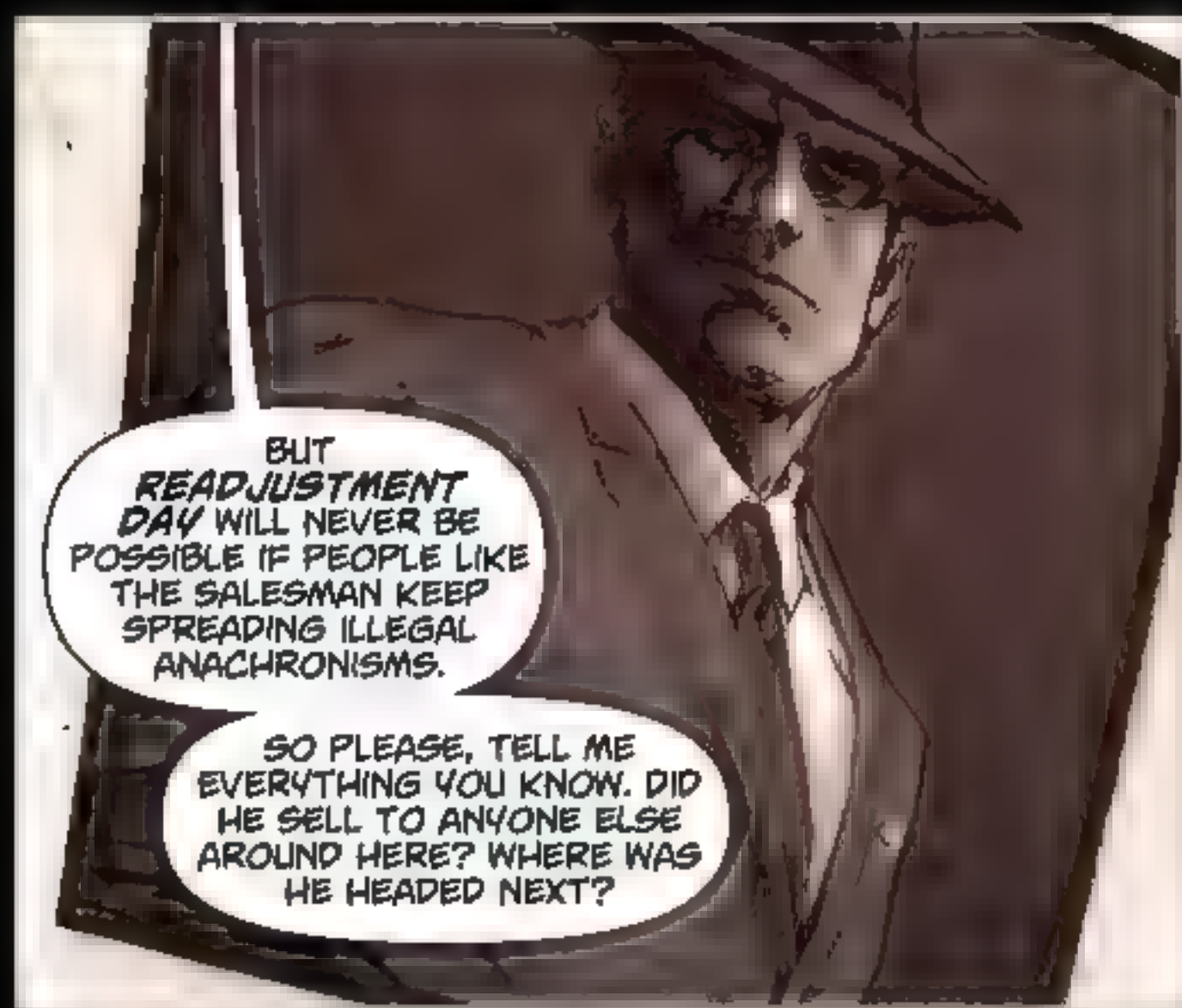
WE ALL
WANT TO
GO BACK TO
OUR HOME
TIMES,

LOOK
AT ME.



WANT TO
GUESS WHEN *THE
INCONGRUITY* CAUGHT
ME? THE YEAR 1645.
I WAS JUST A KID THEN.
AND JUST LIKE YOU, ALL
I HAD, ALL I KNEW, GOT
RIPPED AWAY. MY FAMILY.
EVEN MY COUNTRY. I
WANT THE TIMELINES
RETURNED TO NORMAL
AGAIN AS MUCH AS
ANYONE.





BUT
**READJUSTMENT
DAY** WILL NEVER BE
POSSIBLE IF PEOPLE LIKE
THE SALESMAN KEEP
SPREADING ILLEGAL
ANACHRONISMS.

SO PLEASE, TELL ME
EVERYTHING YOU KNOW. DID
HE SELL TO ANYONE ELSE
AROUND HERE? WHERE WAS
HE HEADED NEXT?



I'VE
HAD
IT...



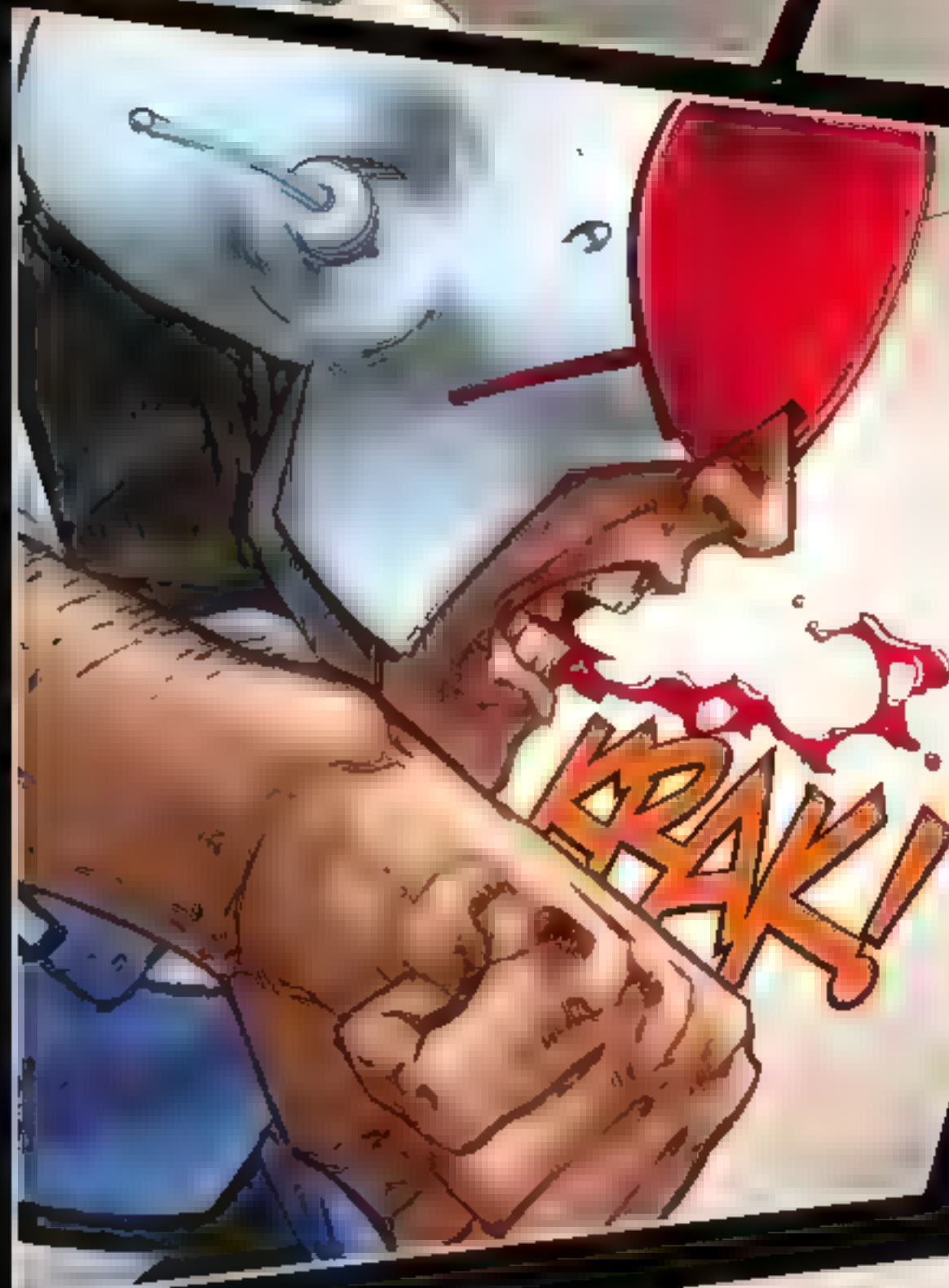
WE'VE
ALL HAD IT
WITH YOU
PEOPLE!





F-FINLEY!
DON'T!

NOW
LEAVE US ALL
THE HELL
ALONE!!



KRAK!



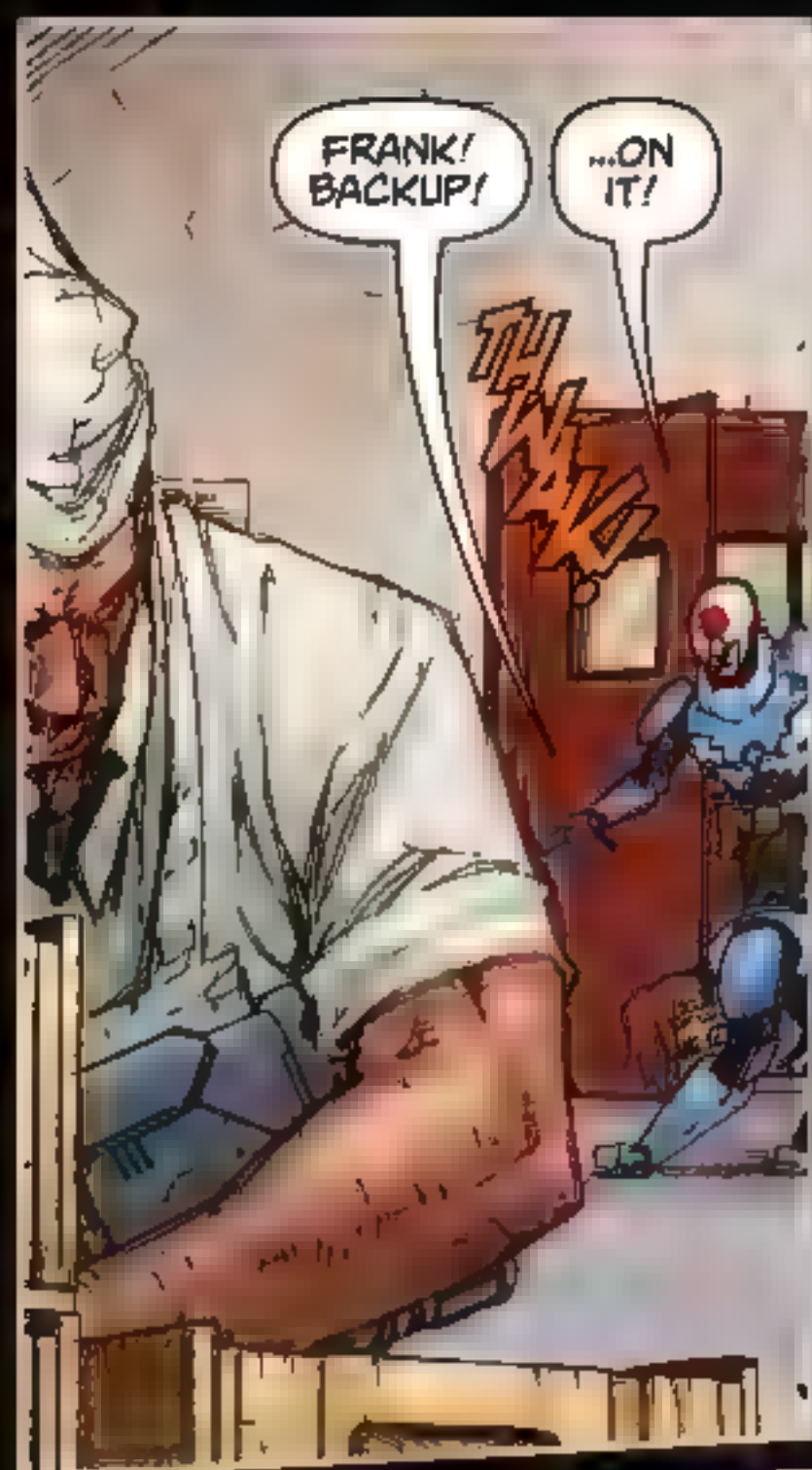
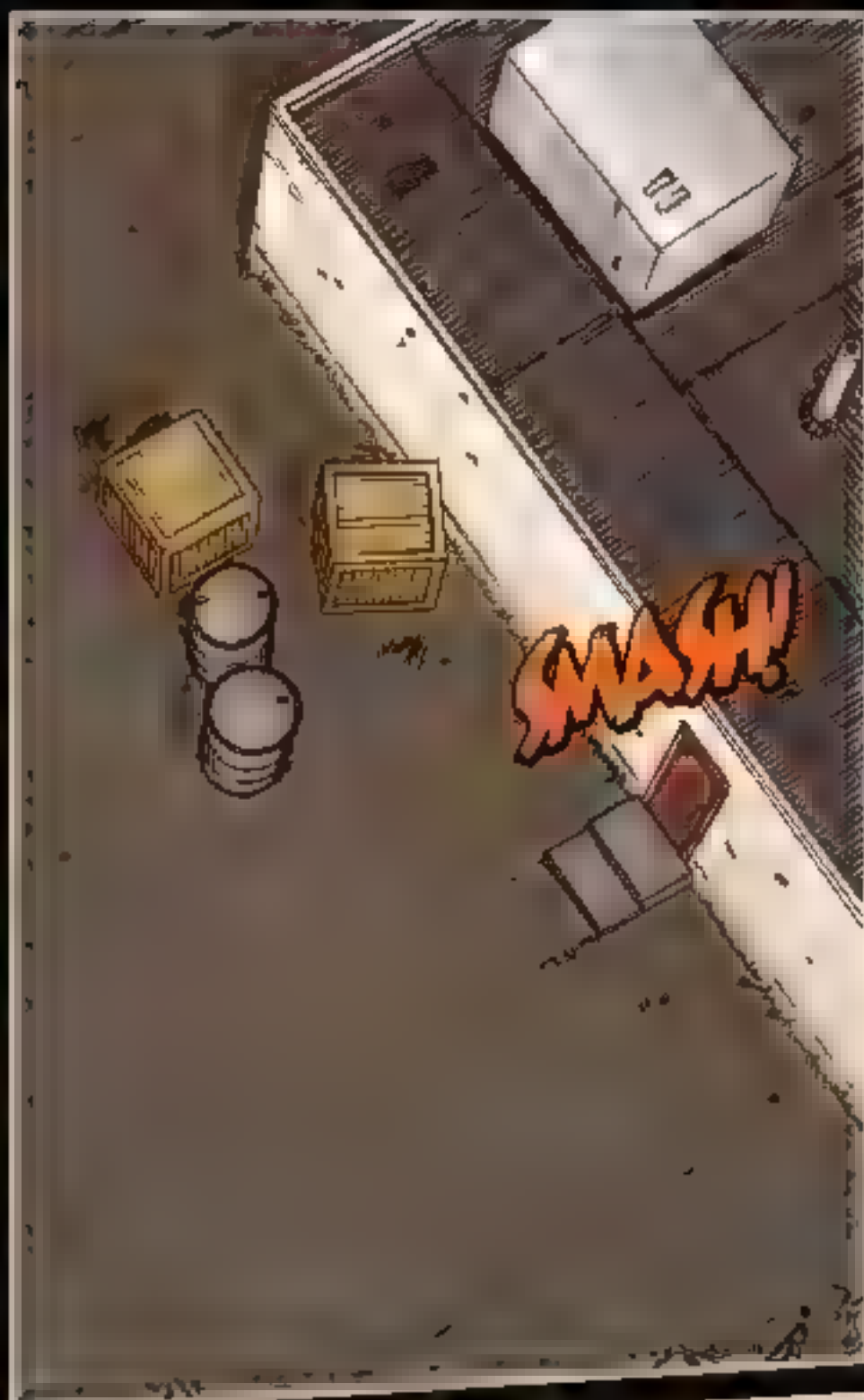
THWACK!

YOU DIRTY
BASTARDS TOOK MY
GRANDDAUGHTER
AWAY!



THINK THAT
OVEN IS THE ONLY
ANACHRONISM
WE GOT?

THINK
AGAIN!



CURRENT
USER APPROVED FOR
TRAINING AND TARGET
PURPOSES ONLY

SEE
COMMANDING
OFFICER FOR
OVERRIDE KEY

CHICKENSHIT
HUNK OF CRAP!

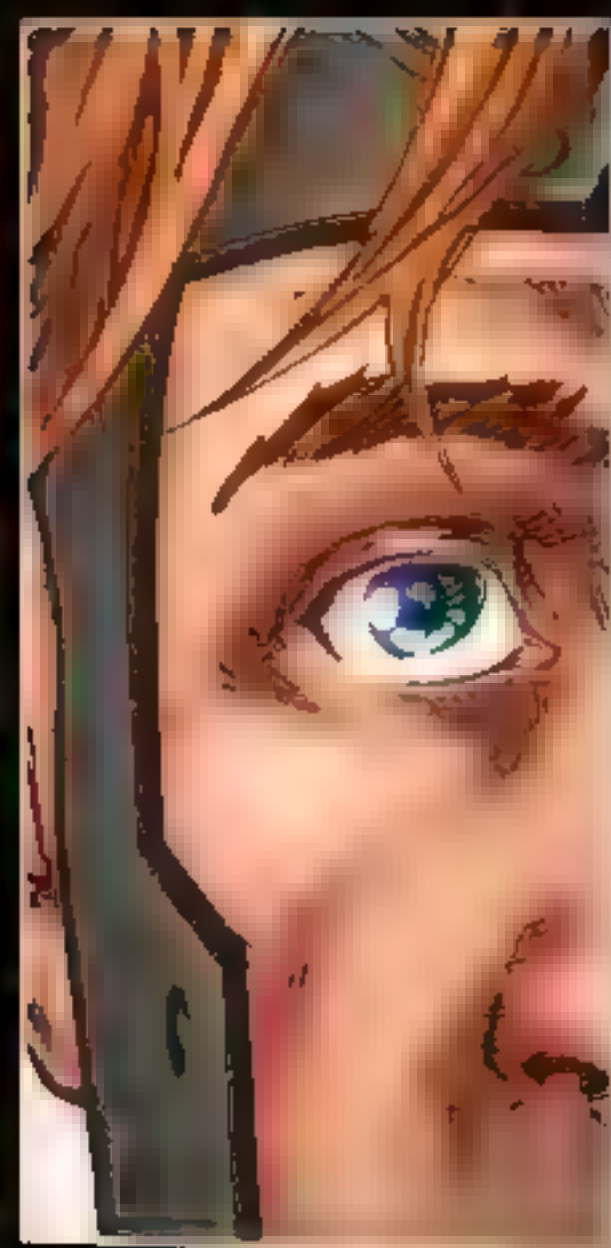
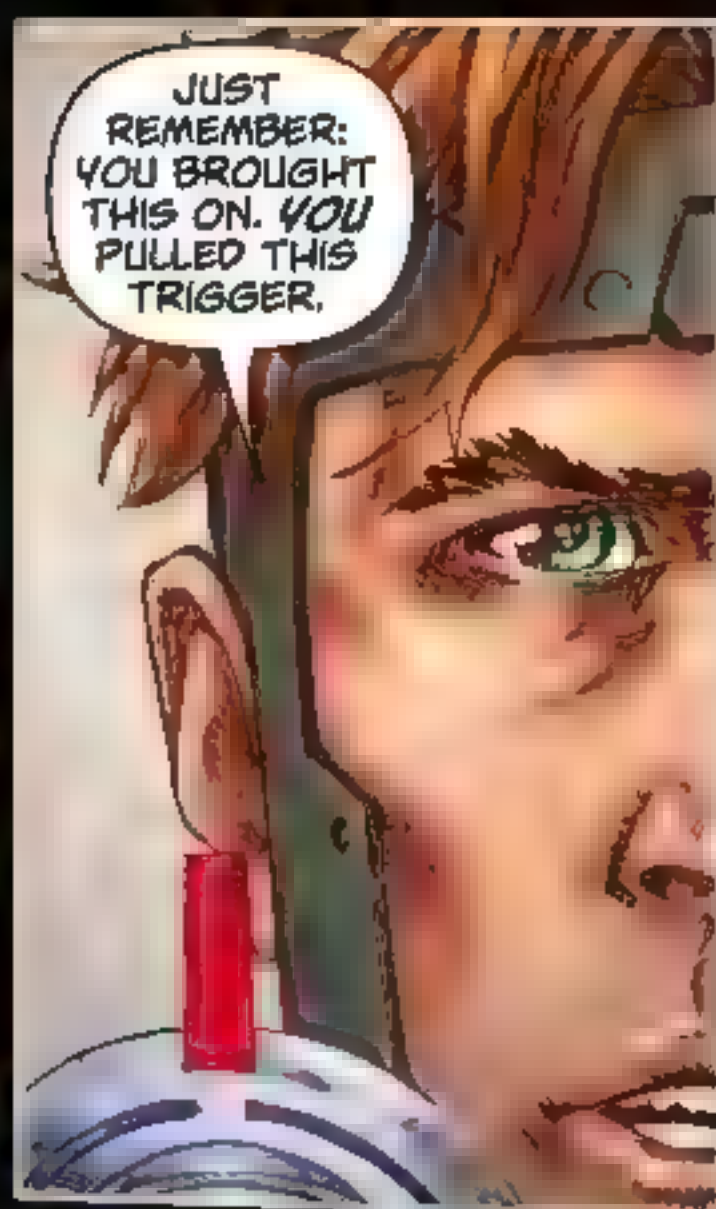
UGK!

CRACK!

KA-RUNK

THAT'S HOW
IT'S GONNA BE
THEN, HUH? THREE
AGAINST ONE?

NYAKWWE!
CLEAR!





OH, GOD,
FINLEY...

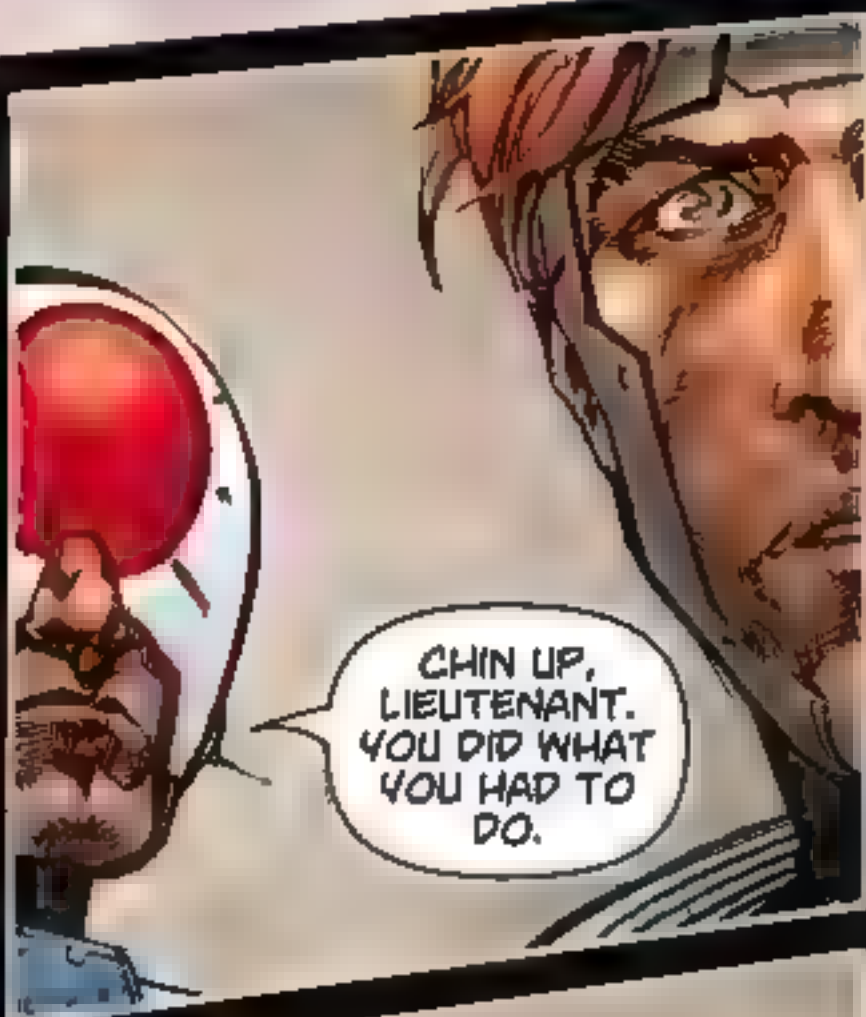


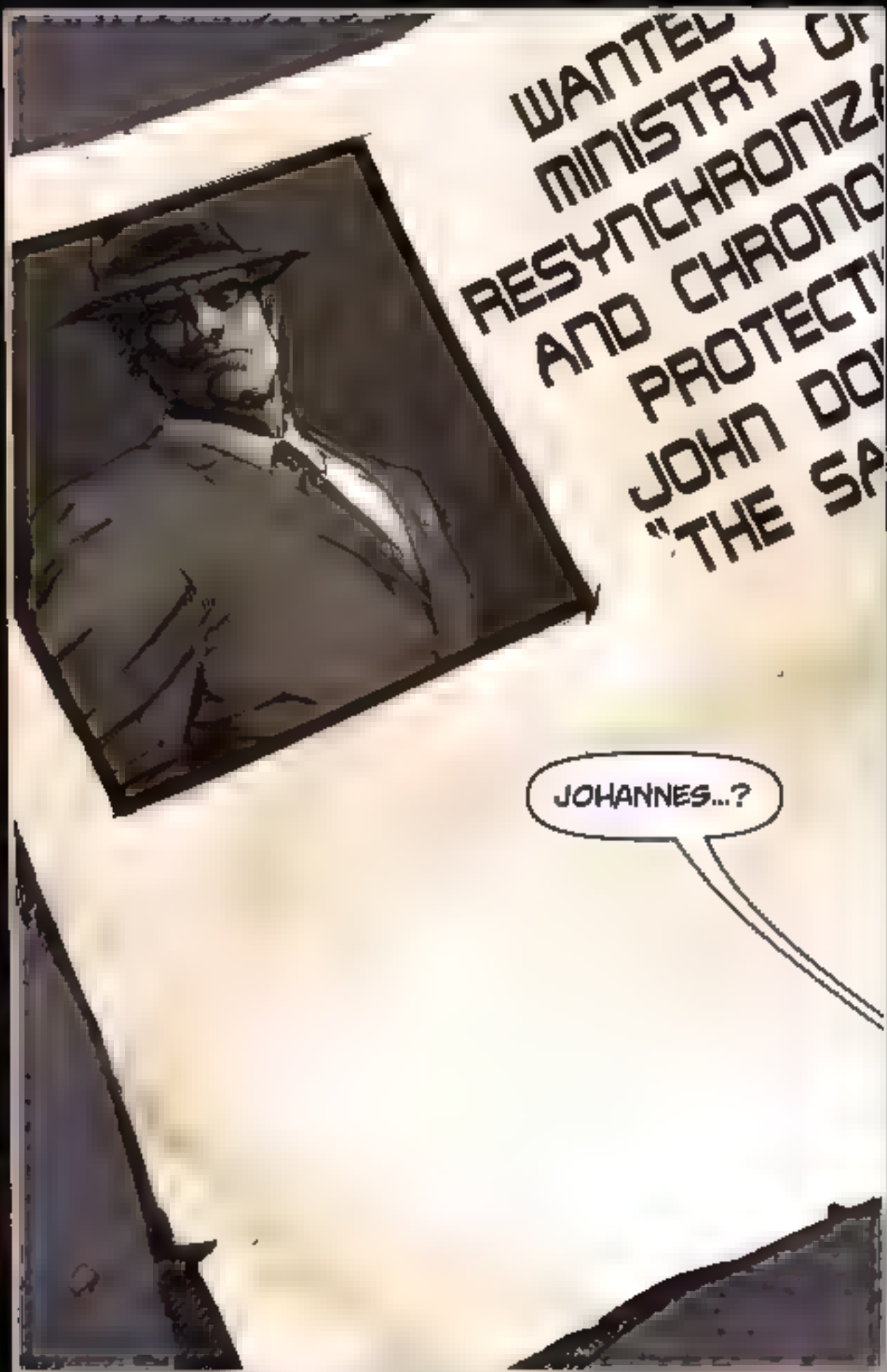
BRUTES!
HE WAS
GIVING
UP!

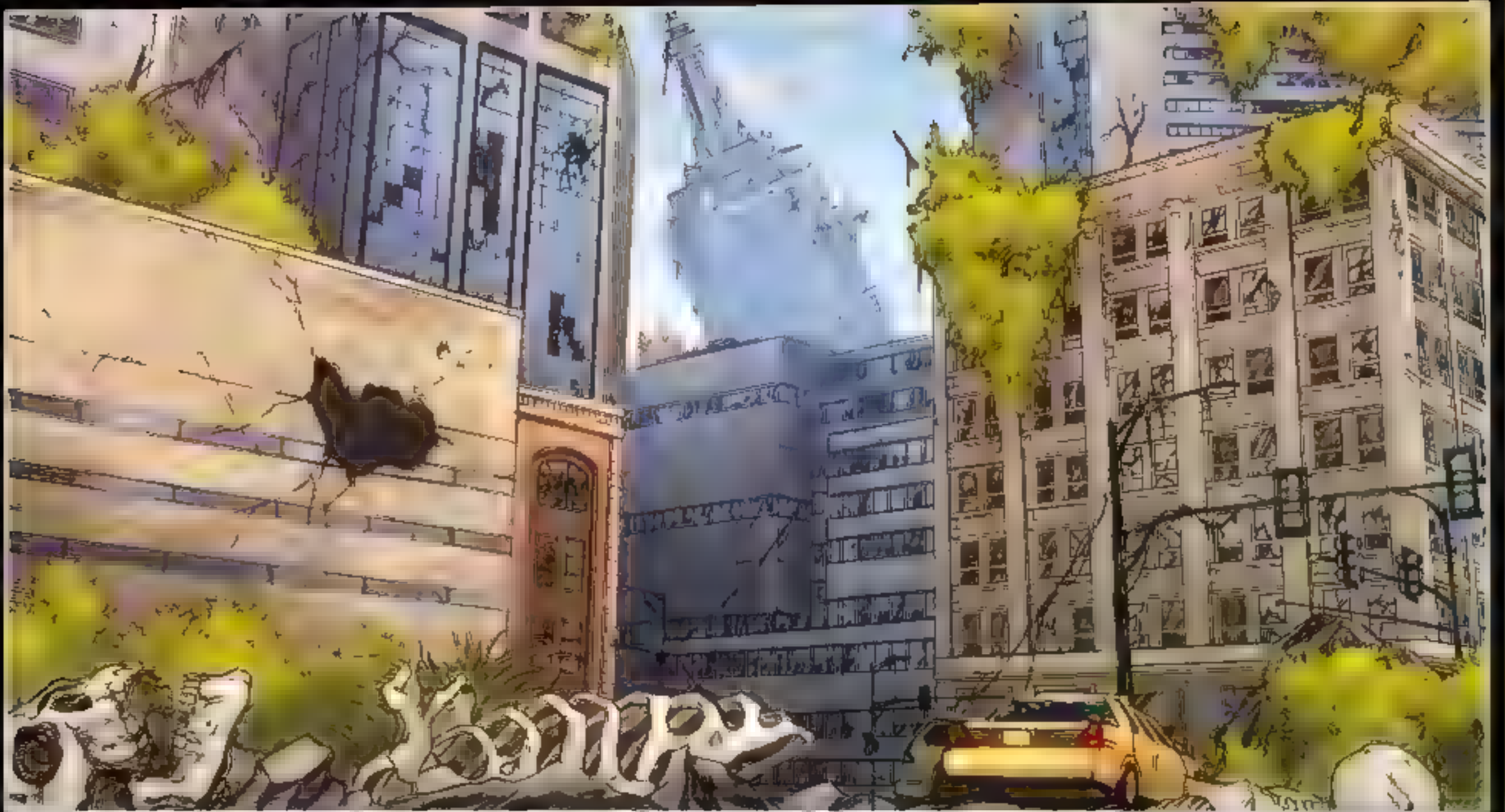
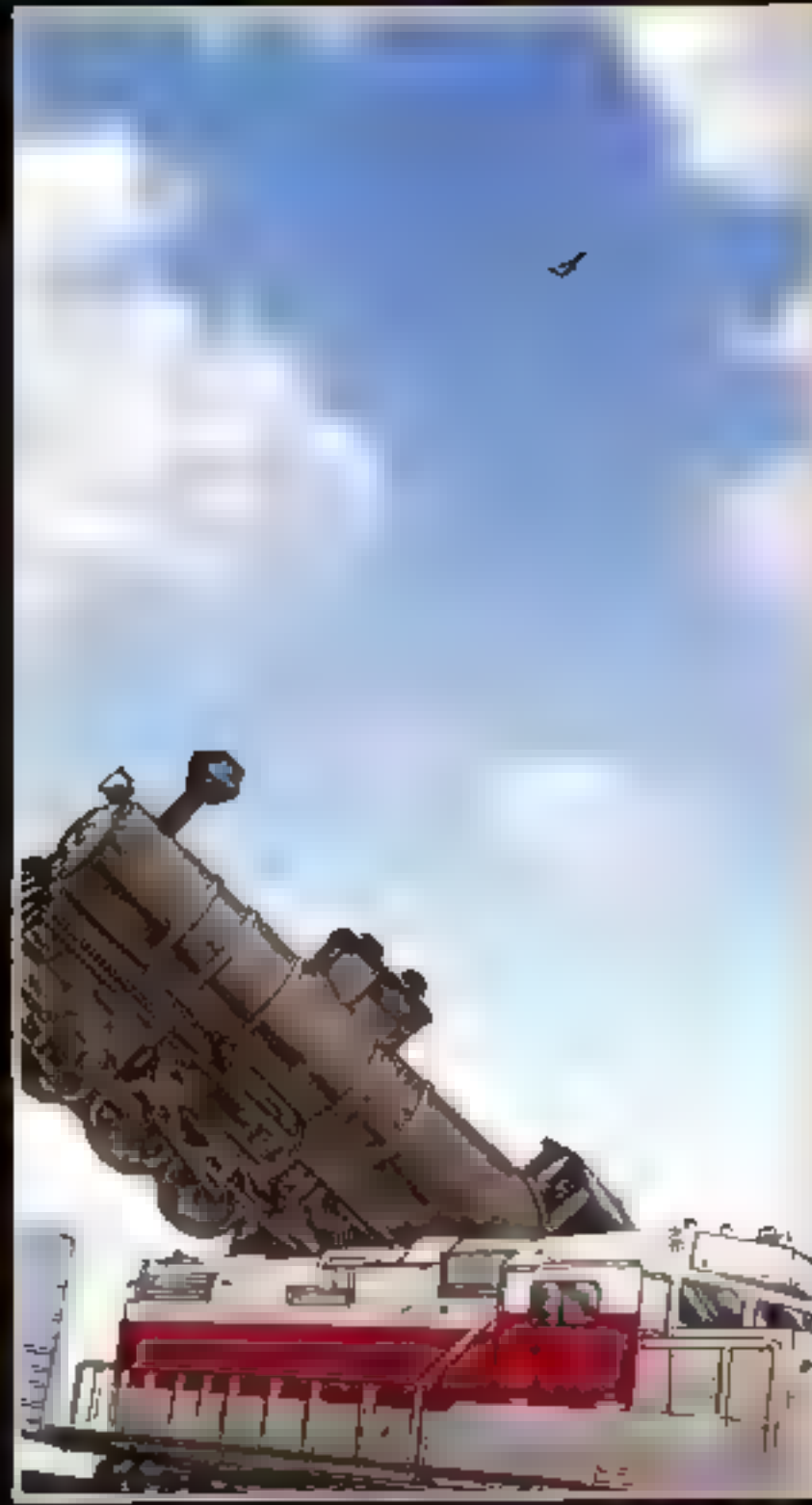
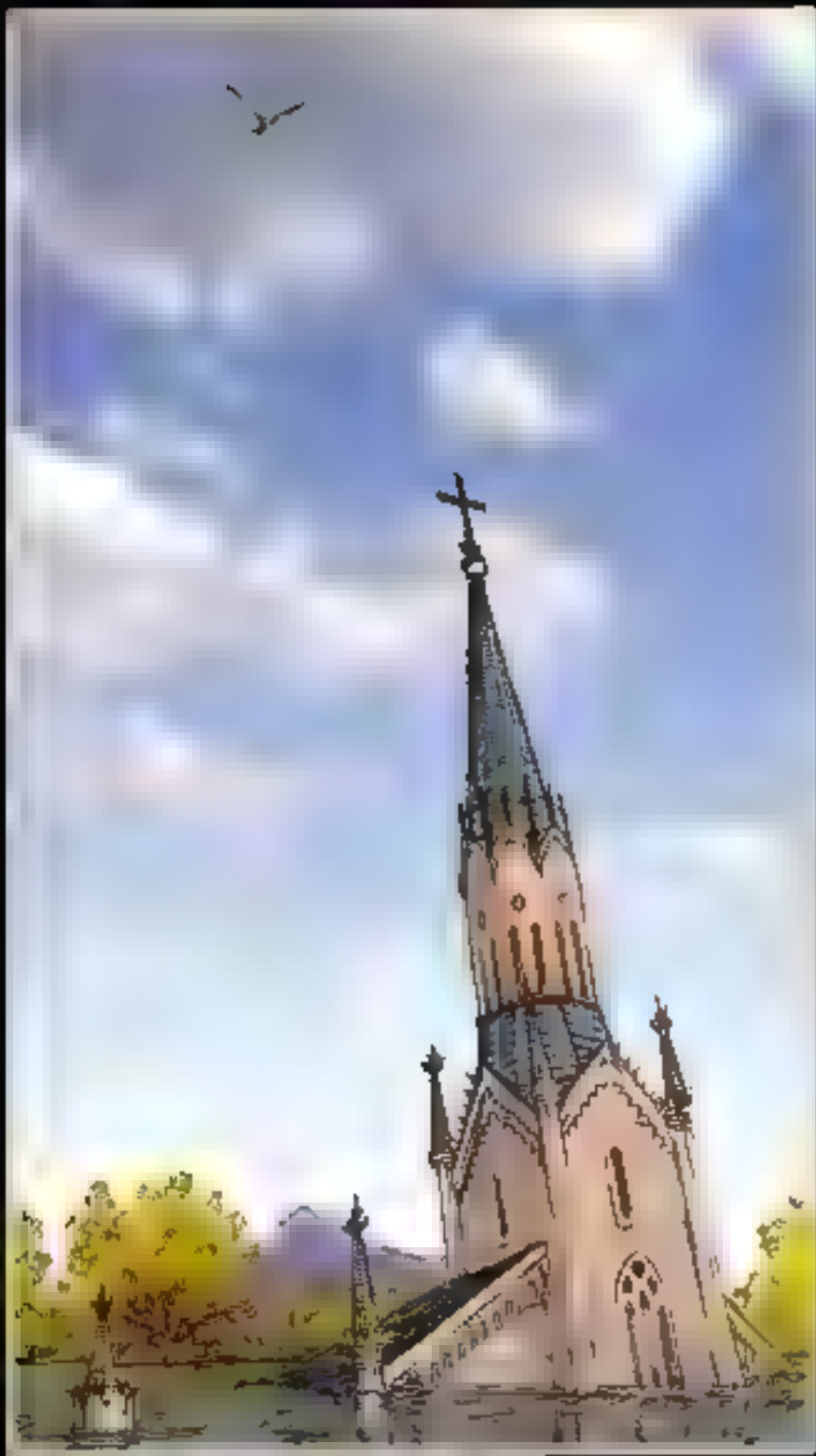
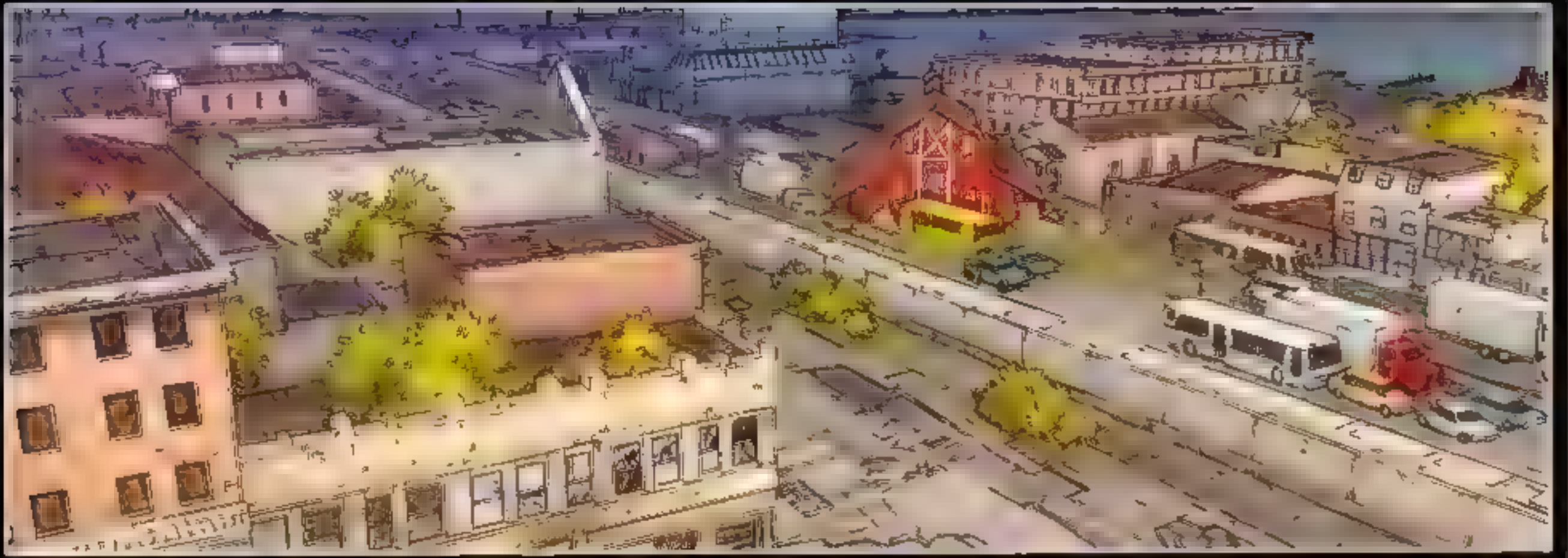
BWAAHH! HE
WAS TRYING TO
SURRENDER!

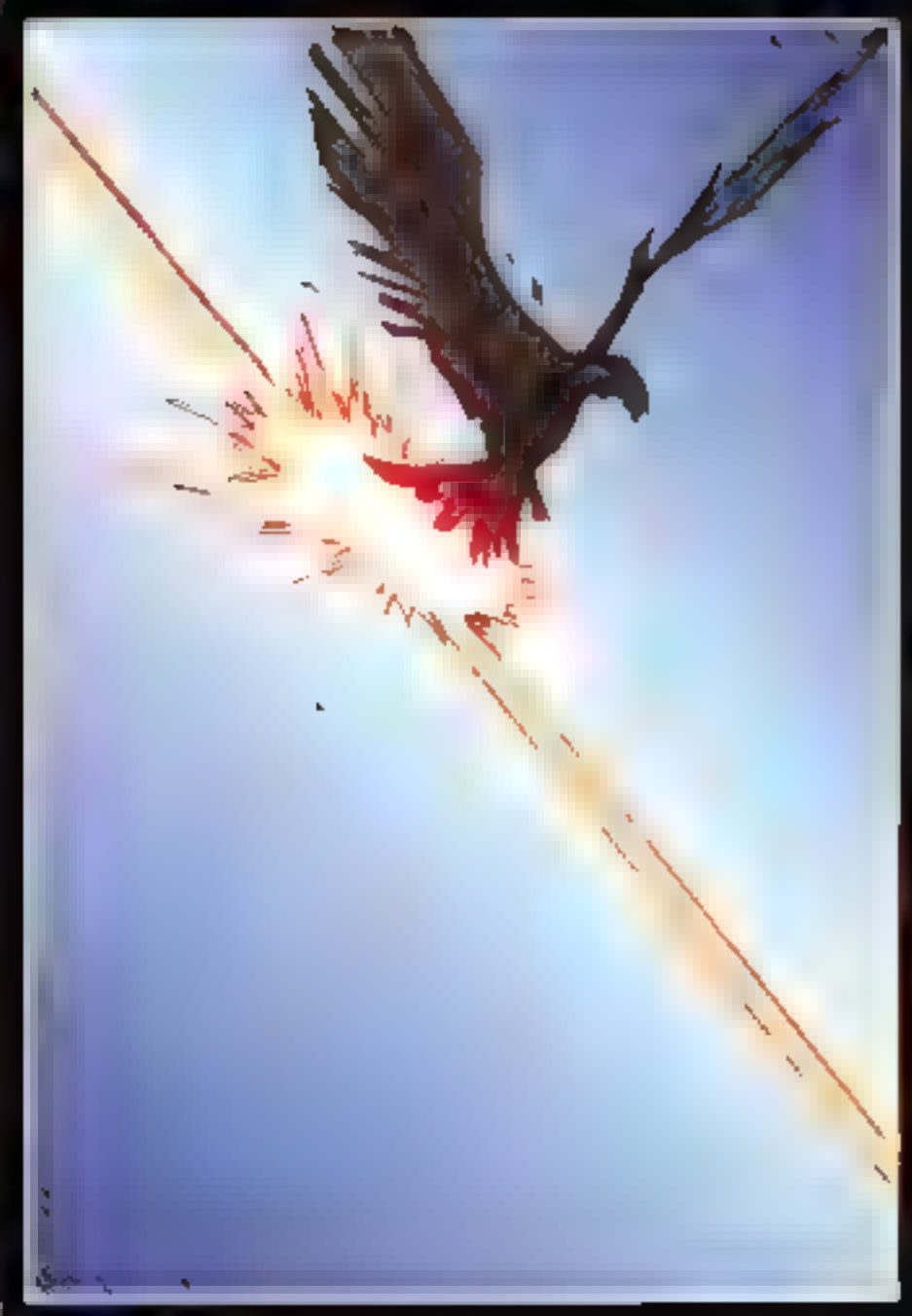


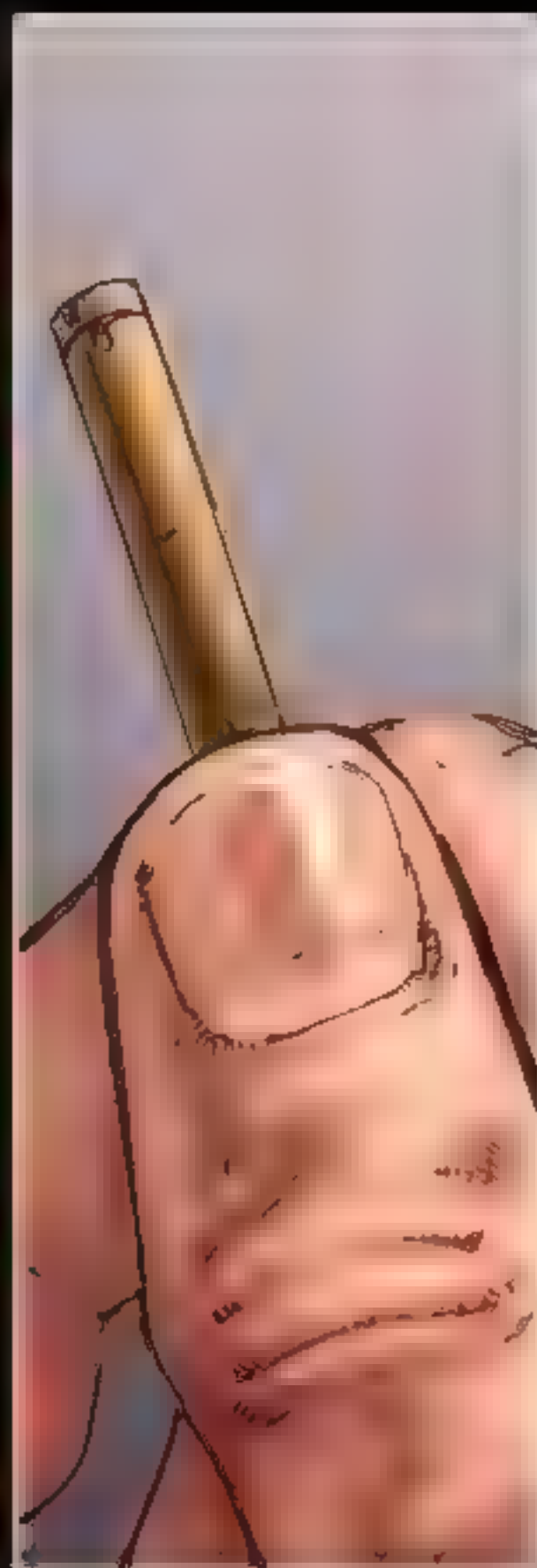
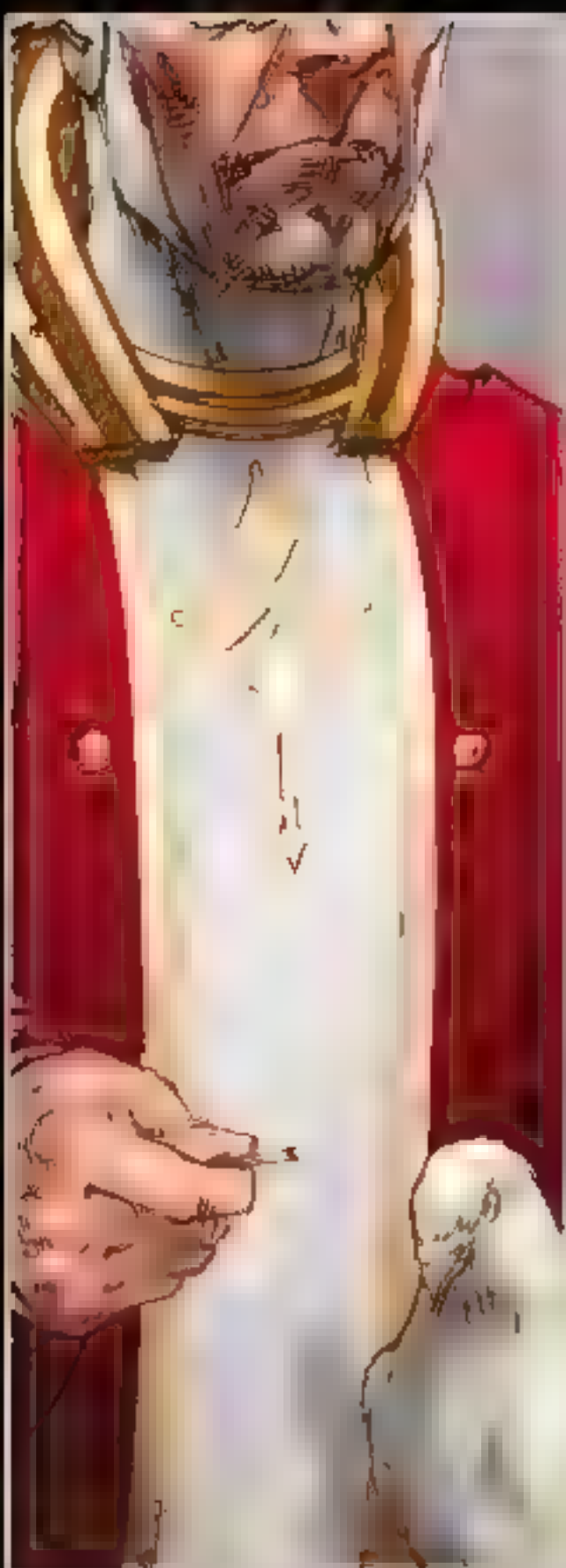
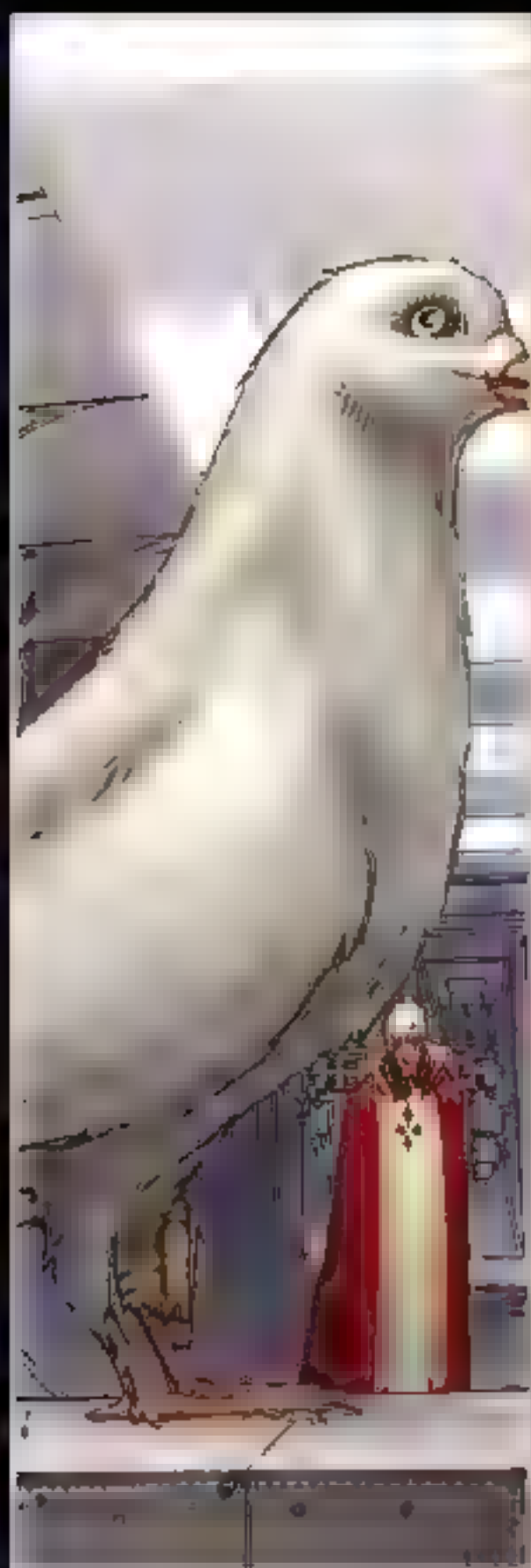
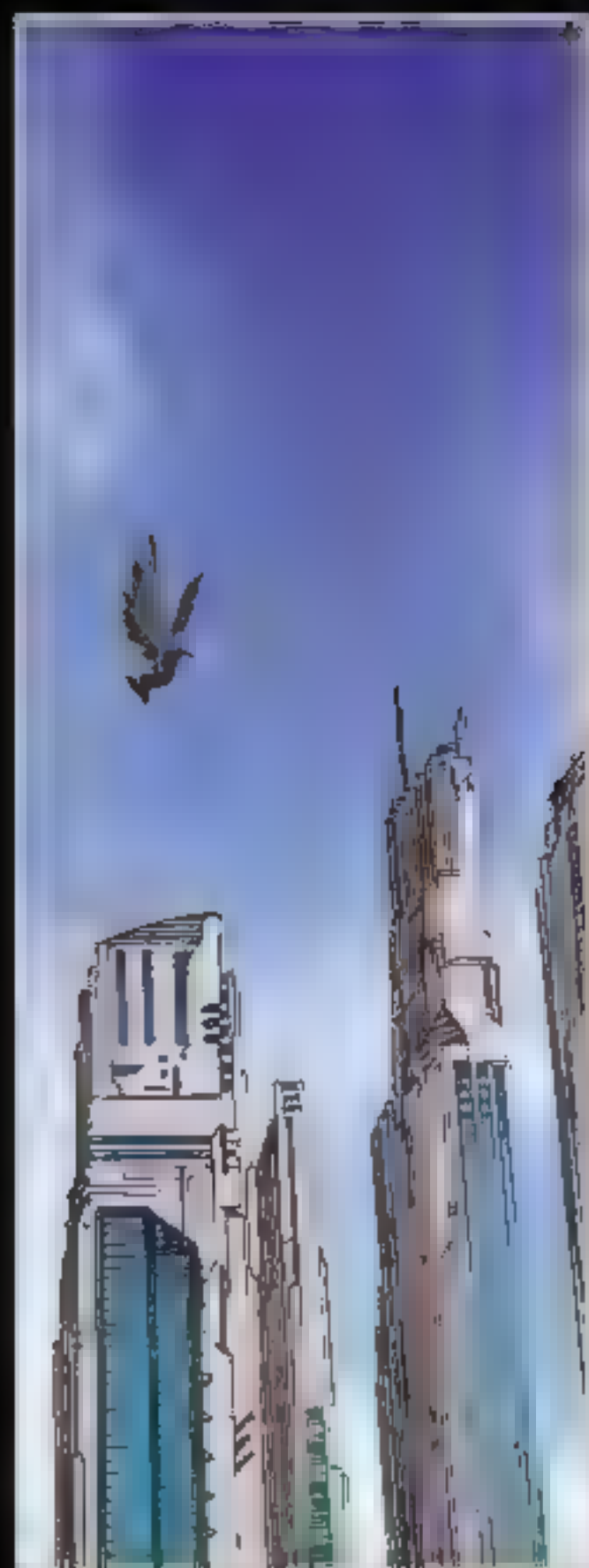
CHIN UP,
LIEUTENANT.
YOU DID WHAT
YOU HAD TO
DO.

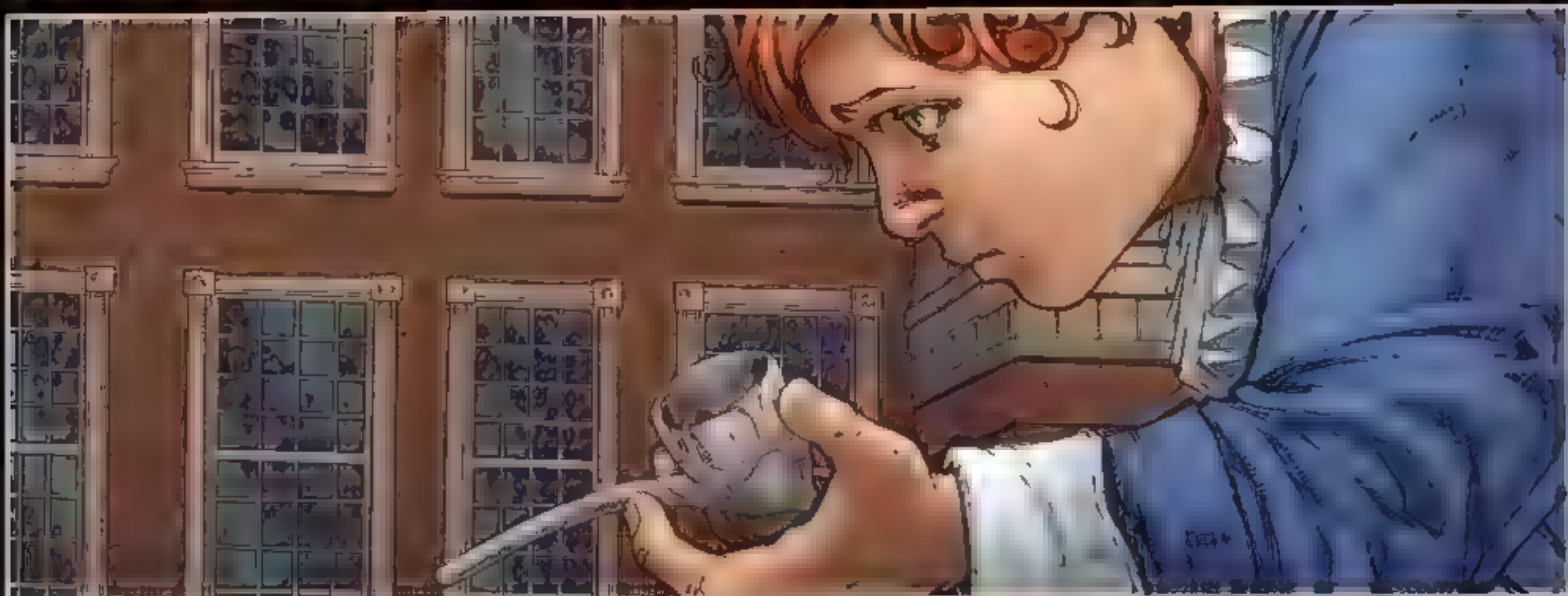
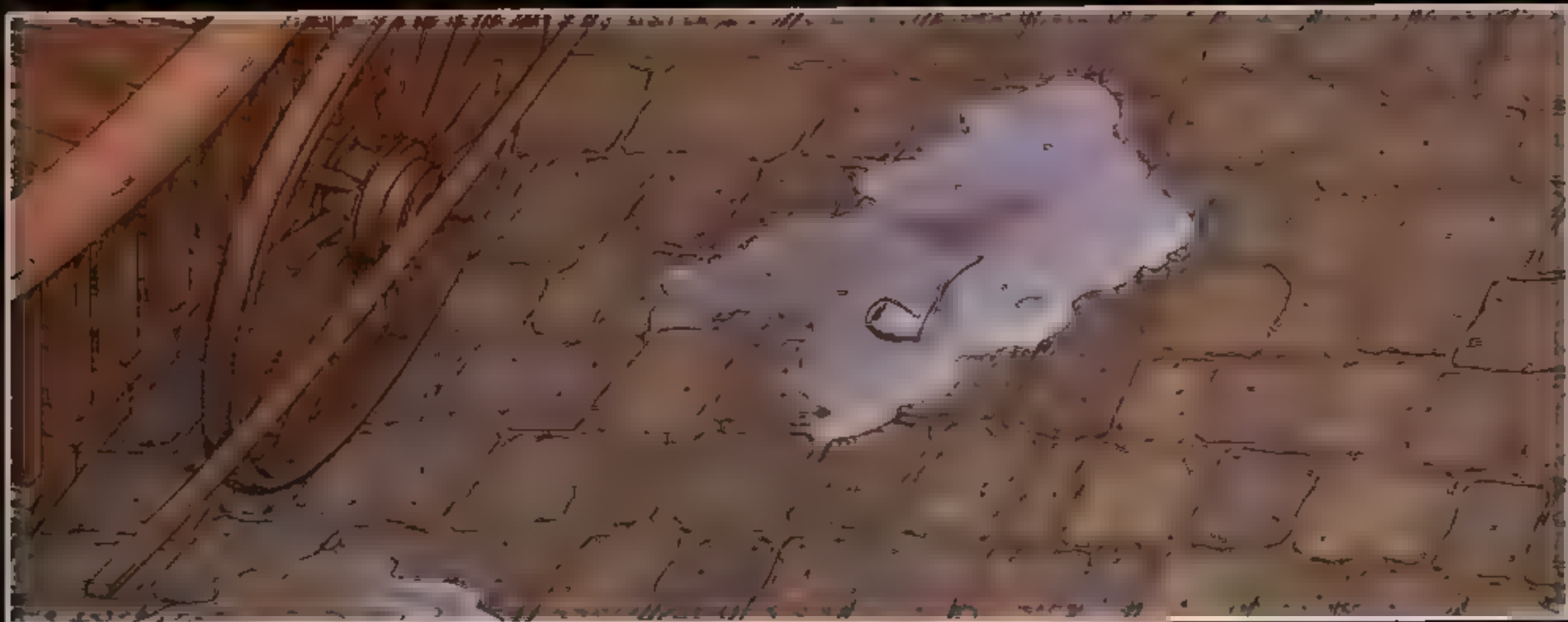


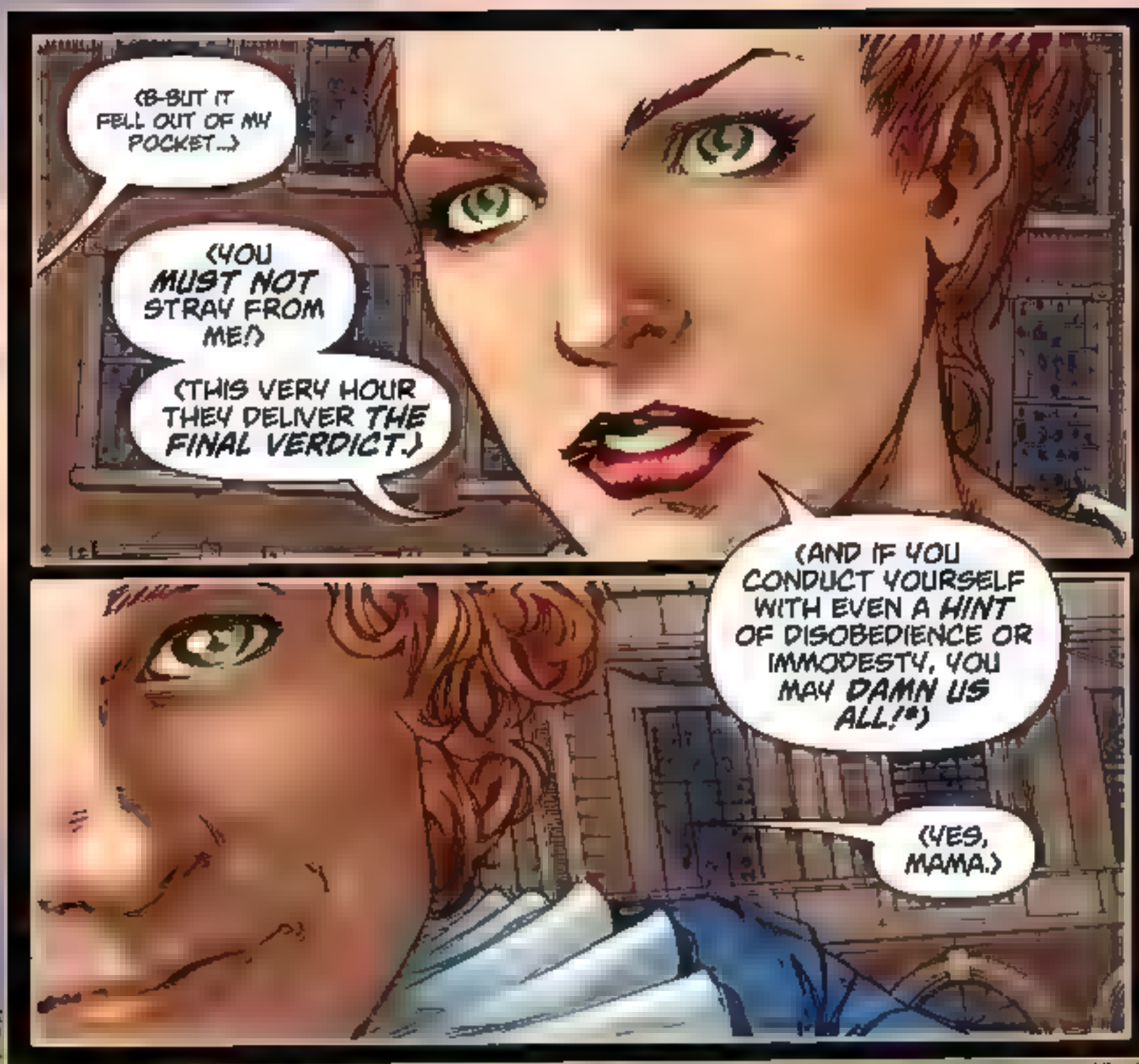












THEN.



EDITOR'S NOTE:
TRANSLATED FROM
THE DUTCH



(GASP!)

(MAKE ROOM, YOU IDIOTS. THAT'S THE WIFE!)

(SHHH!)

(SCANDAL! THEY SHOW THEIR FACES OUTSIDE AMSTERDAM?! THAT MAN IS GUILTY AS SIN!)



(IN LIGHT OF THE EXHAUSTIVE EVIDENCE FURNISHED BY THE DEFENDANT, ALONG WITH DOZENS OF PETITIONS OF INJUSTICE AND WRITS OF APPEAL...)

(...THIS TRIBUNAL CAN ONLY RENDER AN EXTRAORDINARY REVERSAL.)



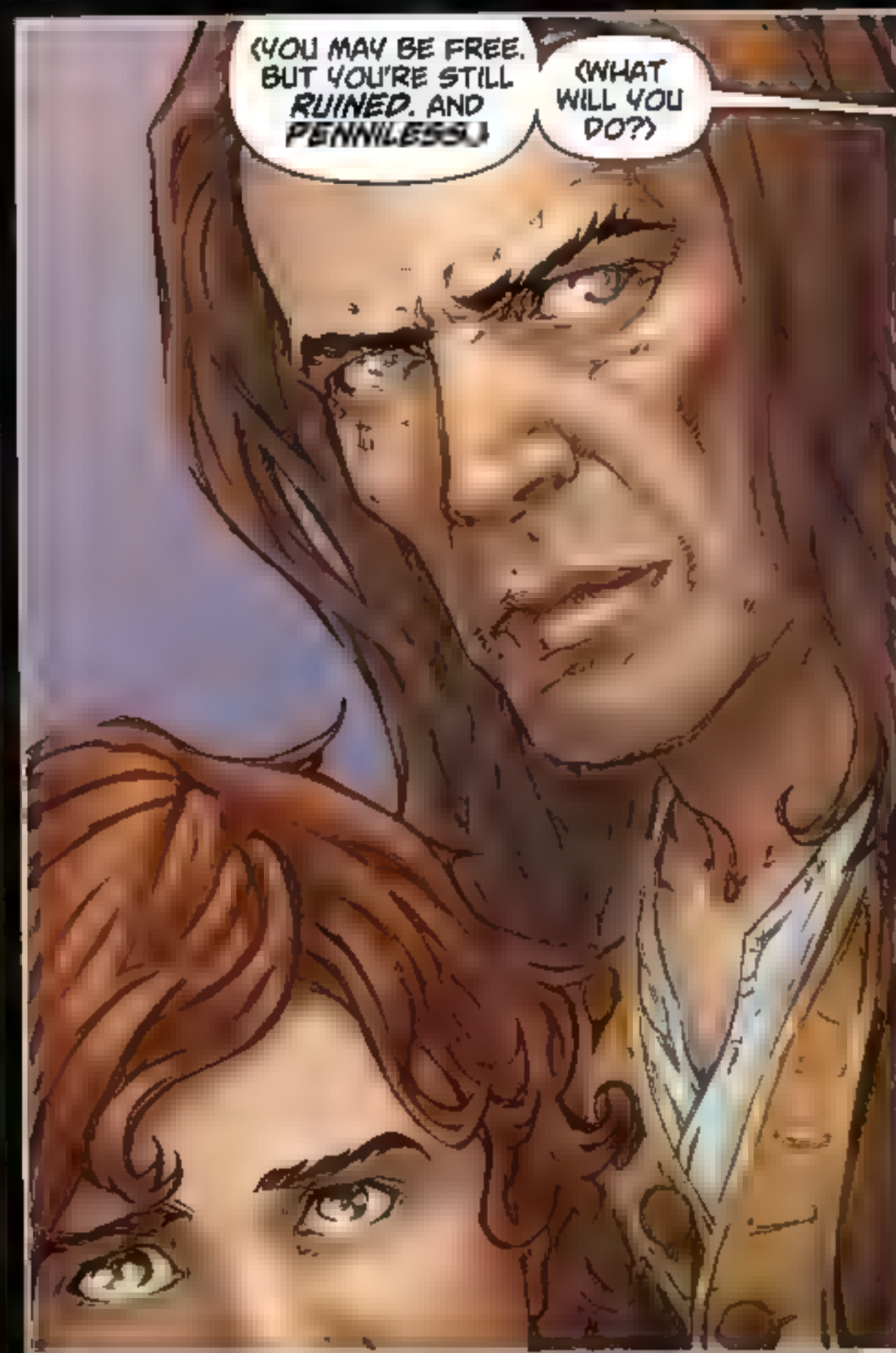
(WE, THE VERY MIGHTY LORDS OF THE STATES-GENERAL, FIND THAT THE DEFENDANT WAS **WRONGLY CONVICTED**. HE SHALL NOW BE SET FREE.)

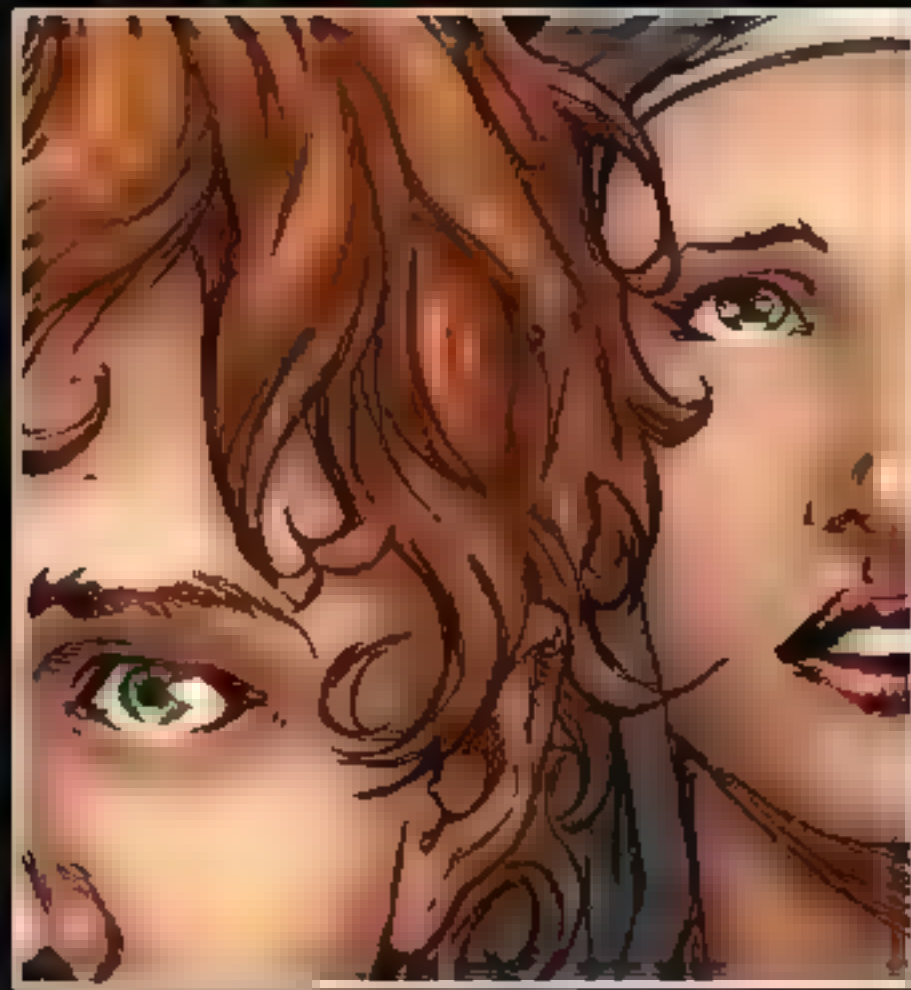
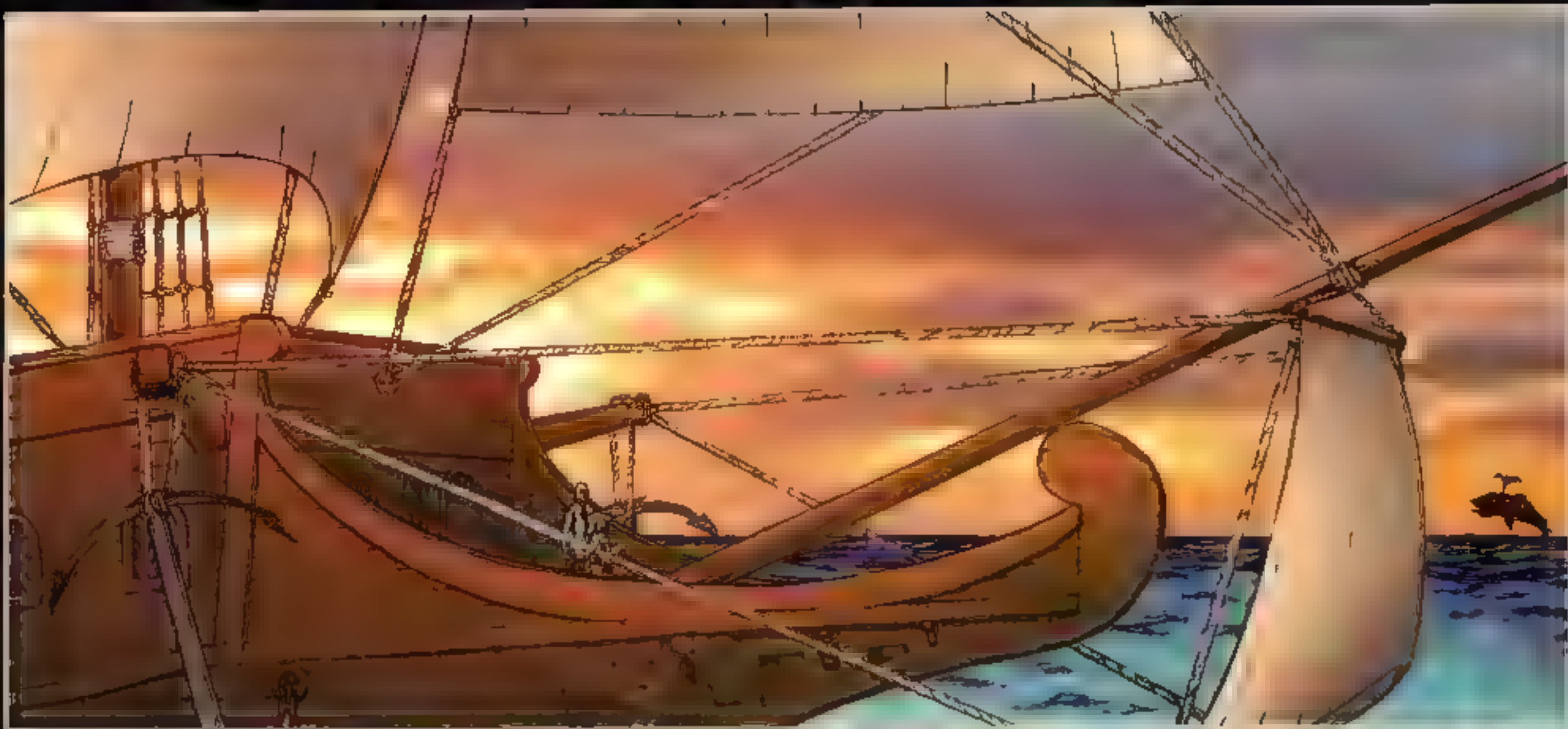
(WE CONSEQUENTLY **CONDEMN** HIS FALSE ACCUSER, JOOST BEECKMAN, TO BE FINED, INCARCERATED, AND THEN **BANISHED FROM THE REPUBLIC OF THE NETHERLANDS.**)

(SO DONE AND ADJUDGED THIS MARCH 24TH, 1643, IN THE CITY OF THE HAGUE.)



(F-FATHER...?)







(WOW, THEY TREAT FATHER LIKE HE'S A NOBLEMAN HERE!)

(THEY SURE AS HELL BETTER!)

(DON'T CURSE, SHOWOFF. I'M SURE IT MAKES *YOU* FEEL IMPORTANT--BUT WE'RE NOT IMPRESSED.)



(I HEAR COUNT LAMBRECHTSZOOM'S PLANTATION IS *HUGE*. AND THAT HE EXPORTS MORE FURS THAN ANY MERCHANT IN NEW AMSTERDAM.)

(AND FATHER WILL OVERSEE ALL HIS AMERICAN AFFAIRS?)



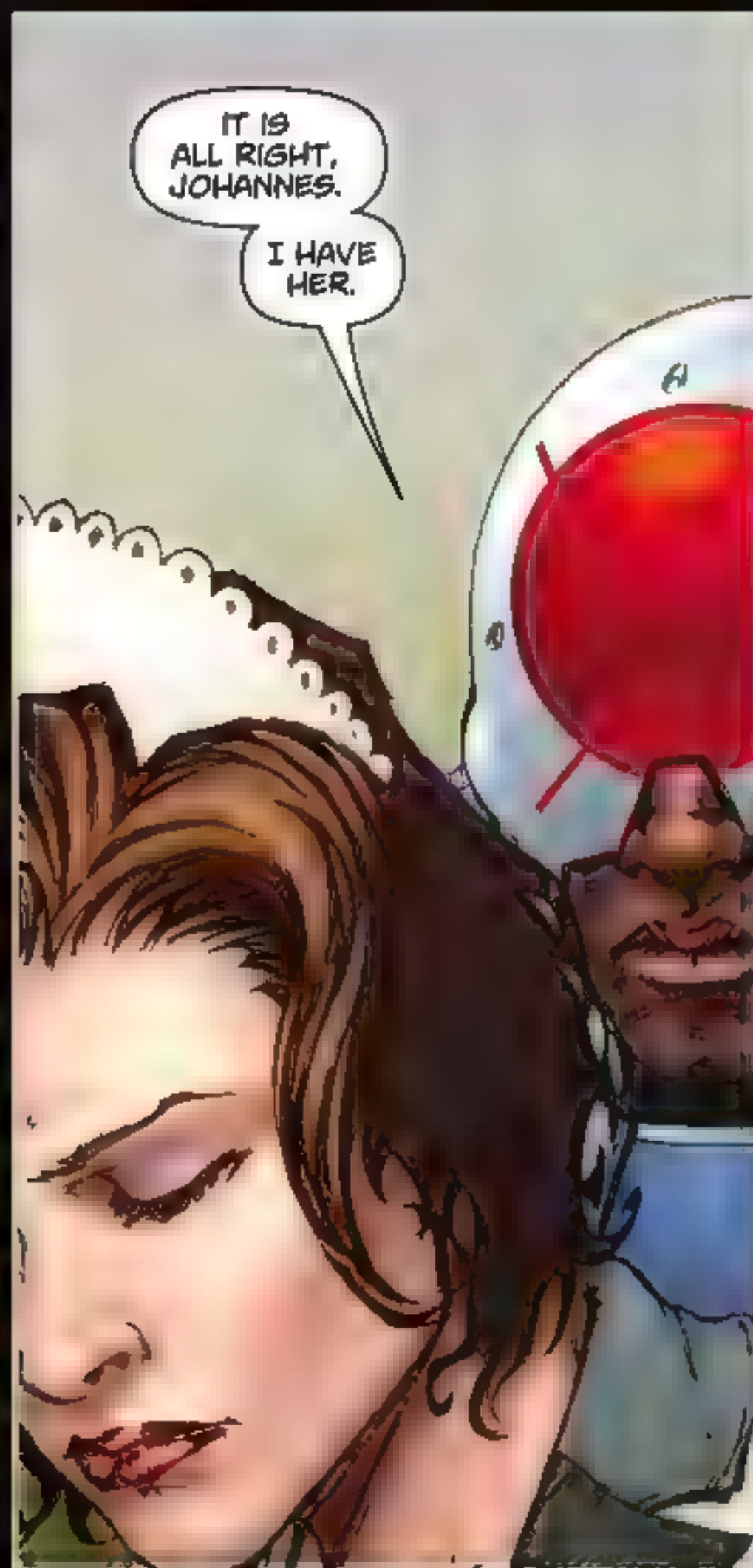
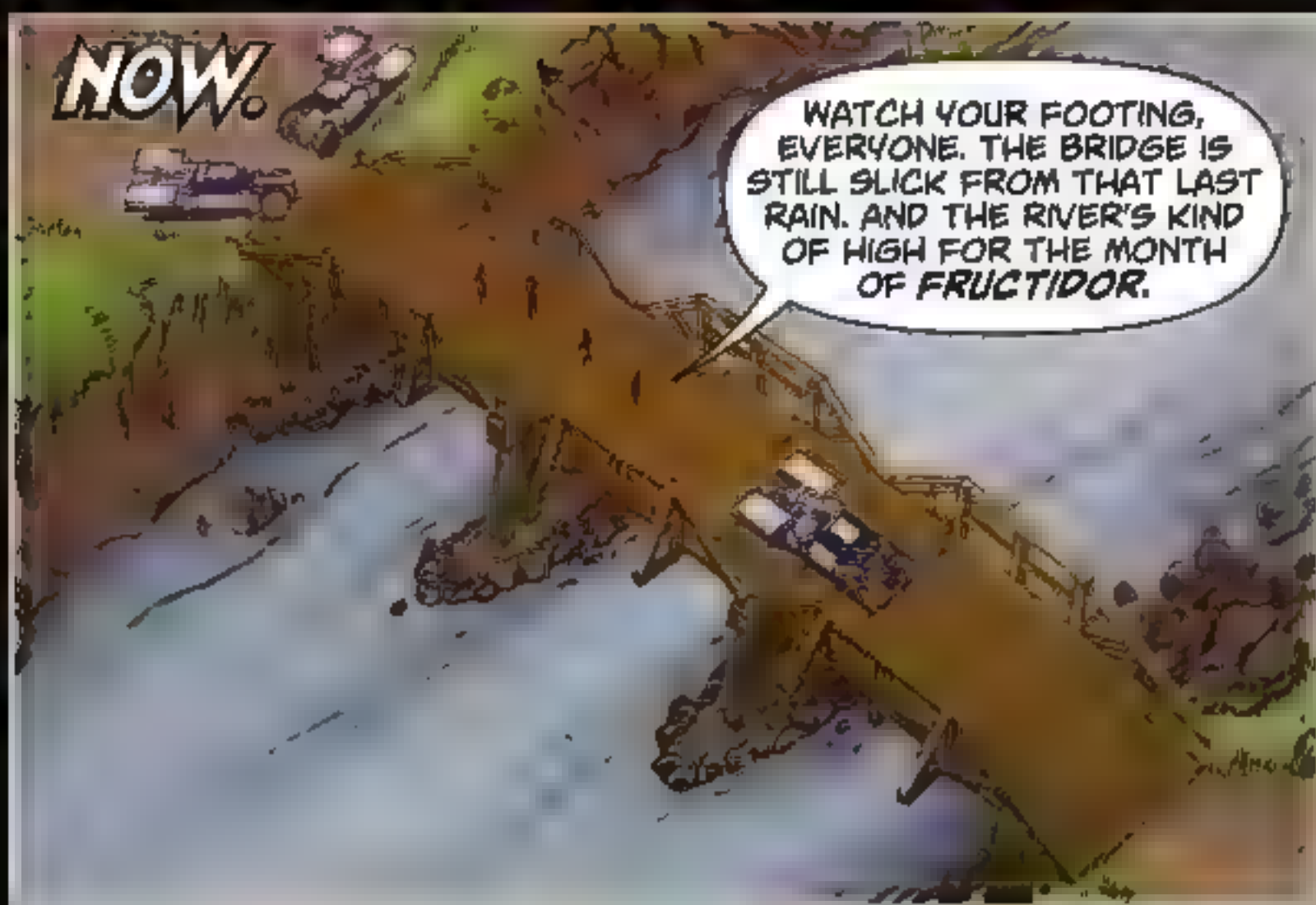
(THE COUNT ALWAYS SAID HE'D DO *ANYTHING* FOR THE MAN WHO PUT JOOST BEECKMAN BEHIND BARS!)

(MARGRIET! THE ONE NAMED DIRCK KEEPS LOOKING AT YOU!)

(I KNOW! HE'S CUTE!)

(TOO BAD WE ARE TO LIVE SO FAR UPRIVER...)







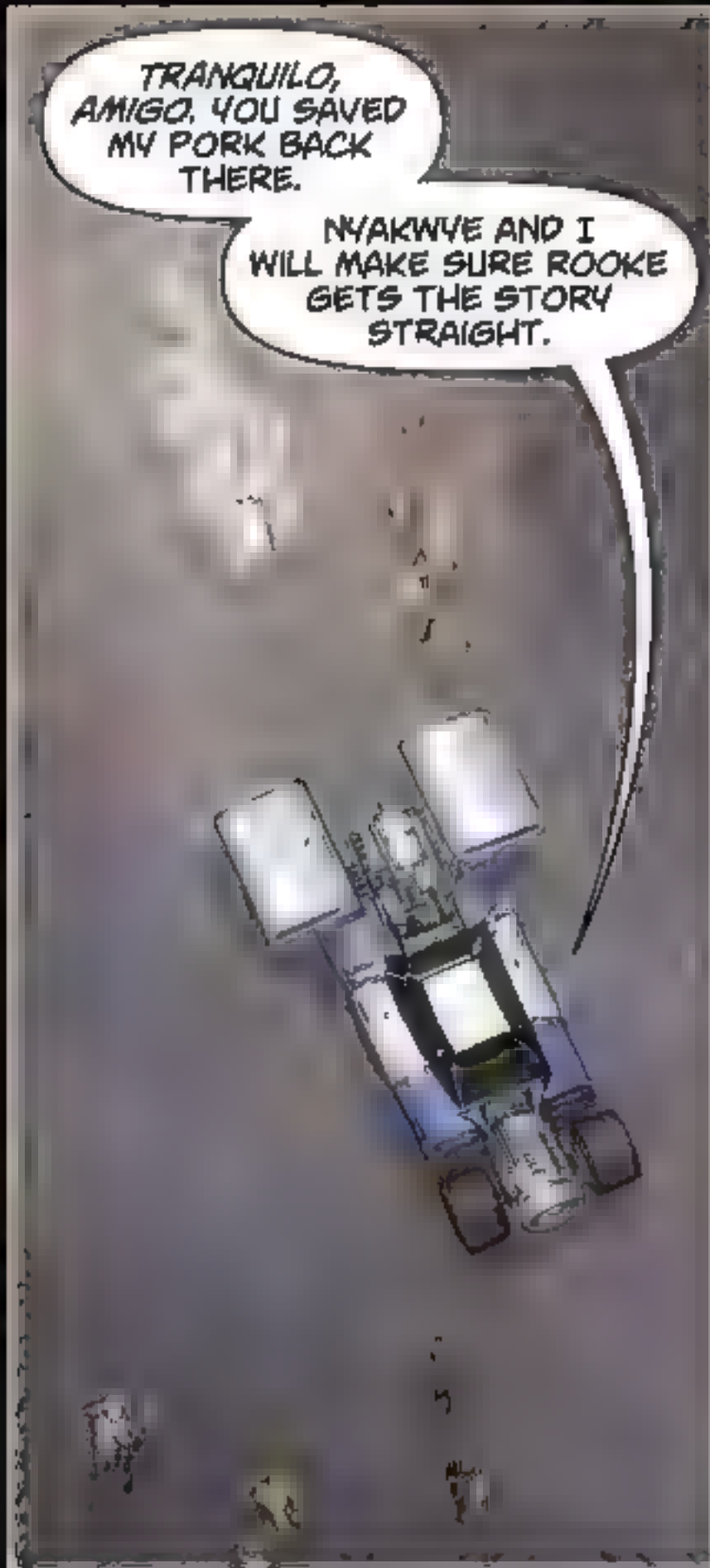
AH. AFTER A
WEEK IN THE STICKS?
CIVILIZATION!



AUTUMN IN GREYLOCK
FURNACE... WHY DOES IT SEEM
SO INVITING...? JADED ROUES
AND GAY DIVORCEES WHO
LUNCH AT THE RITZ, WILL TELL
YOU IT'S DIVINE...

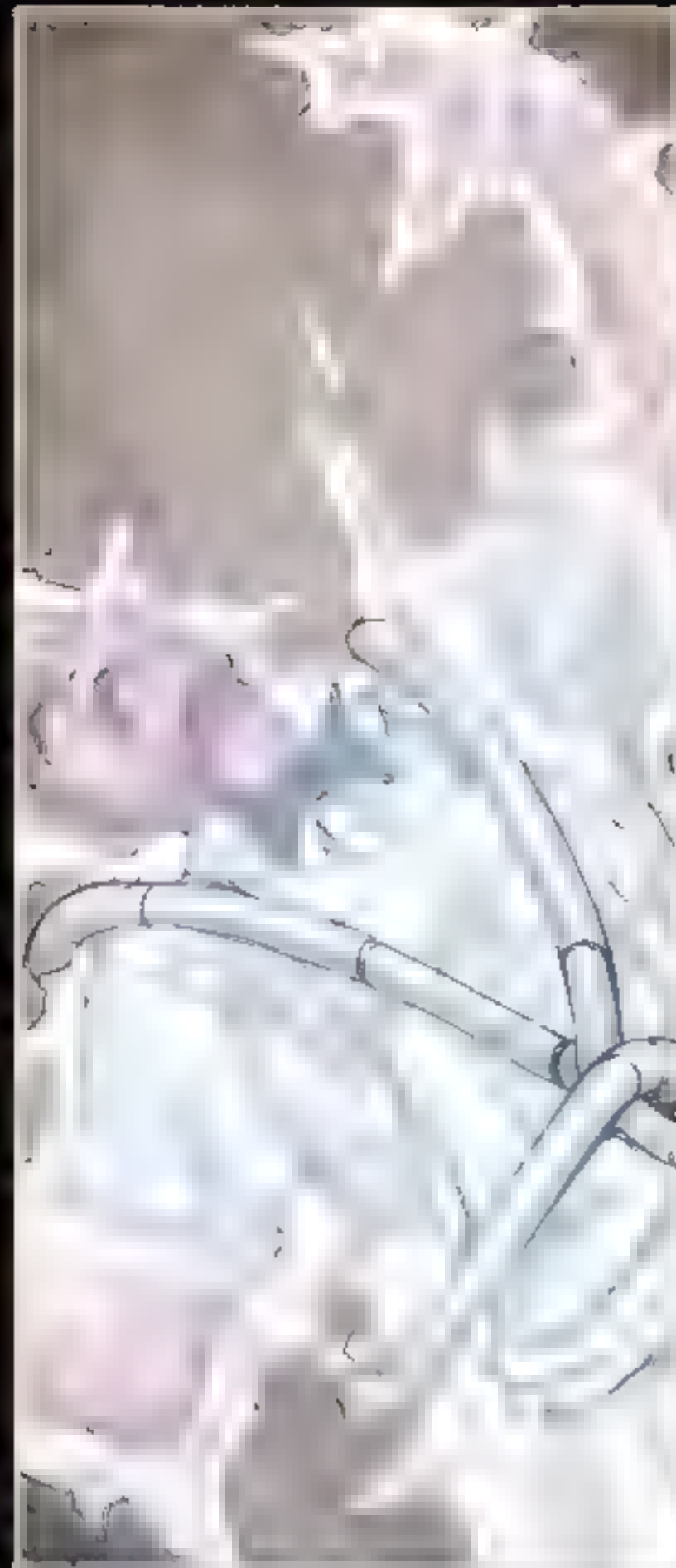


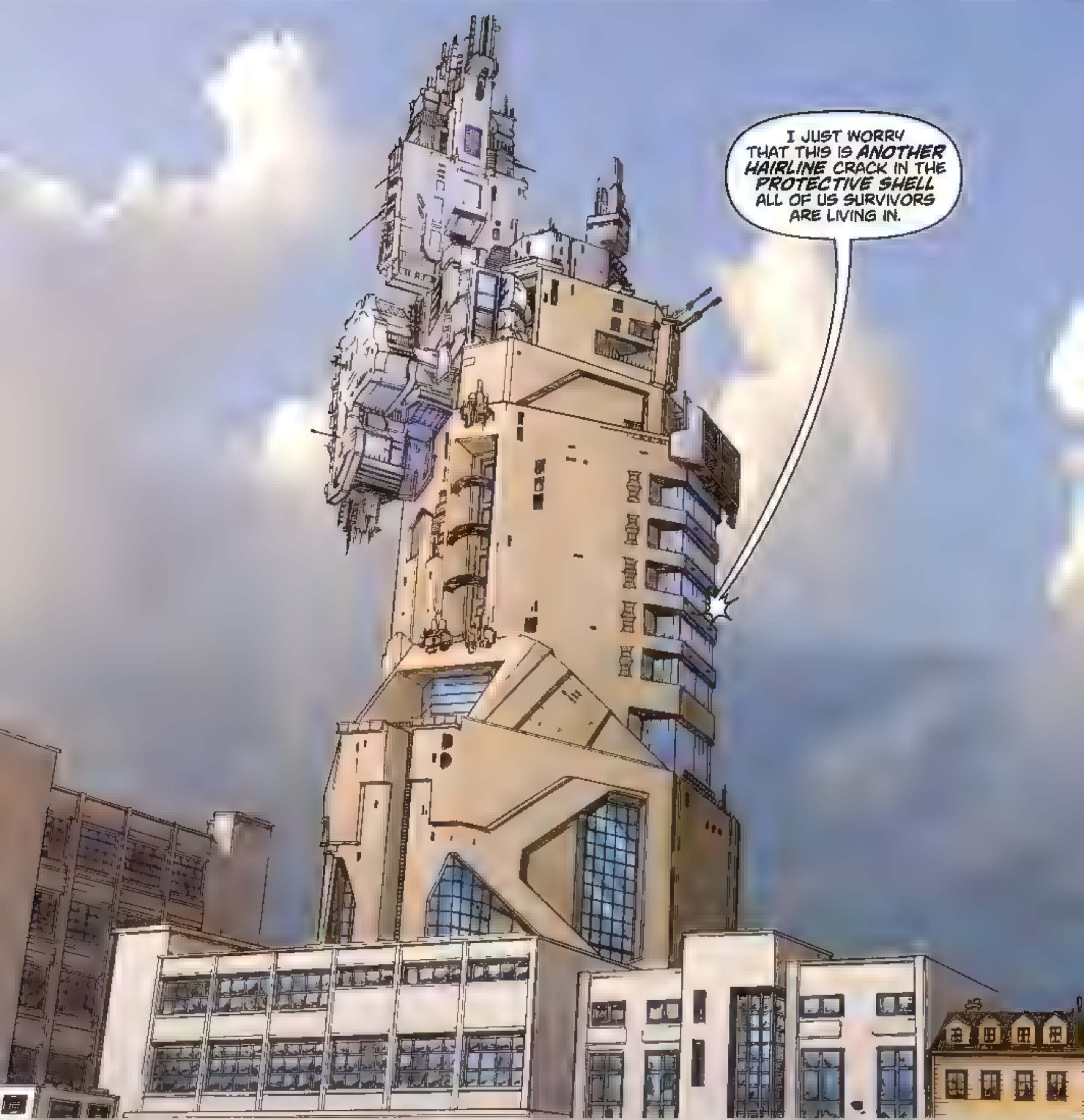
OKAY,
FRANK.
MAYBE THE
SINGING CAN
WAIT.



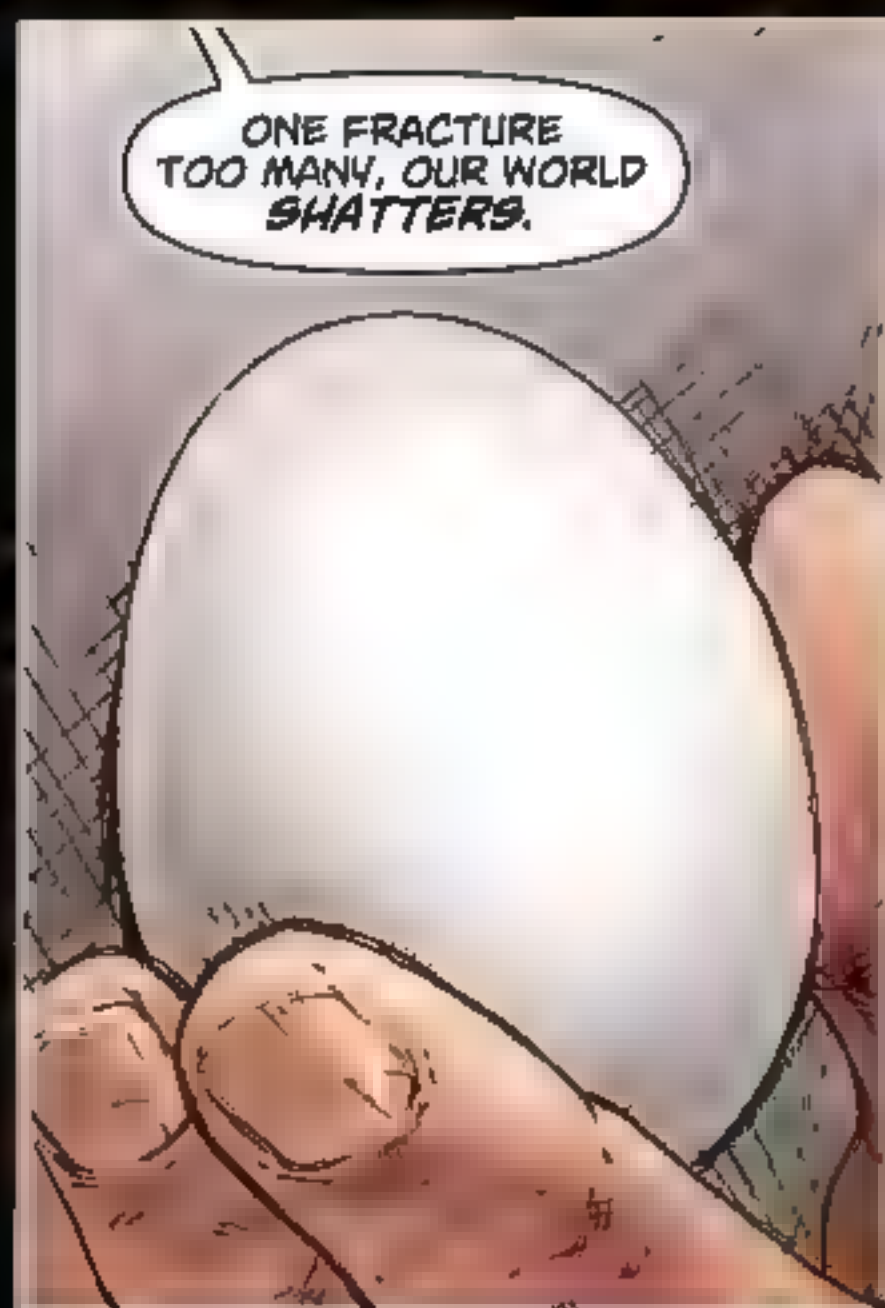
TRANQUILO,
AMIGO. YOU SAVED
MY PORK BACK
THERE.

NYAKWVE AND I
WILL MAKE SURE ROOKE
GETS THE STORY
STRAIGHT.

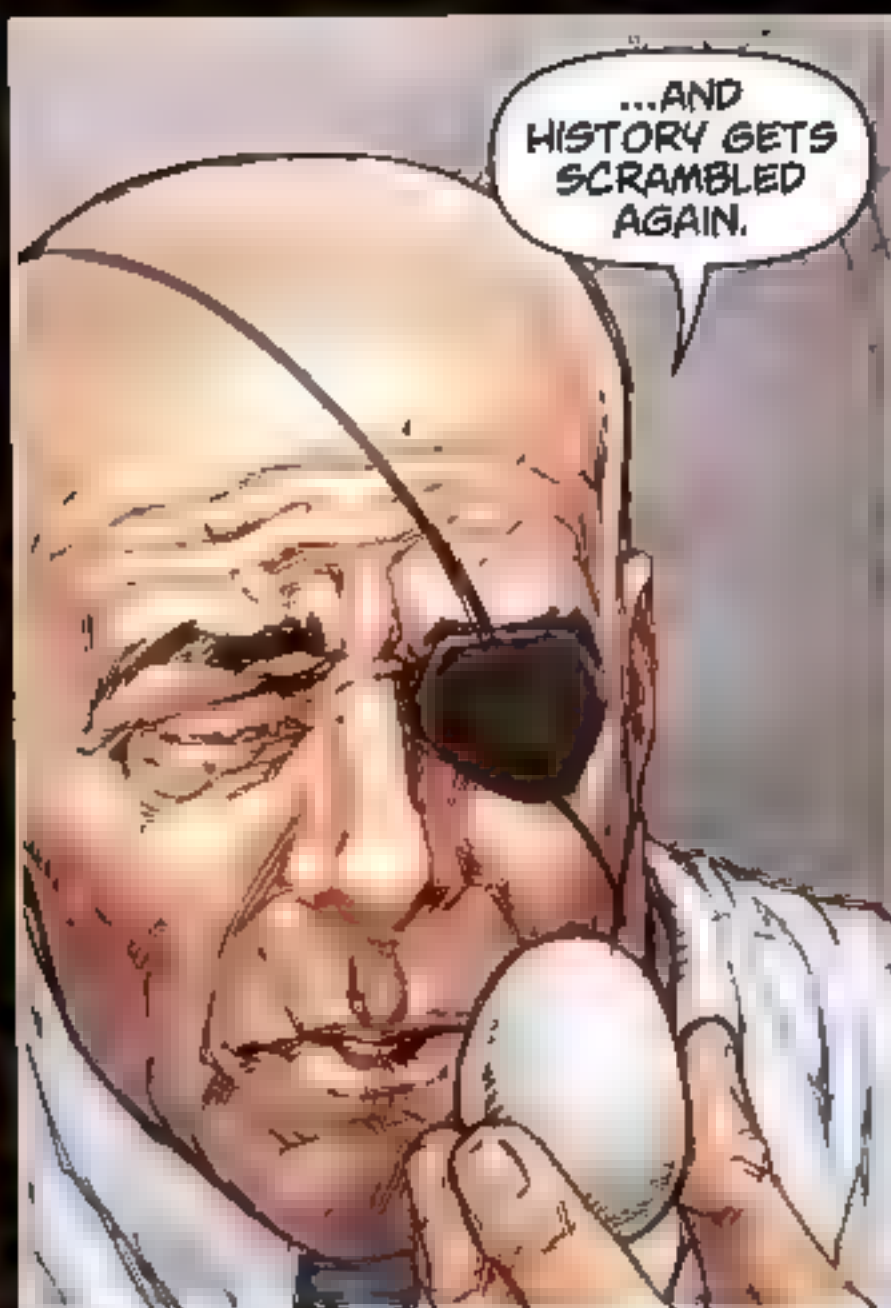




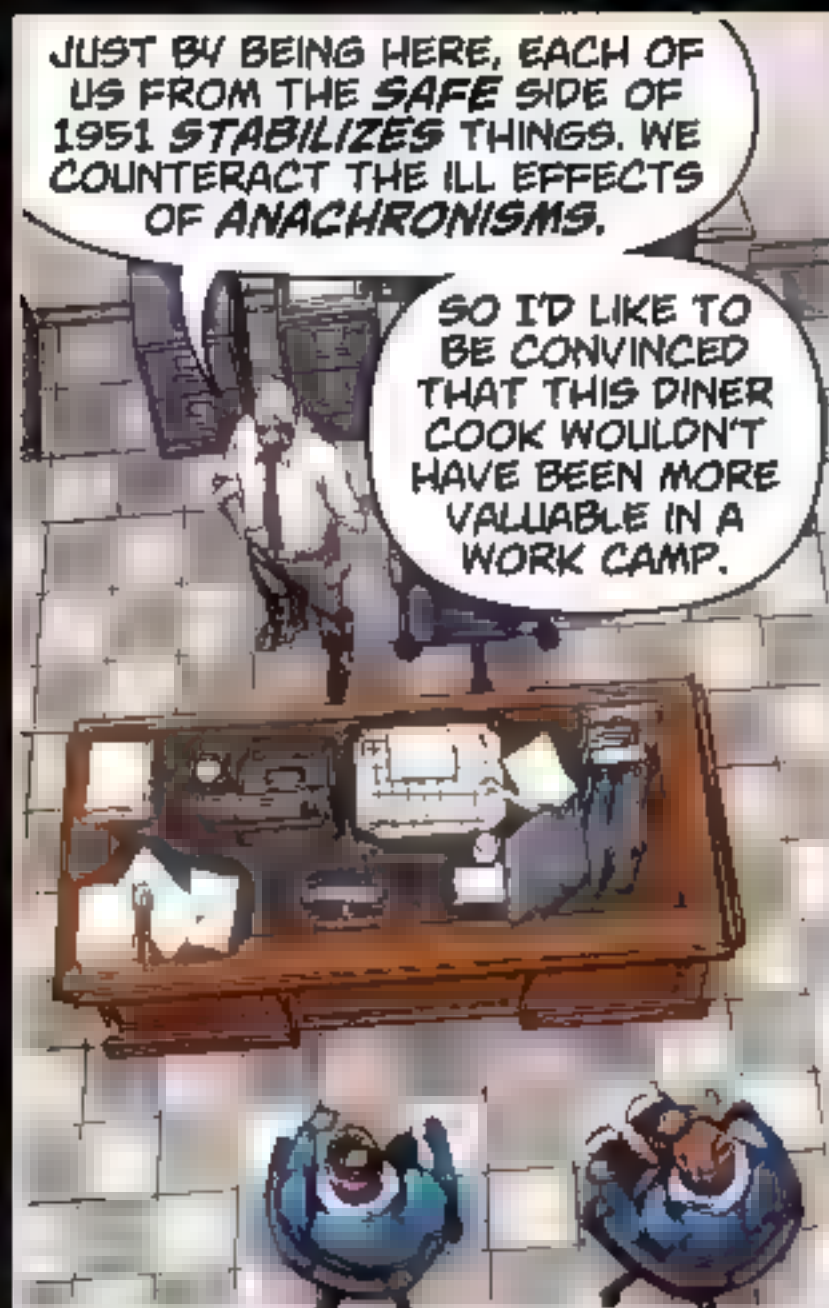
I JUST WORRY
THAT THIS IS **ANOTHER**
HAIRLINE CRACK IN THE
PROTECTIVE SHELL
ALL OF US SURVIVORS
ARE LIVING IN.



ONE FRACTURE
TOO MANY, OUR WORLD
SHATTERS.



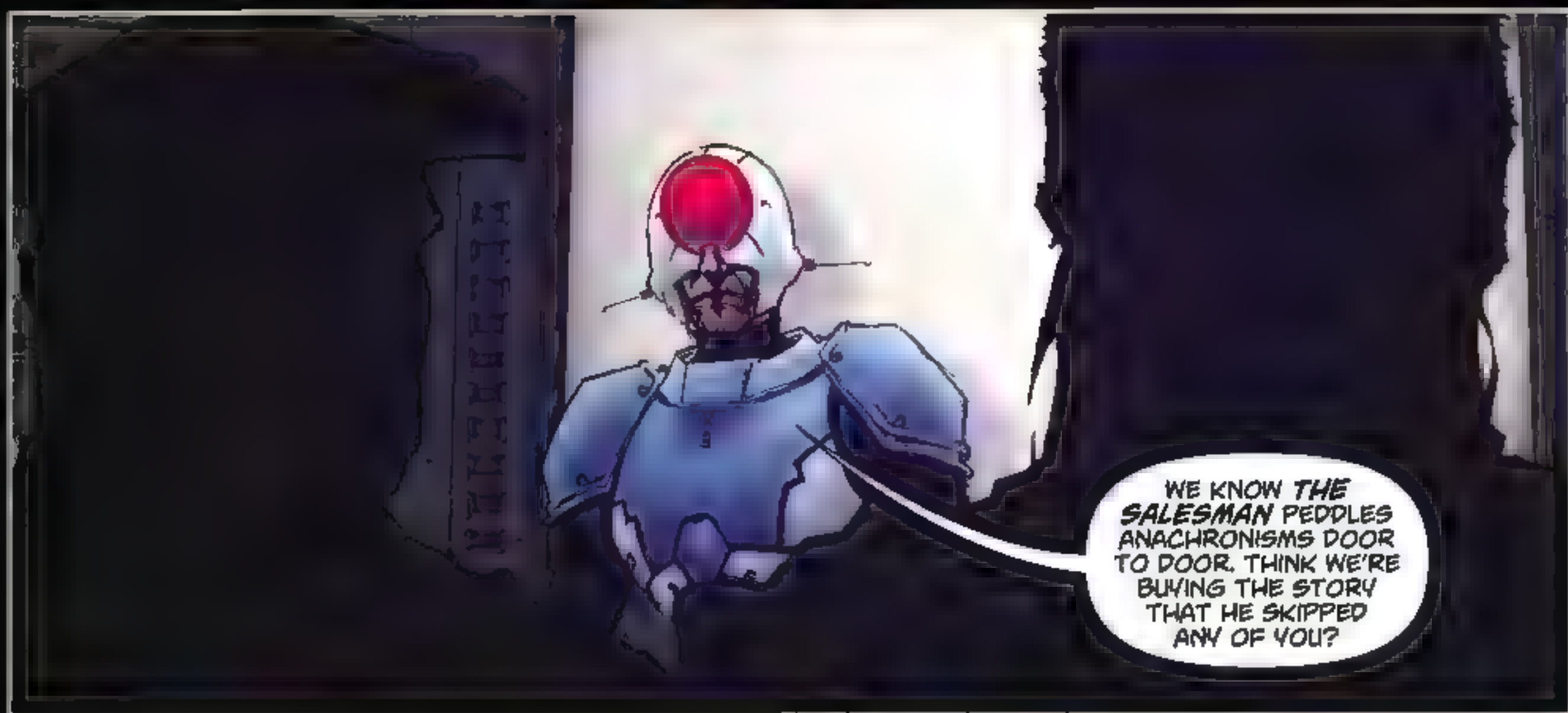
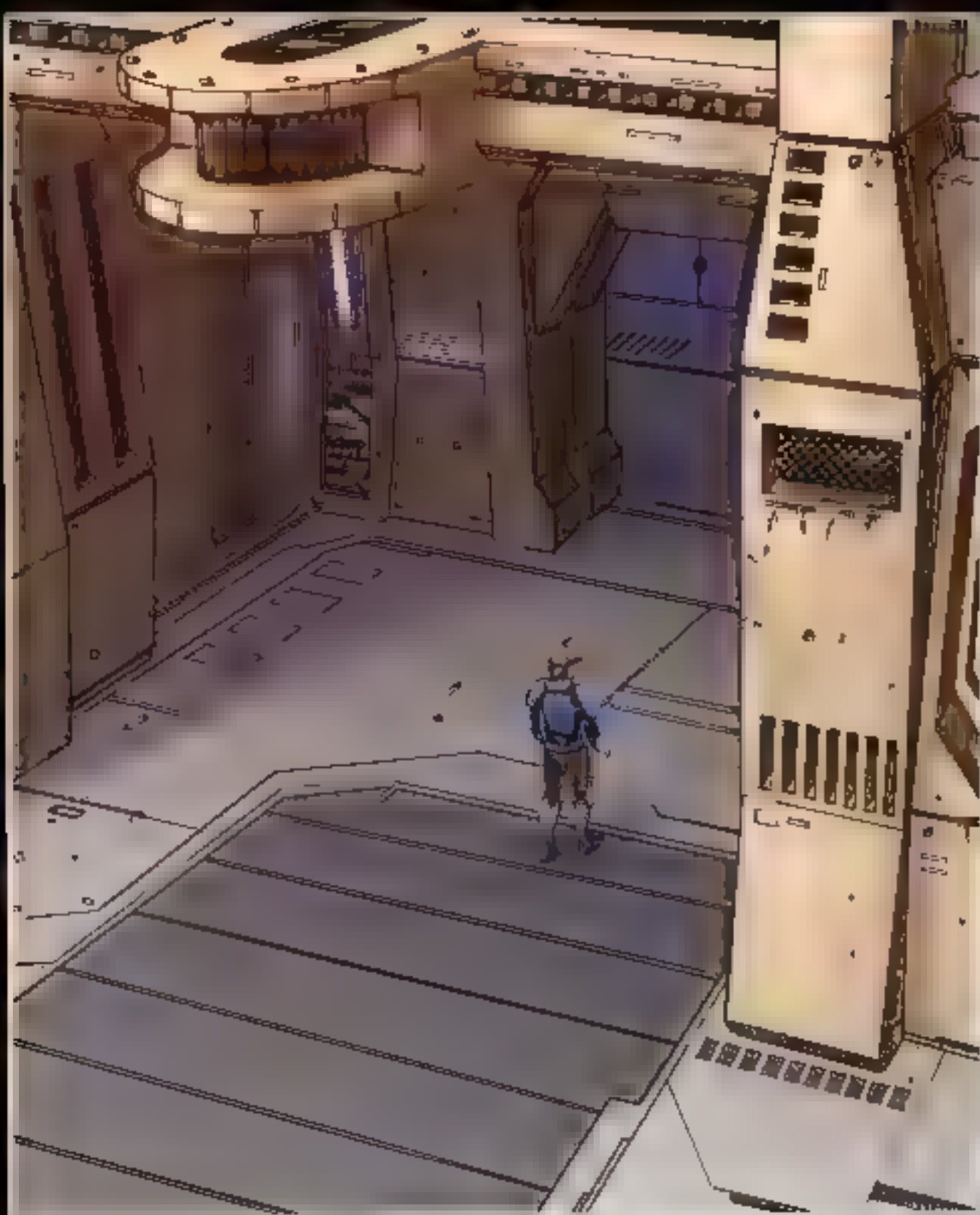
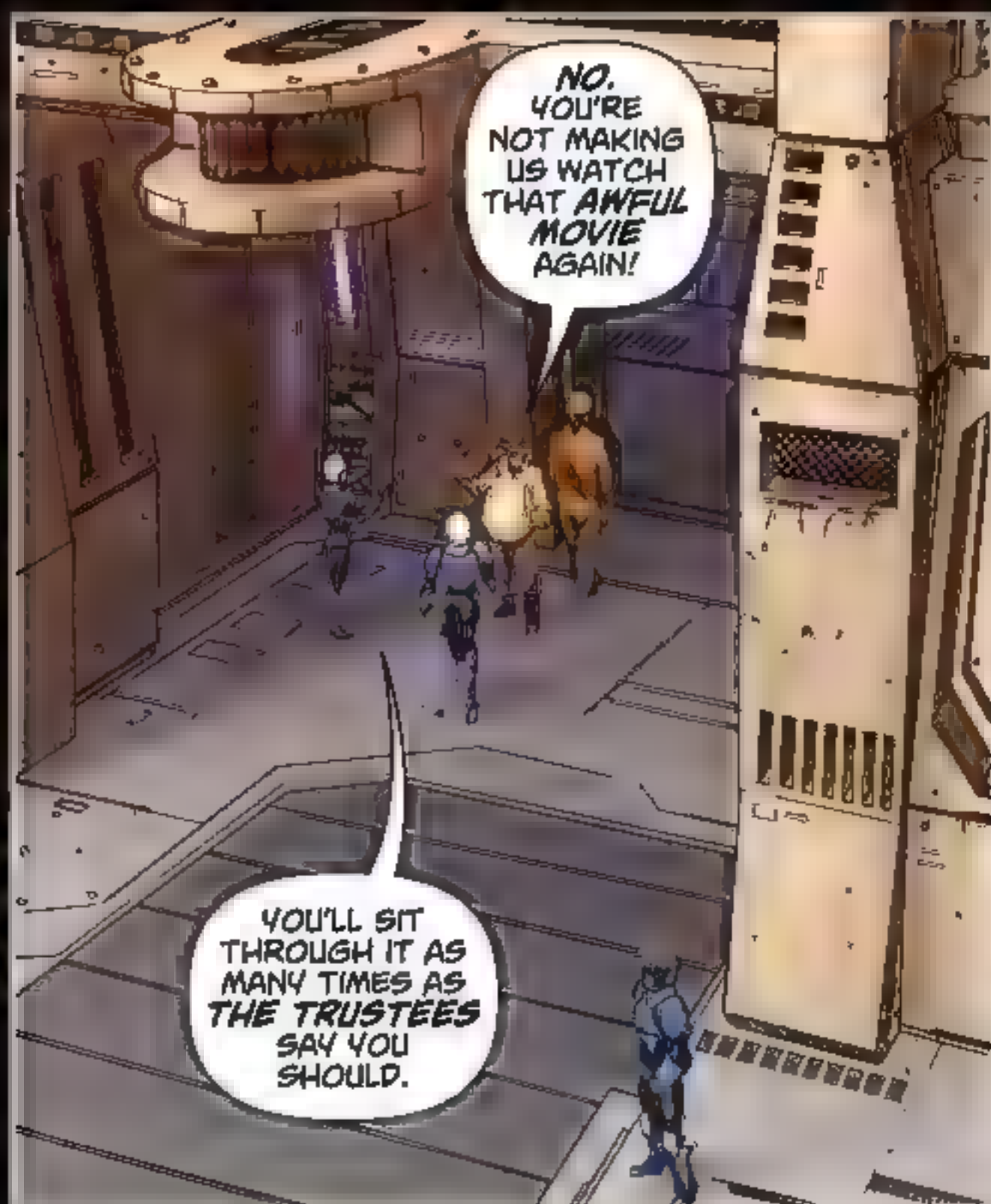
...AND
HISTORY GETS
SCRAMBLED
AGAIN.



JUST BY BEING HERE, EACH OF
US FROM THE **SAFE** SIDE OF
1951 **STABILIZES** THINGS. WE
COUNTERACT THE ILL EFFECTS
OF **ANACHRONISMS.**

SO I'D LIKE TO
BE CONVINCED
THAT THIS DINER
COOK WOULDN'T
HAVE BEEN MORE
VALUABLE IN A
WORK CAMP.





MY NAME
IS GARRISON
EVERS

I SPEAK
FOR THE
TRUSTEES



WE APOLOGIZE IF
THE NOVEL EXPERIENCE OF A
MOVING IMAGE OR TALKING PICTURE
IS CONFUSING AND UPSETTING. WE
LIKEWISE UNDERSTAND THIS
PRESENTATION MAY STRIKE
YOU AS DISTURBINGLY
CRUDE

NEVERTHELESS,
YOU ARE ONE OF THE FEW
SURVIVORS OF AN INEXPLICABLE
ABERRATION IN THE NATURAL
FLOW OF TIME

YOUR WORLD
& THE DUTY
OF VIGILANCE

APPROXIMATELY
500 YEARS OF HISTORY
HAVE COLLAPSED INTO
A SINGLE TIMELINE

SOME OF YOU
HAVE BEEN DISPLACED
FROM WHAT MANY WILL
CONSIDER THE PAST
OTHERS FROM THE
FUTURE

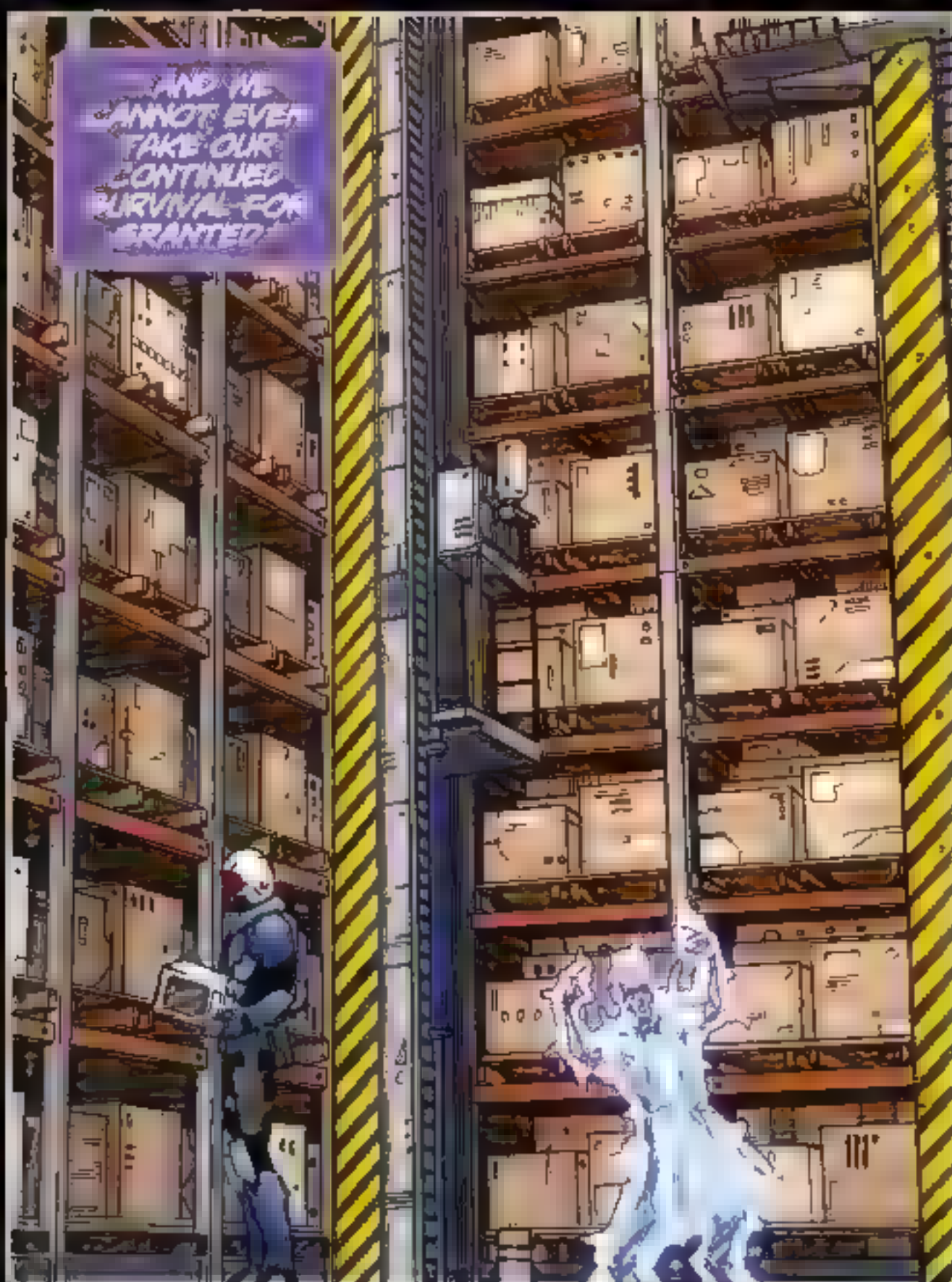
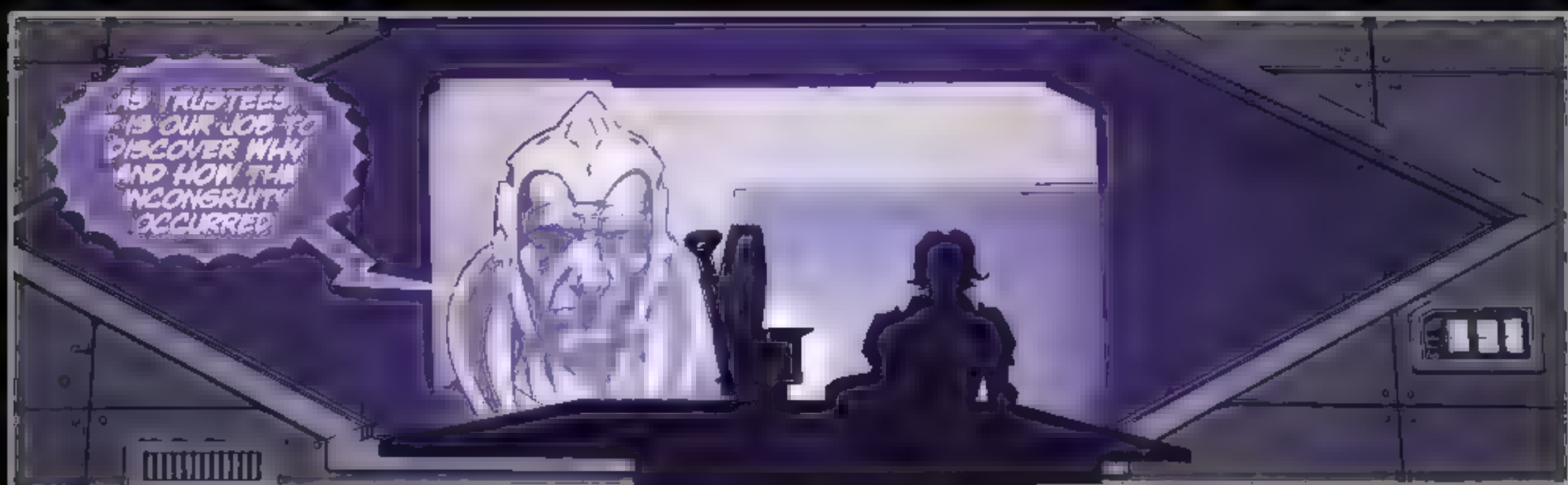


THE
NEW NOW

STILL MORE HAVE
NOT BEEN DISPLACED AT
ALL BUT FIND YOURSELVES
AMONG STRANGE REFUGEES
FROM CENTURIES LONG
GONE OR YET TO
COME

WE ARE
ALL LIVING IN
THE NEW NOW

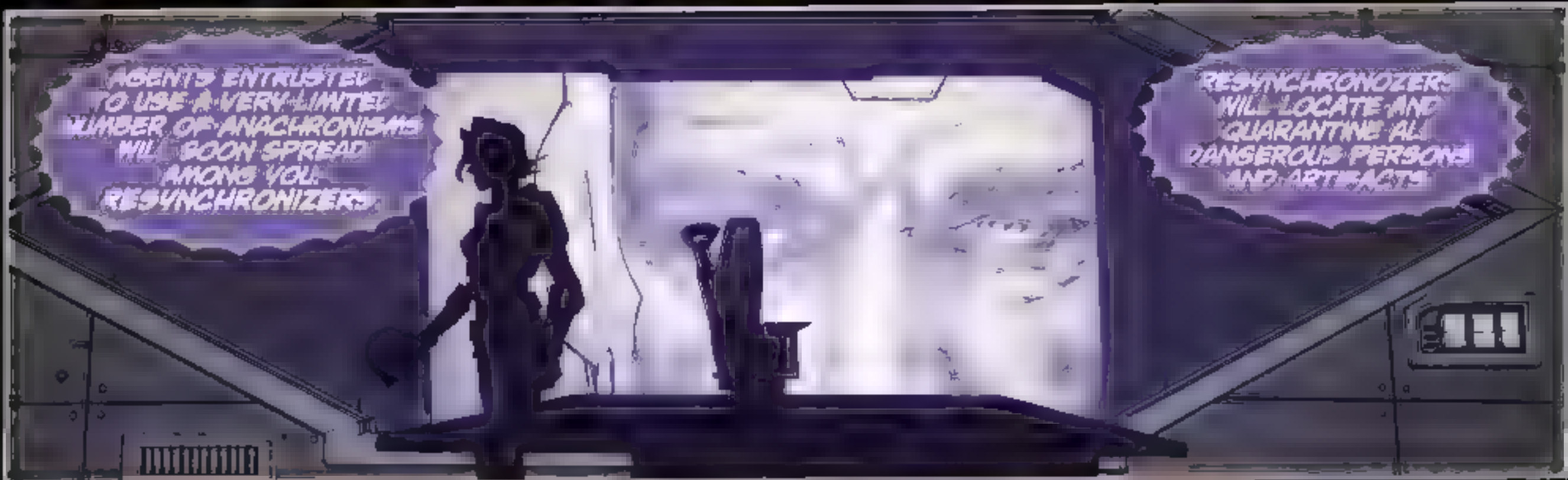
THE
NEW NOW





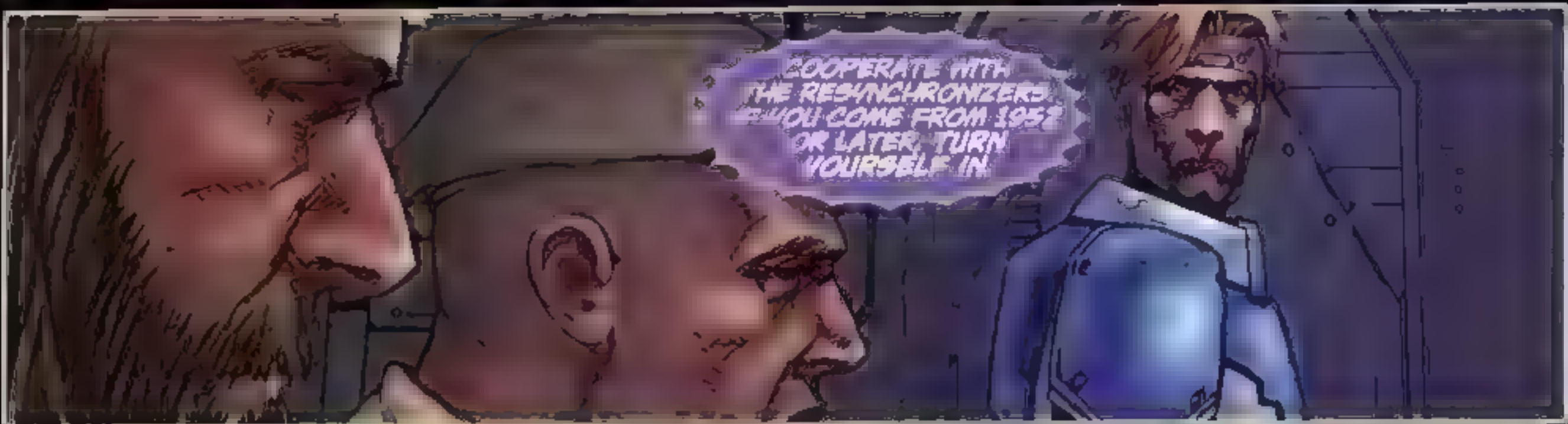
THE
TURBULENCE
CAUSED BY
ANACHRONISMS
PERILOUSLY STRAINS
THE FABRIC OF OUR
REALITY—AND PLAYS
HAVOC WITH THE
TECHNOLOGY WE'RE
DEVELOPING TO SEND
YOU BACK TO
YOUR HOME
TIMES.

ANACHRONISMS
THREATEN WHAT
LITTLE REMAINS
OF THE WORLD.



AGENTS ENTRUSTED
TO USE A VERY LIMITED
NUMBER OF ANACHRONISMS
WILL SOON SPREAD
AMONG YOU.
RESYNCHRONIZERS.

RESYNCHRONIZERS
WILL LOCATE AND
QUARANTINE ALL
DANGEROUS PERSONS
AND ARTIFACTS.



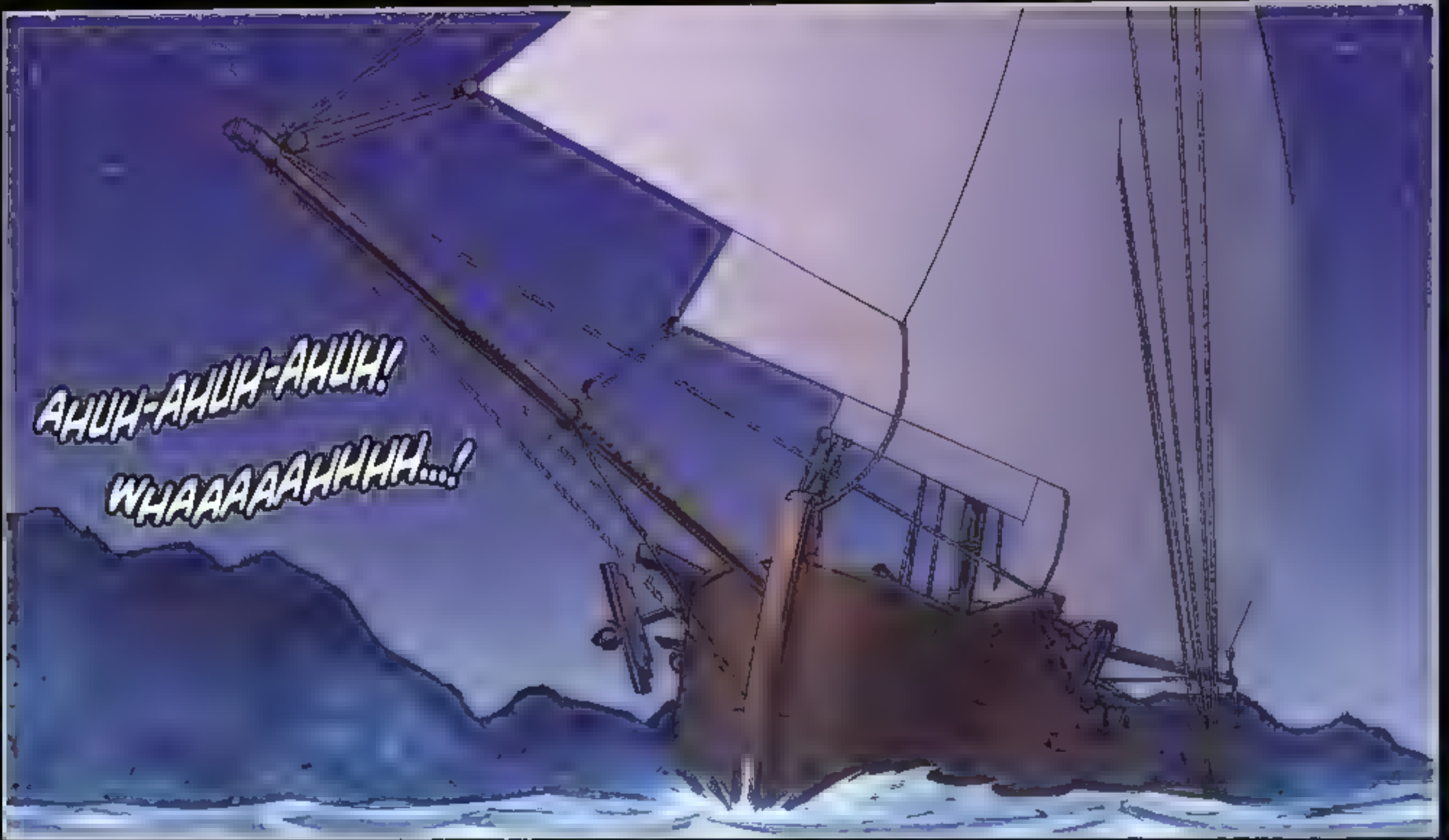
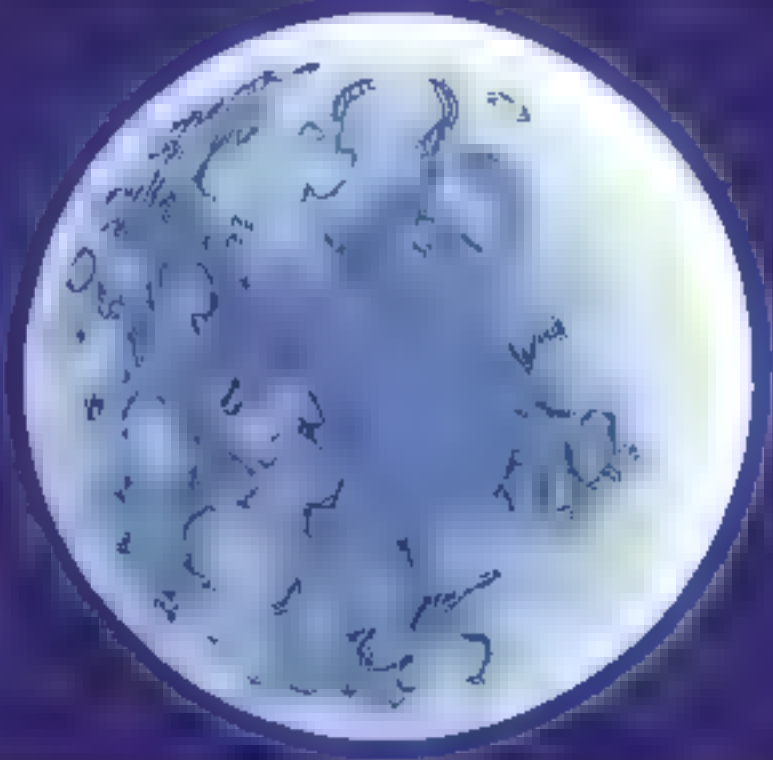
COOPERATE WITH
THE RESYNCHRONIZERS.
IF YOU COME FROM 1952
OR LATER, TURN
YOURSELF IN.



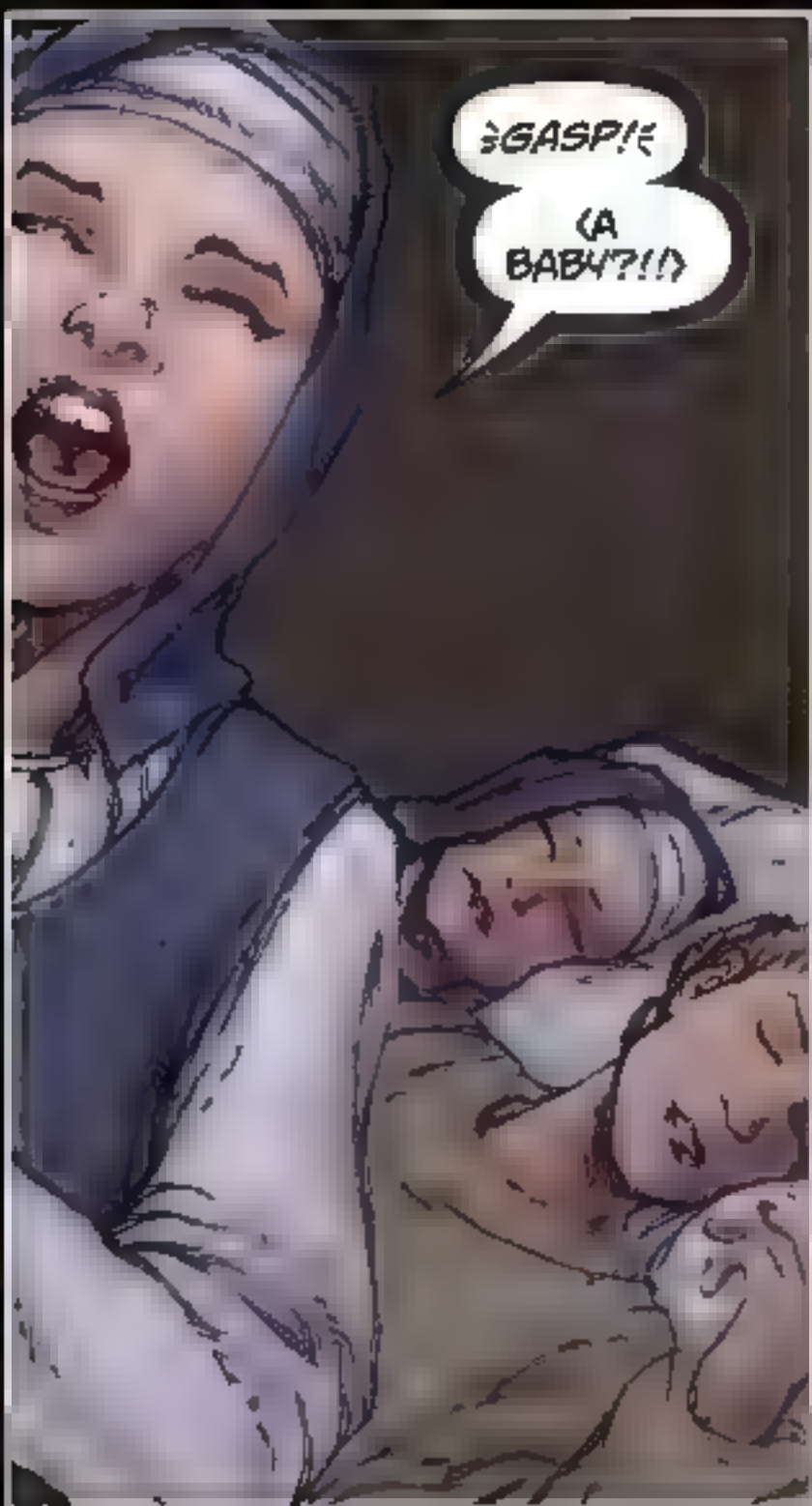
RESYNCHRONIZERS
HAVE BEEN HAND-PICKED
AND HIGHLY TRAINED BY THE
TRUSTEES. THESE INDIVIDUALS'
TALENTS AND SPECIFIC
BACKGROUNDS...



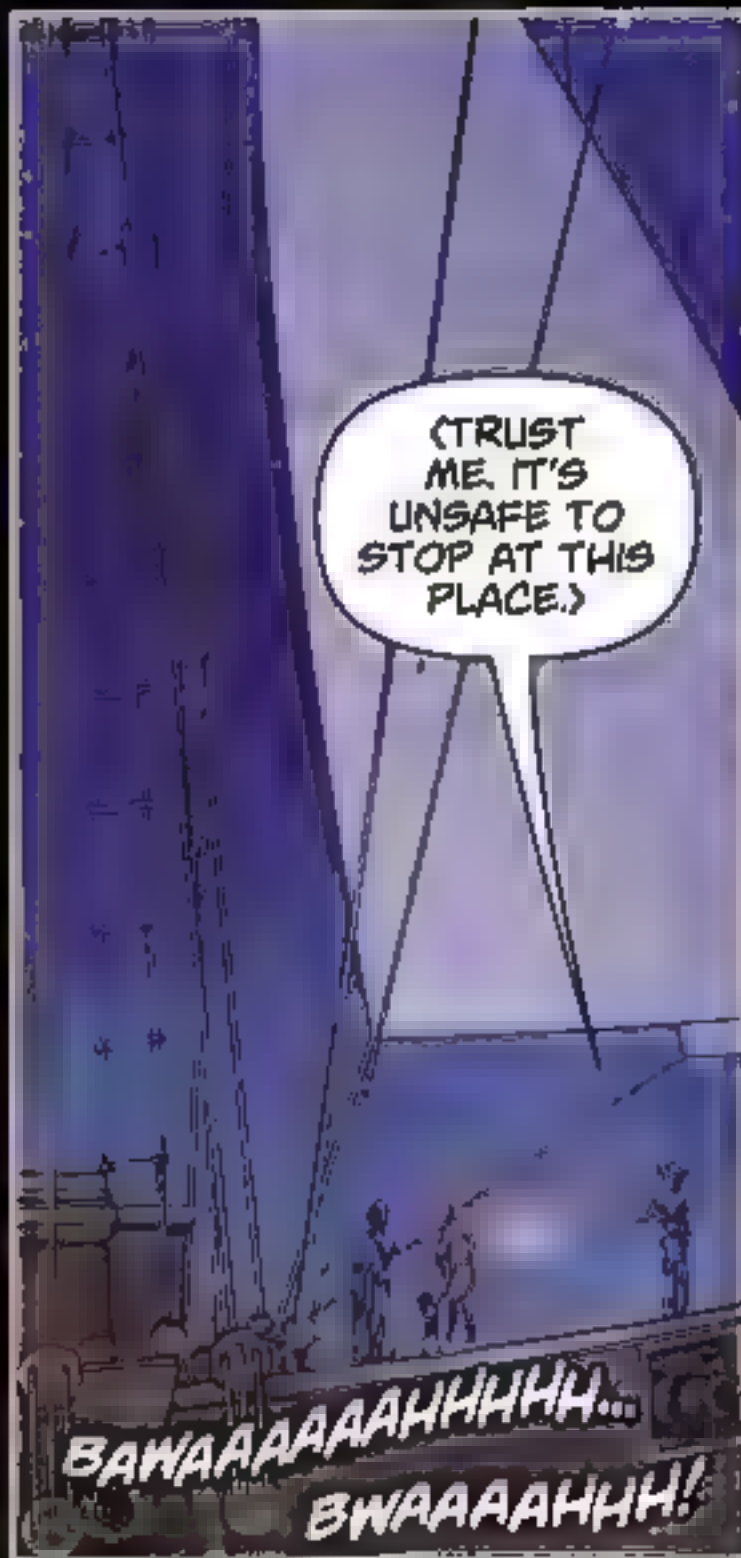
MAKE EACH
ONE OF THEM
INDISPENSABLE
TO OUR
EFFORTS.



AHUU-AHUU-AHUU!
WHAAAAAHHHH...!



«GASP!»
(A
BABY?!?)



(TRUST
ME. IT'S
UNSAFE TO
STOP AT THIS
PLACE.)

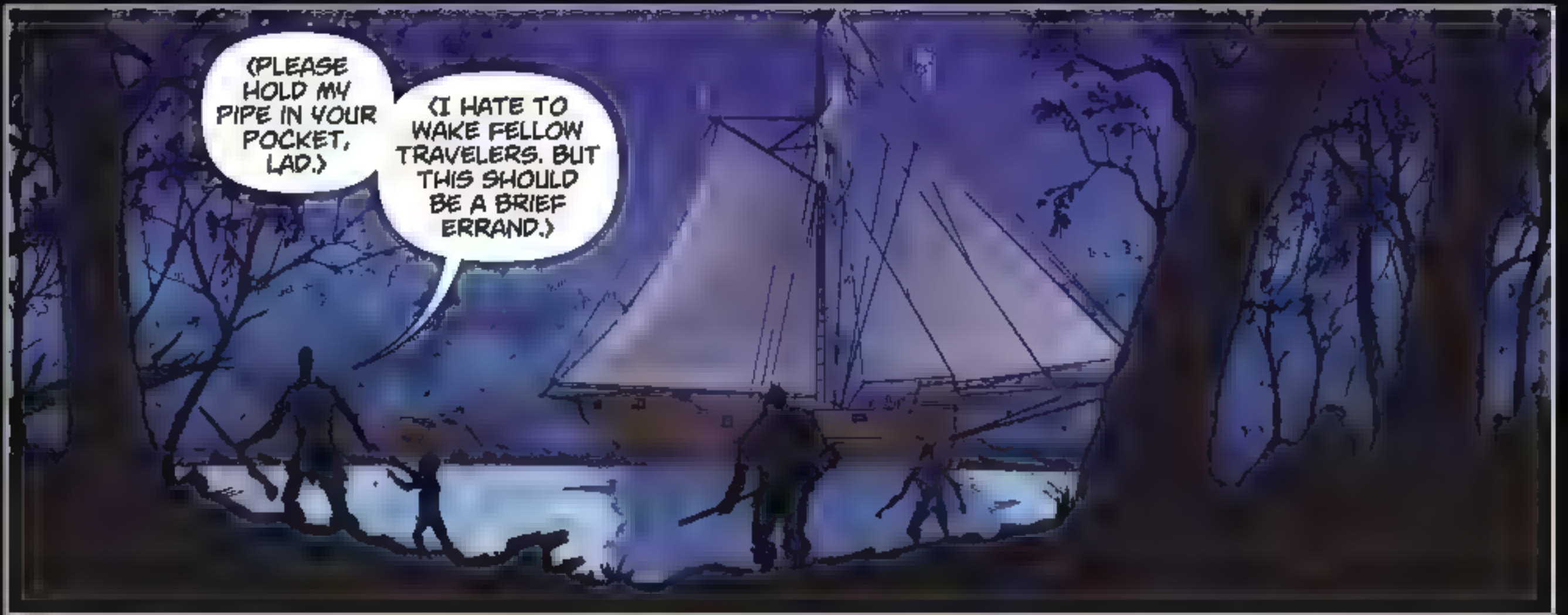
BAAAAAAHHHHH...
BWAAAAHHH!



(SIR, THE WILDEN ARE SLAVES
TO MANY QUEER SUPERSTITIONS.
IF THEY BELIEVE A GHOST OR
SPIRIT TELLS THEM TO DUMP
AN INFANT IN THE WOODS,
THEY WILL DO IT.)

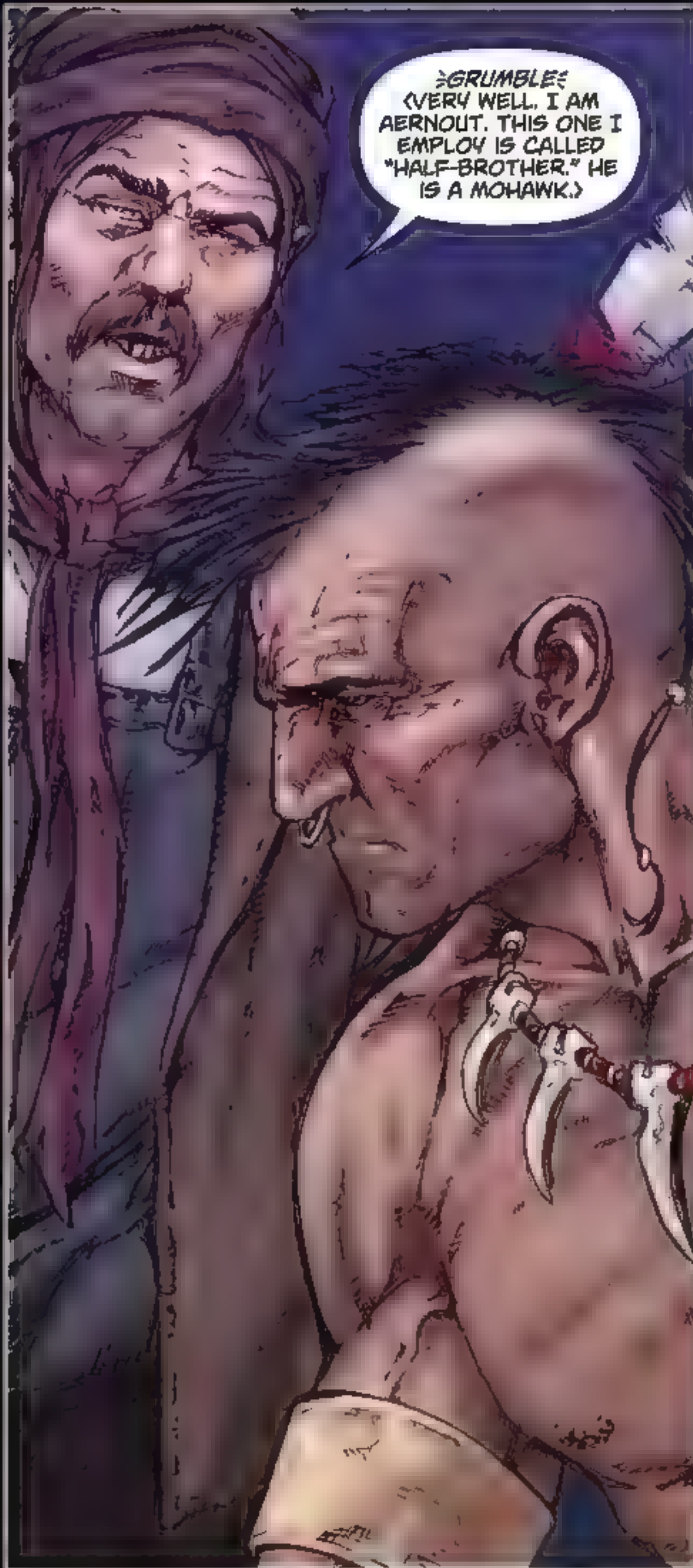
«DESPICABLE!»

«WE
MUST HELP
IT!»



(PLEASE
HOLD MY
PIPE IN YOUR
POCKET,
LAD.)

(I HATE TO
WAKE FELLOW
TRAVELERS. BUT
THIS SHOULD
BE A BRIEF
ERRAND.)



GRUMBLE
(VERY WELL, I AM
AERNOUT. THIS ONE I
EMPLOY IS CALLED
"HALF-BROTHER." HE
IS A MOHAWK.)



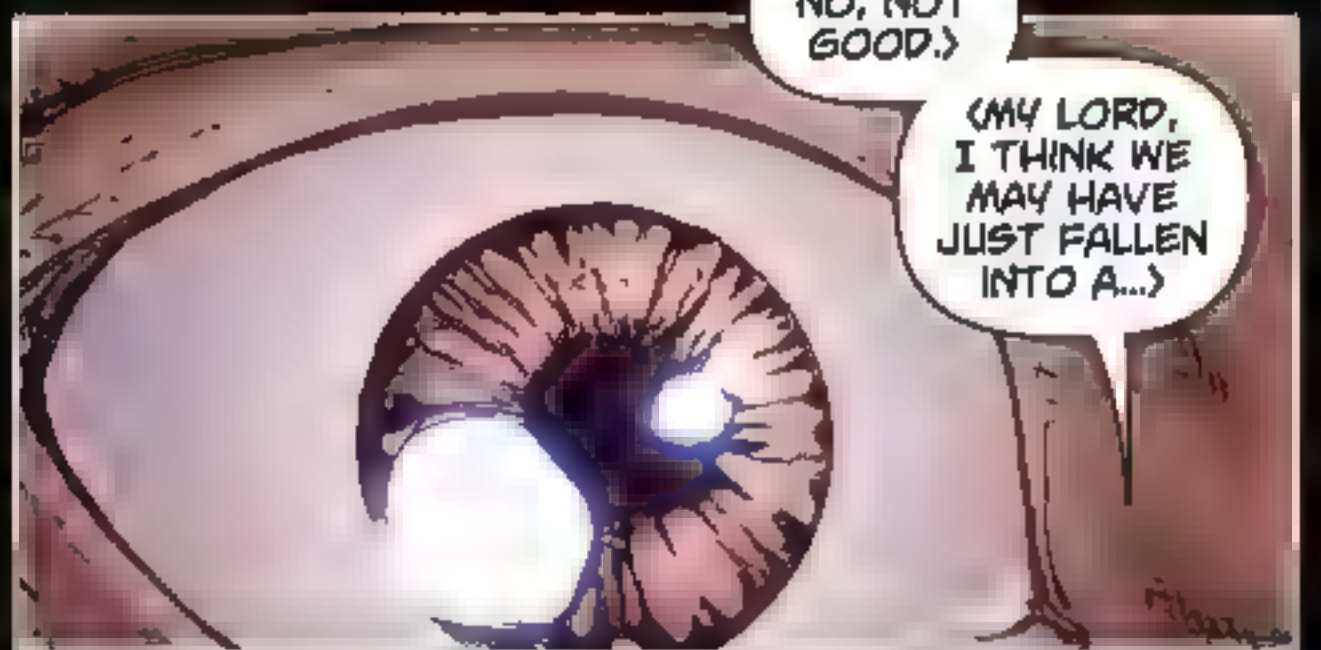
(I'M GLAD TO HELP.
BUT I MUST TELL
YOU WHAT MY EARS
SAW TO ME.)

(THAT IS NO
INDIAN BABY.
IT IS WHITE.)



WHAAAAAHHHH...!
HWUCK
HWUCK!
BWAAAAHHH!

(THE
CRYING
SOUND JUST
MOVED)



(OH
NO, NOT
GOOD.)

(MY LORD,
I THINK WE
MAY HAVE
JUST FALLEN
INTO A...)



(...TRAP. OR
SOME KIND
OF...)

HHLGGGLICKK!



(LOOKING
FOR
THESE?)

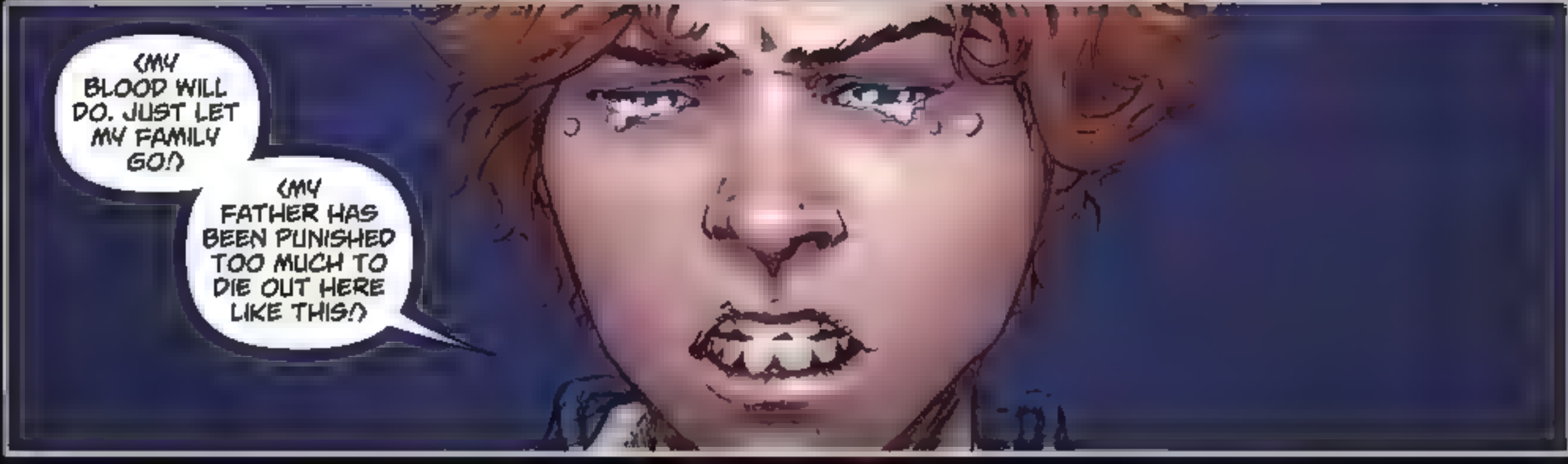
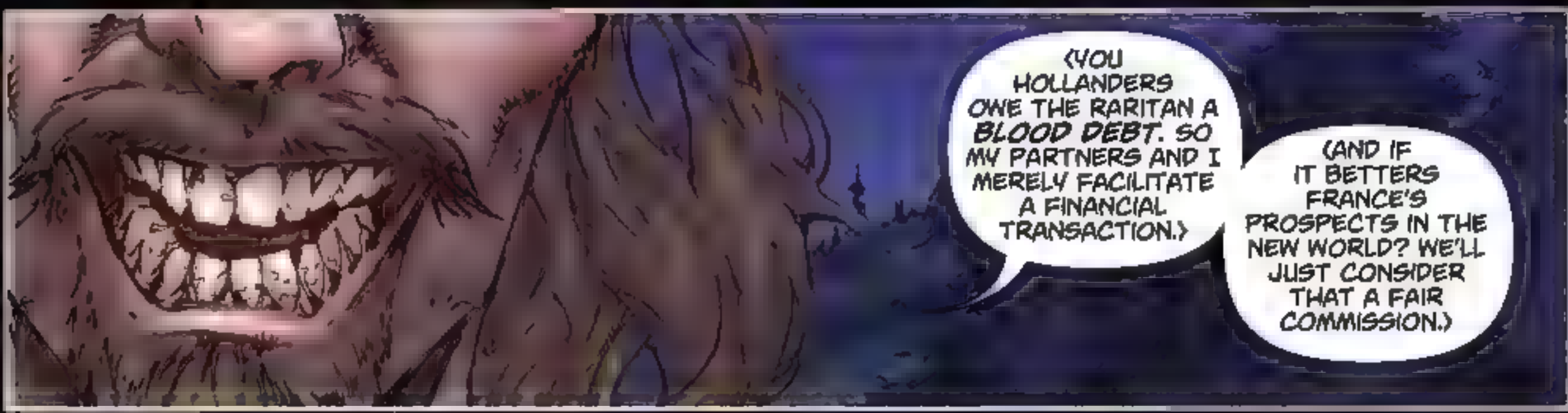
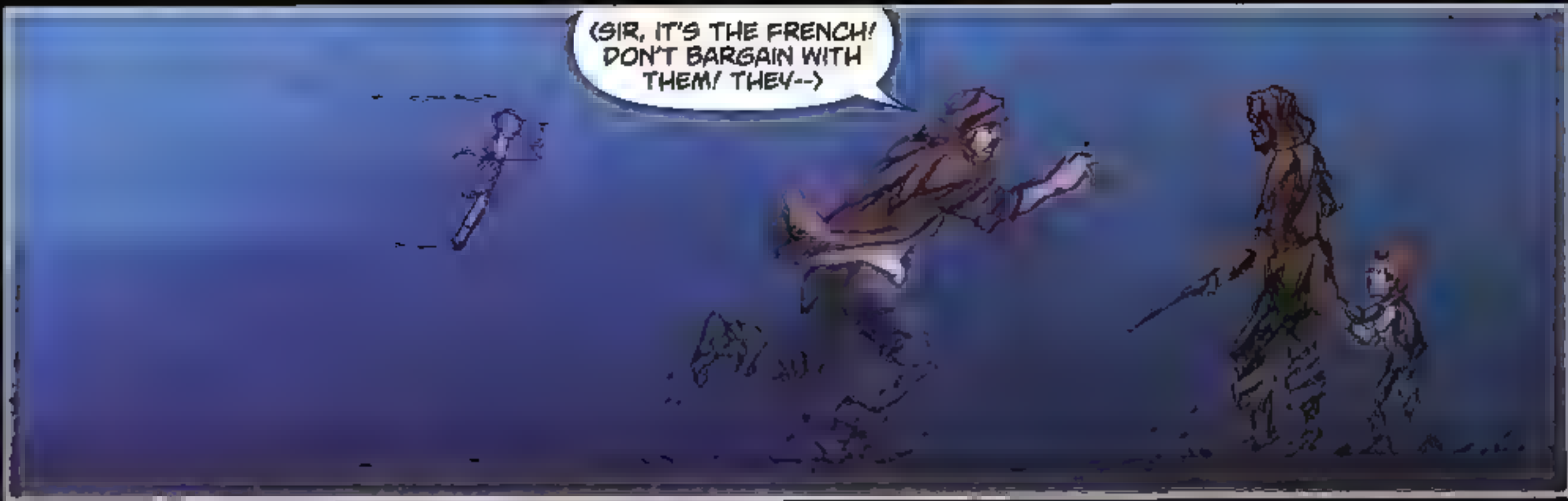
(WHAT CHARITY,
WHAT TENDERNESS,
WHAT **CRAVEN**
HYPOCRISY....!)

(...TO BE LURED
BY A **VOICE OF**
HELPLESSNESS
IN THE DARK!)

(MY **RARITAN**
FRIENDS WERE
POSITIVE THAT **DUTCHMEN**
WOULDN'T FALL FOR SUCH
SENTIMENTAL BAIT AS A
CRYING BABY--ESPECIALLY
AFTER THE WAY YOU
SLAUGHTERED AND
BURNED THEIR WOMEN
AND CHILDREN AT
COMMUNIPAW. BUT I
KNEW BETTER.)

(NOW--HAND
OVER YOUR
WEAPONS.)

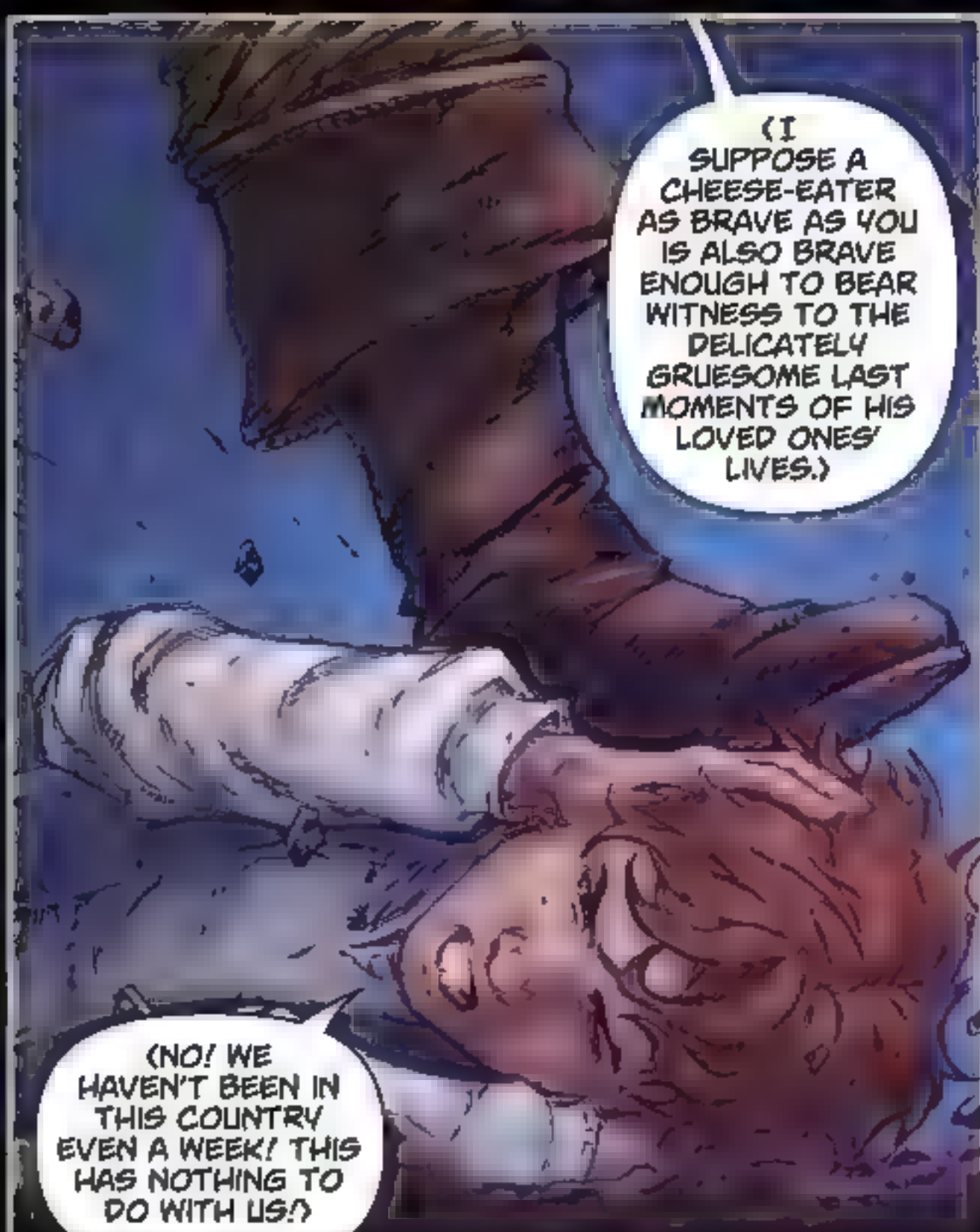






⟨"KILL ME!" THAT'S A HOOT!⟩

⟨HAVE MERCY!
FREE THE BOY!⟩



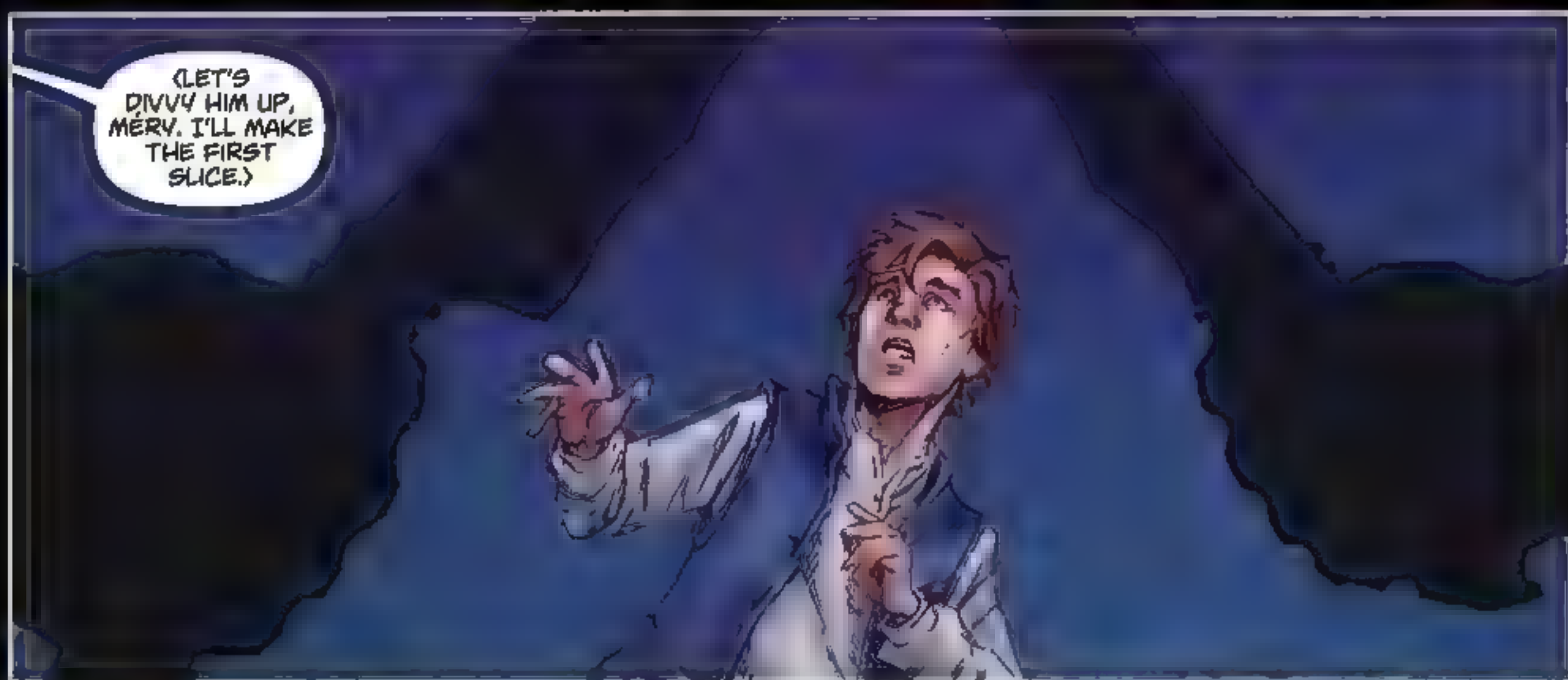
⟨I SUPPOSE A CHEESE-EATER AS BRAVE AS YOU IS ALSO BRAVE ENOUGH TO BEAR WITNESS TO THE DELICATELY GRUESOME LAST MOMENTS OF HIS LOVED ONES' LIVES.⟩

⟨NO! WE HAVEN'T BEEN IN THIS COUNTRY EVEN A WEEK! THIS HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH US!⟩

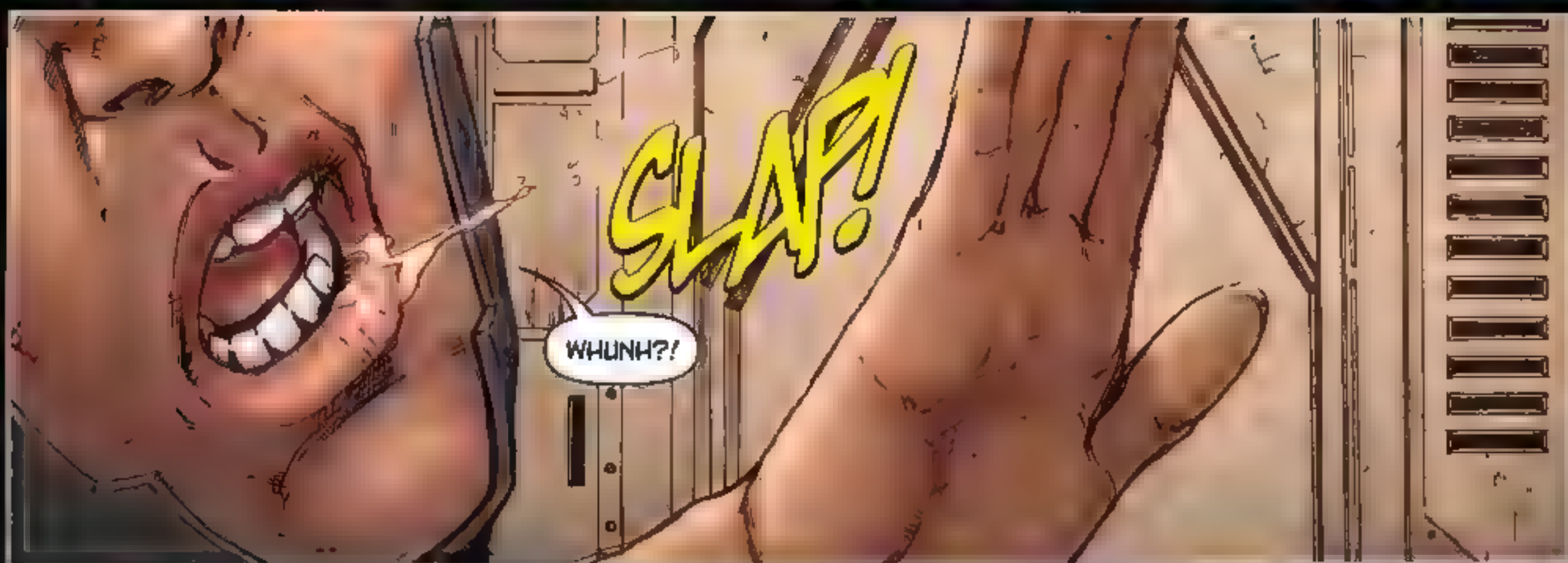


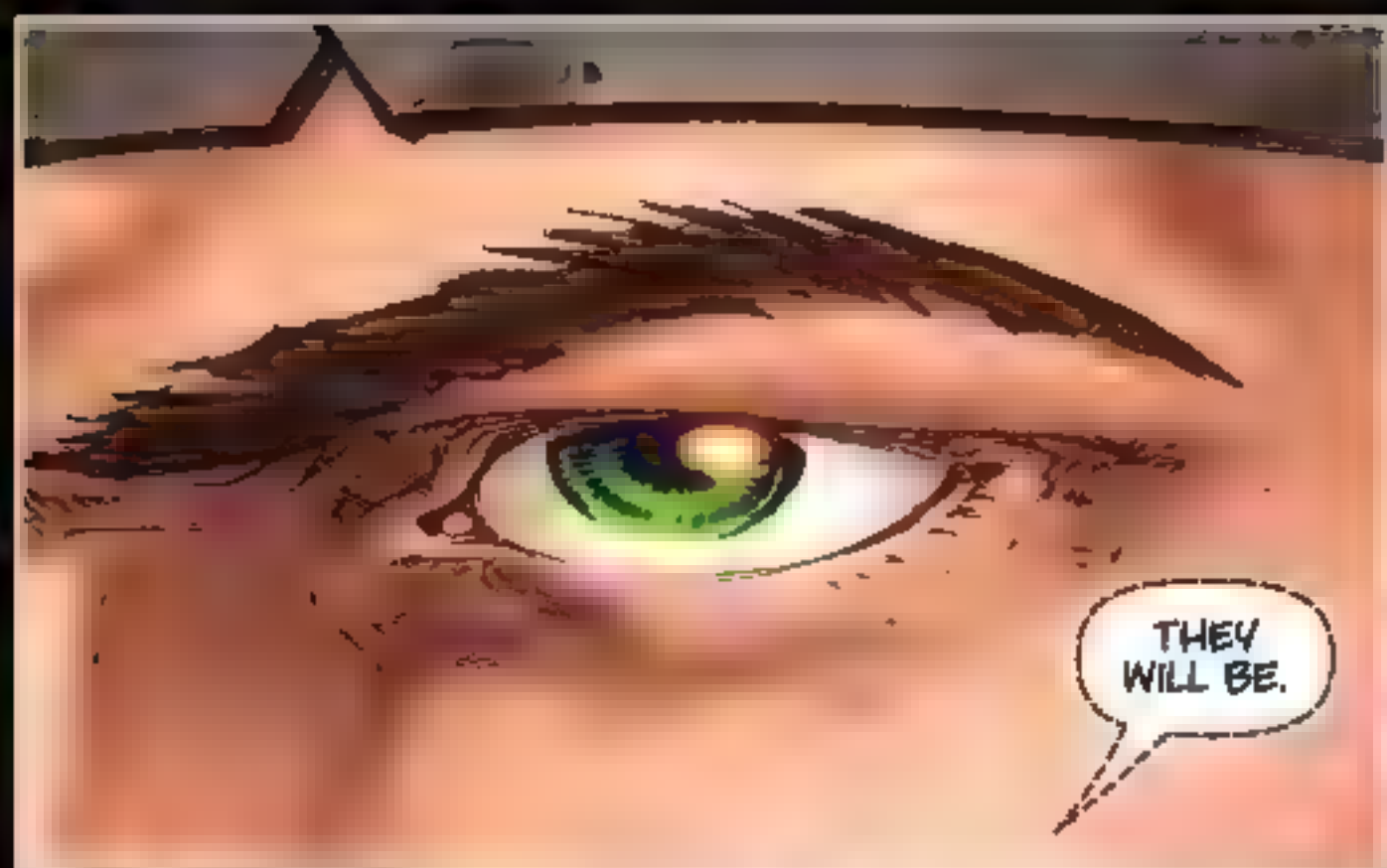
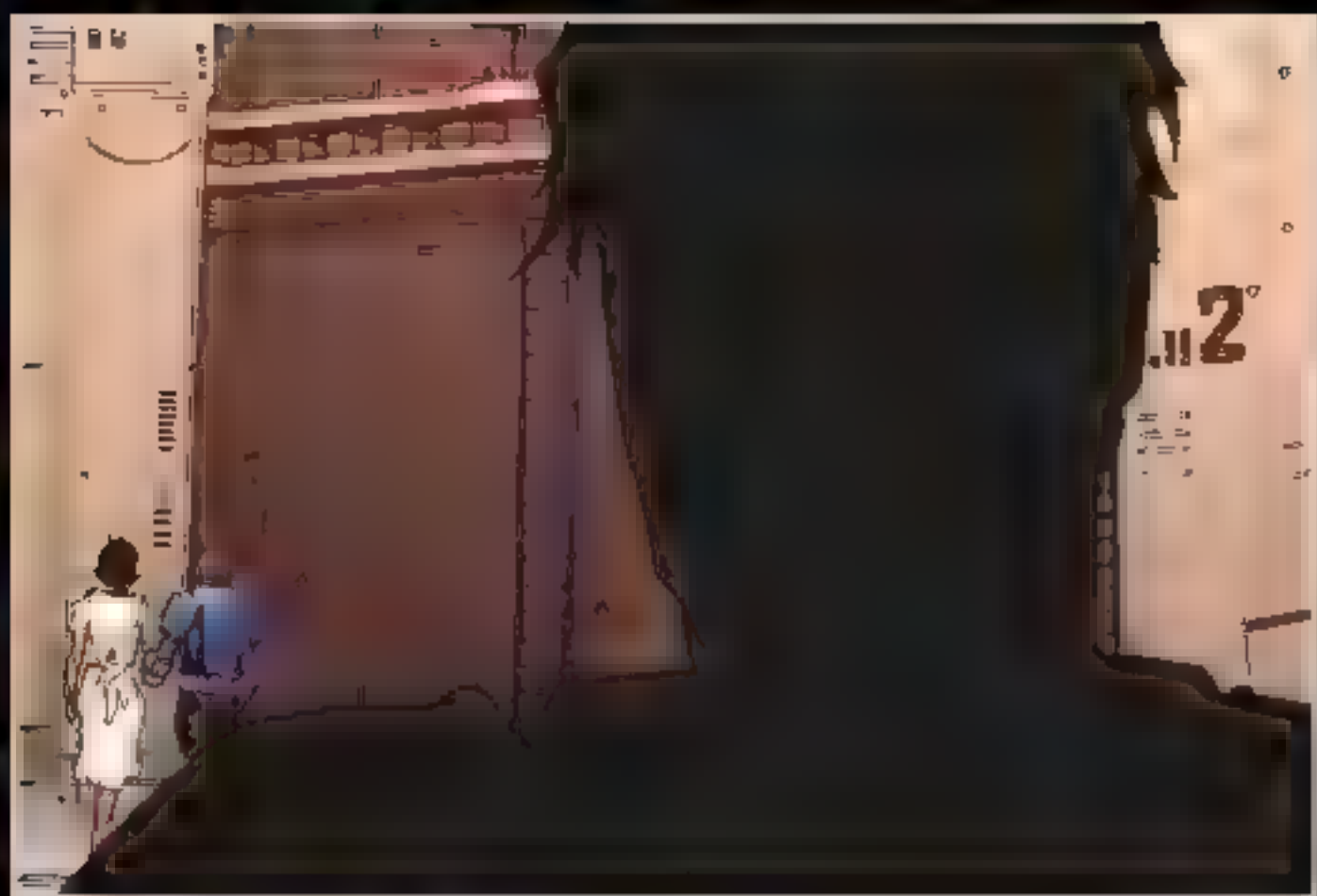
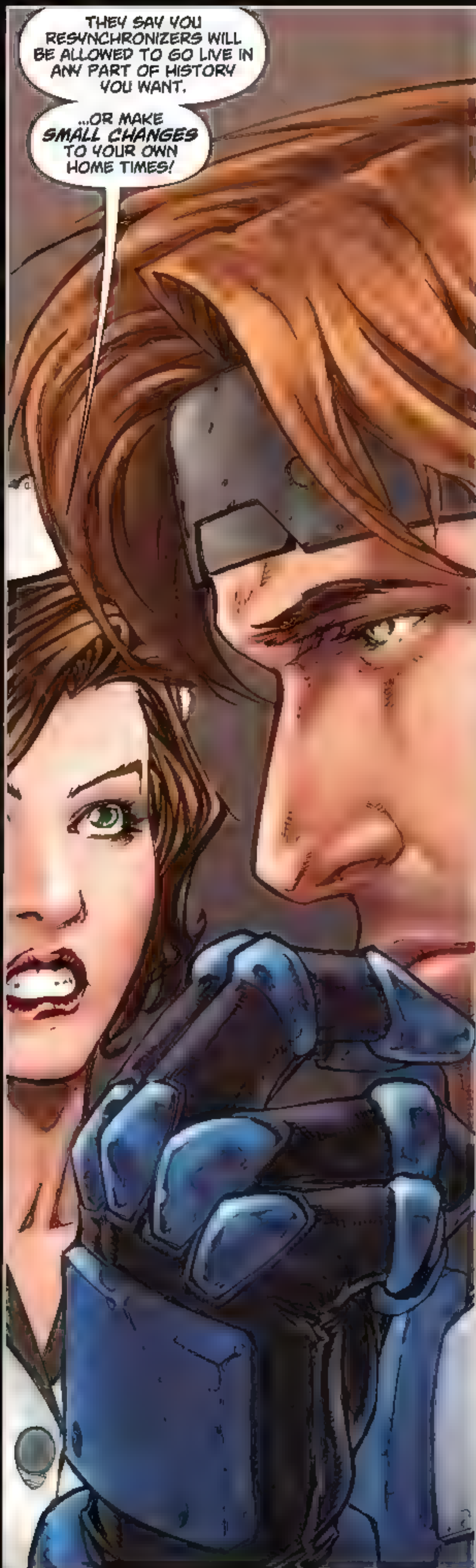
⟨AAAAUUGH! STOP! DON'T!⟩

⟨FATHER! MOTHER!⟩











...AND I CAN'T
EVEN TELL YOU HOW
MANY *MICE*. SO NO
MORE TRYING TO
DO THIS IN THE
DARK.

WE'LL JUST
COVER THE
WINDOW FROM
NOW ON.



...AND CONDUCT
OUR LITTLE
TÊTE-À-TÊTES BY
CANDLELIGHT.



SO.
WHAT DO
YOU HAVE
FOR ME
TODAY?

THESE HANDY
CONTRAPTIONS HIT
STORES IN 2027.
HAS COLD AND FLU
SEASON MADE IT
"OPEN SEASON"--
ON YOU? WELL!

NO MORE MESSY GELS
OR ENDLESS HAND WASHING!
JUST PUSH THE BUTTON AND
A WARM GLOW SANITIZES ANY
SURFACE! TOILET HANDLES,
DOORKNOBS, HIGH-TRAFFIC
DRAWER PULLS... GERMS
BEGONE! IT'S EVEN SAFE TO
USE RIGHT ON YOUR HAND!

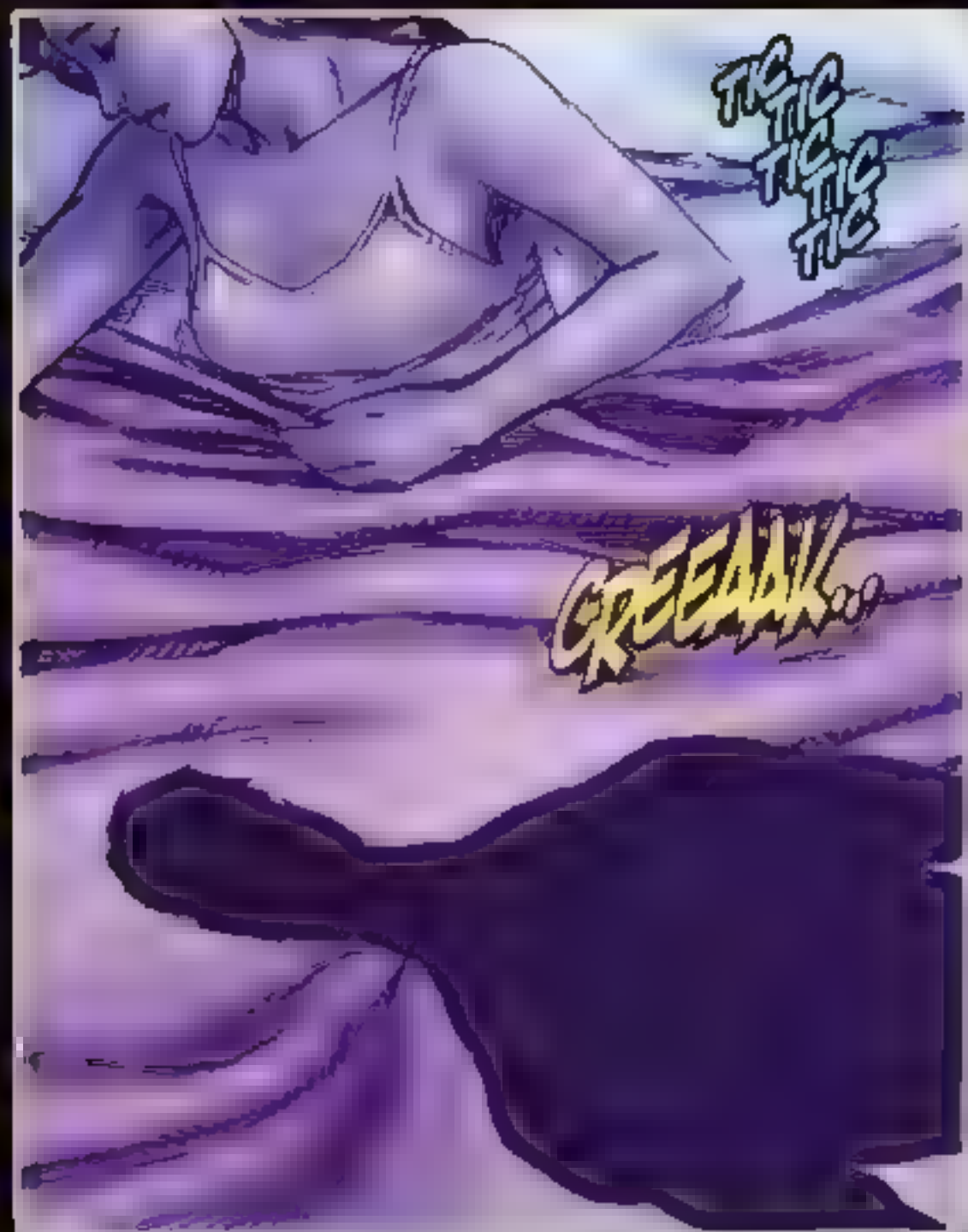


OOO.
YOU KNOW
ME TOO
WELL. I
NEED
THAT!



YOU
BETCHA!
NEDDLESOME
PESTS ARE
ALWAYS AT WORK
JUST OUT OF
SIGHT.

ONE
MUSTN'T TAKE
HALF-MEASURES.
YOU HAVE TO BE
SURE TO WIPE
THEM CLEAN
OUT.





MOM?

MMM... IT'S
TERRIBLY EARLY.
DID A WOLF GET
THROUGH
THE--

TIC
TIC
TIC
TIC
TIC



TIC
TIC
TIC
TIC
TIC

AH!

RAMONA.
HUSH.

IT'S ME.
DON'T MAKE
ANOTHER
SOUND.



JOHANNES--?!

Y-YOU...
YOU CAN'T BE
IN HERE!

TIC
TIC
TIC
TIC
TIC

IT'S
OKAY.
I HAVE A
BLINDFOLD
TOO.



TIC
TIC
TIC
TIC
TIC

WHAT?!

IT DOESN'T
COUNT IF YOU
CAN'T SEE EACH
OTHER.

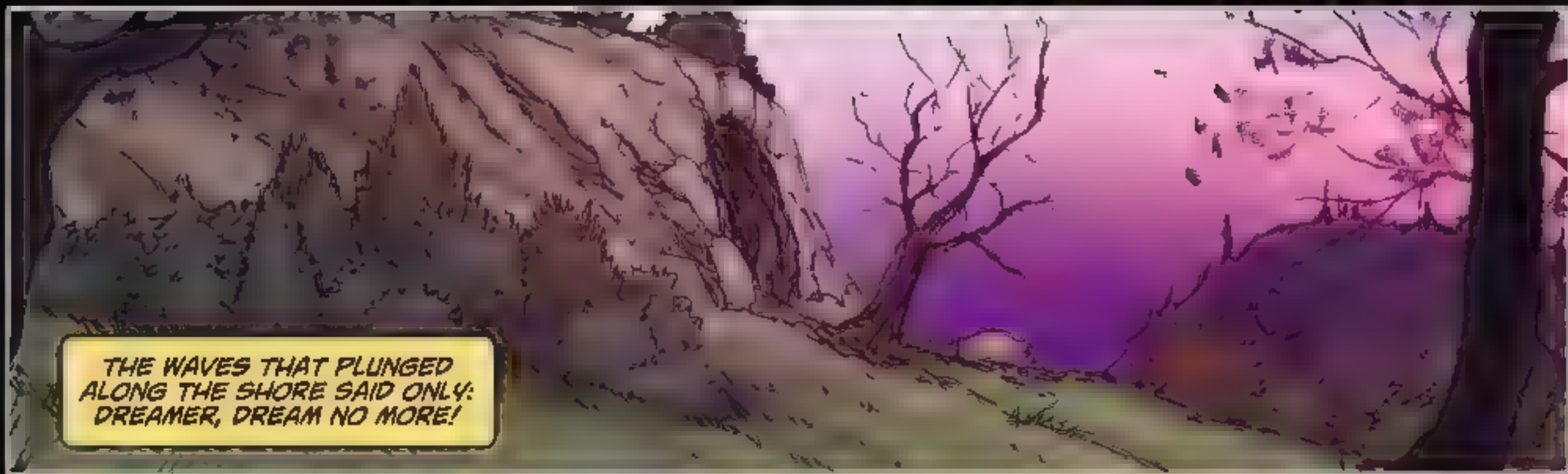


TIC
TIC
TIC
TIC
TIC

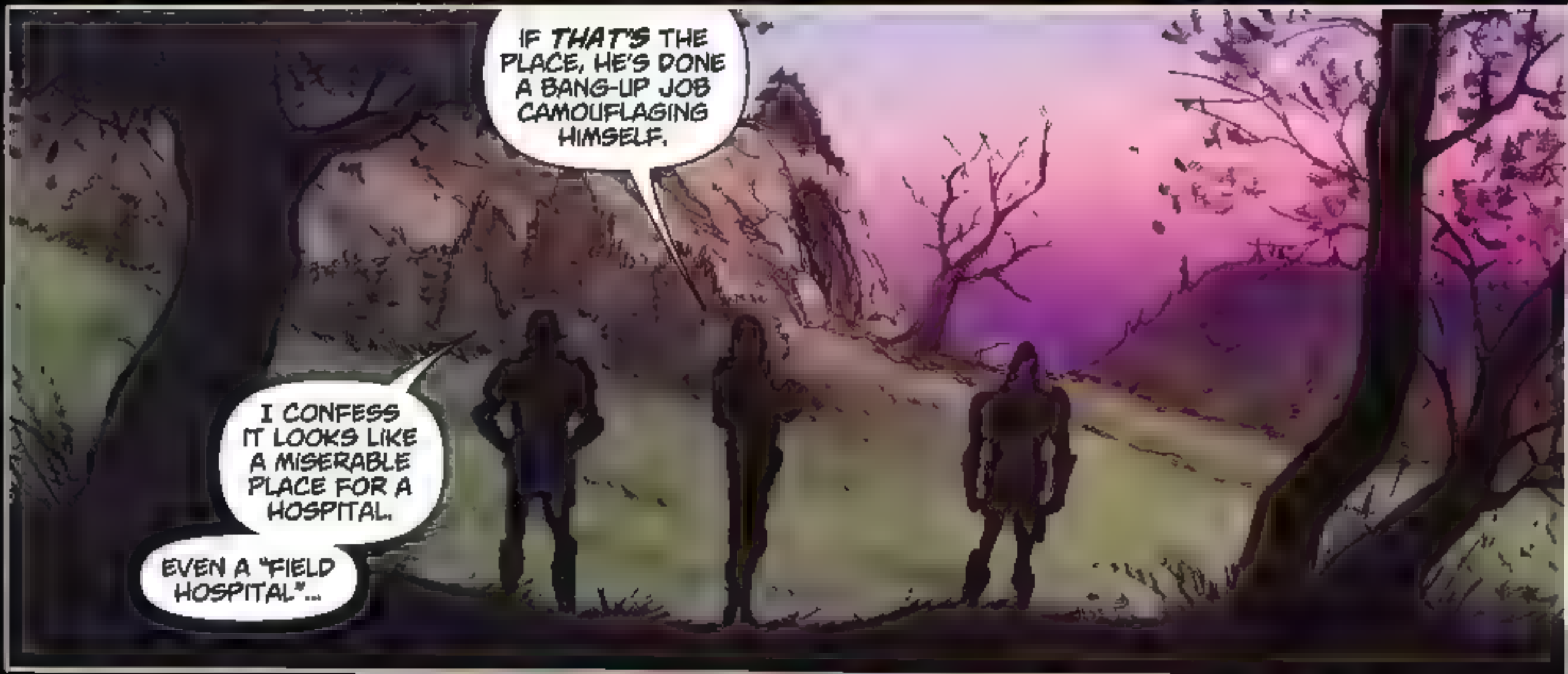
I-I...
I D-D-DON'T
KNOW...

IF YOU
NEVER LOOK AT
ME, IT NEVER
HAPPENED.





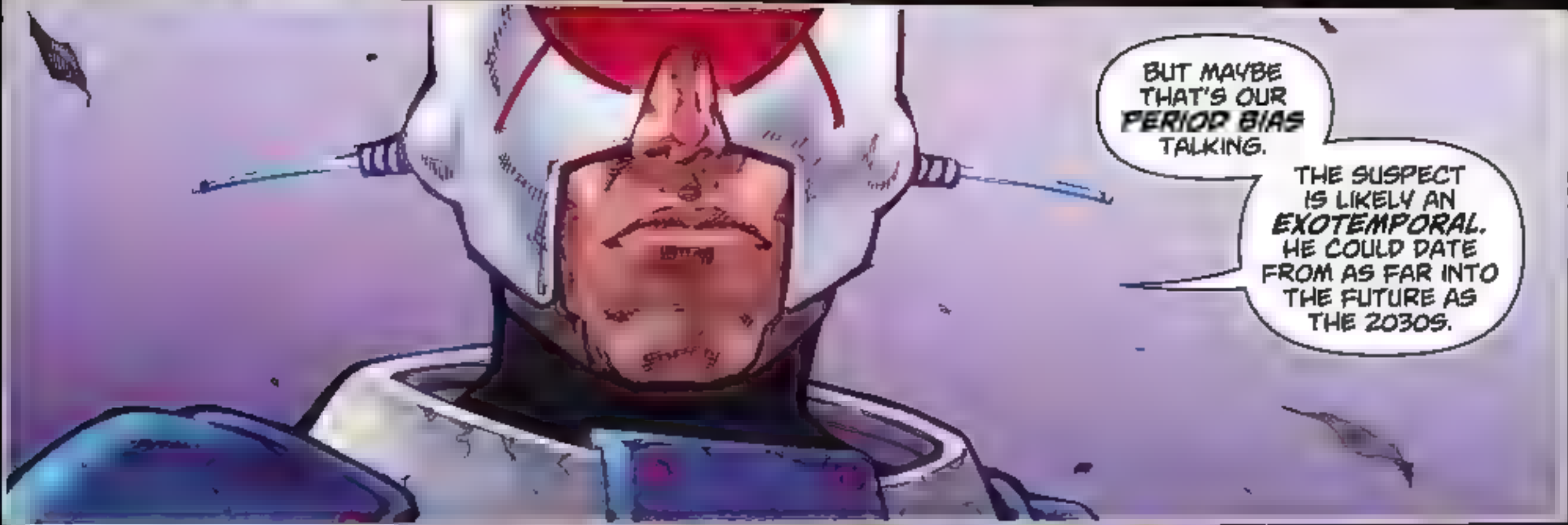
THE WAVES THAT PLUNGED
ALONG THE SHORE SAID ONLY:
DREAMER, DREAM NO MORE!



IF *THAT'S* THE
PLACE, HE'S DONE
A BANG-UP JOB
CAMOUFLAGING
HIMSELF.

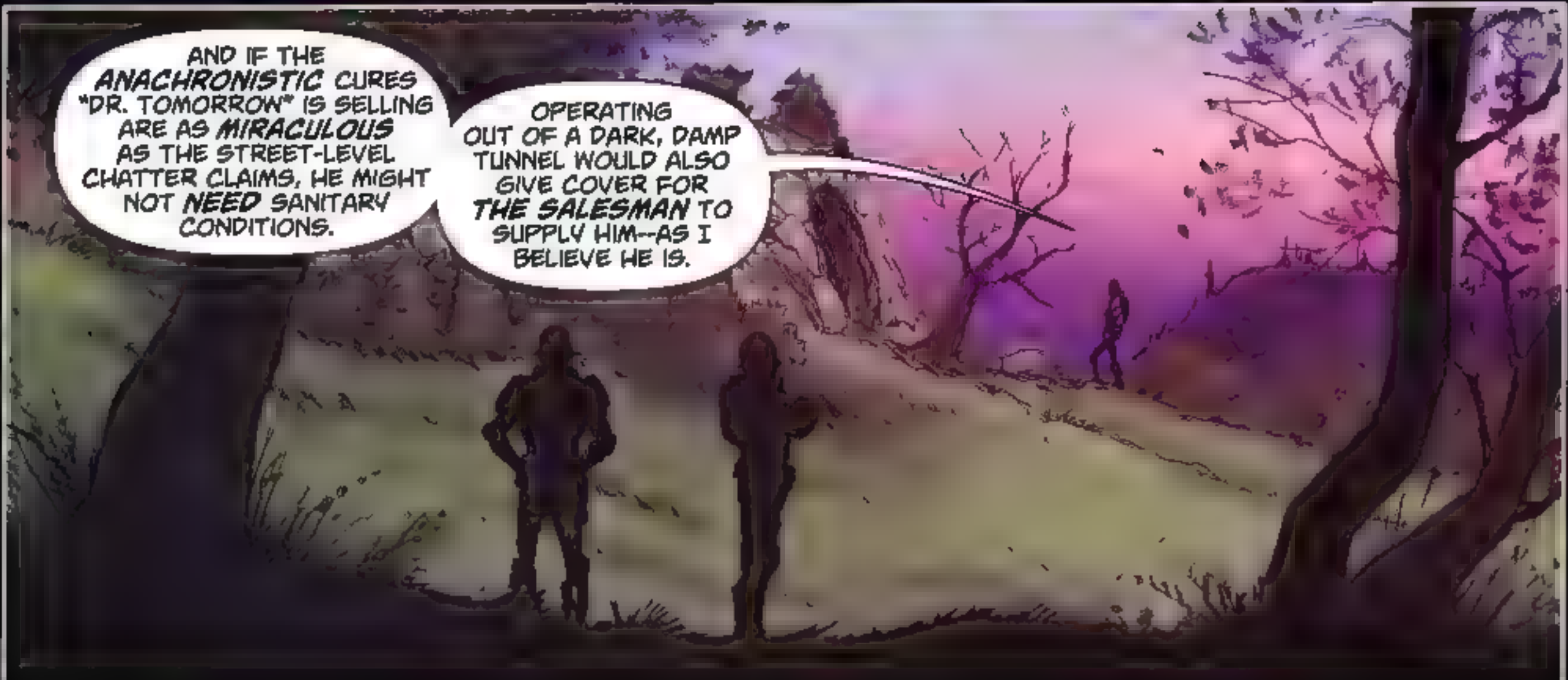
I CONFESS
IT LOOKS LIKE
A MISERABLE
PLACE FOR A
HOSPITAL.

EVEN A "FIELD
HOSPITAL"...



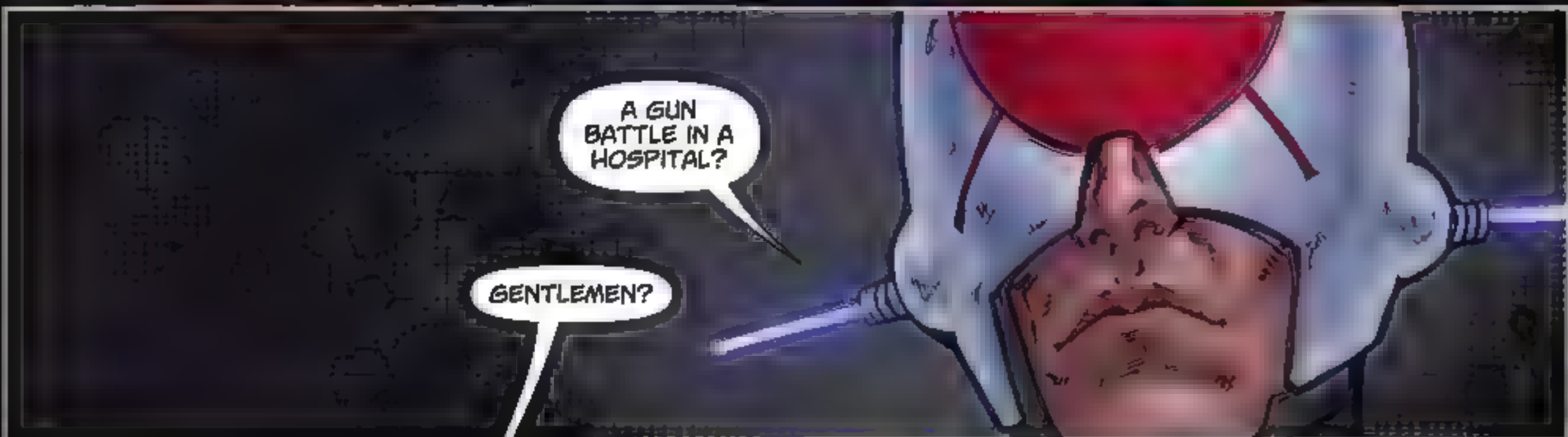
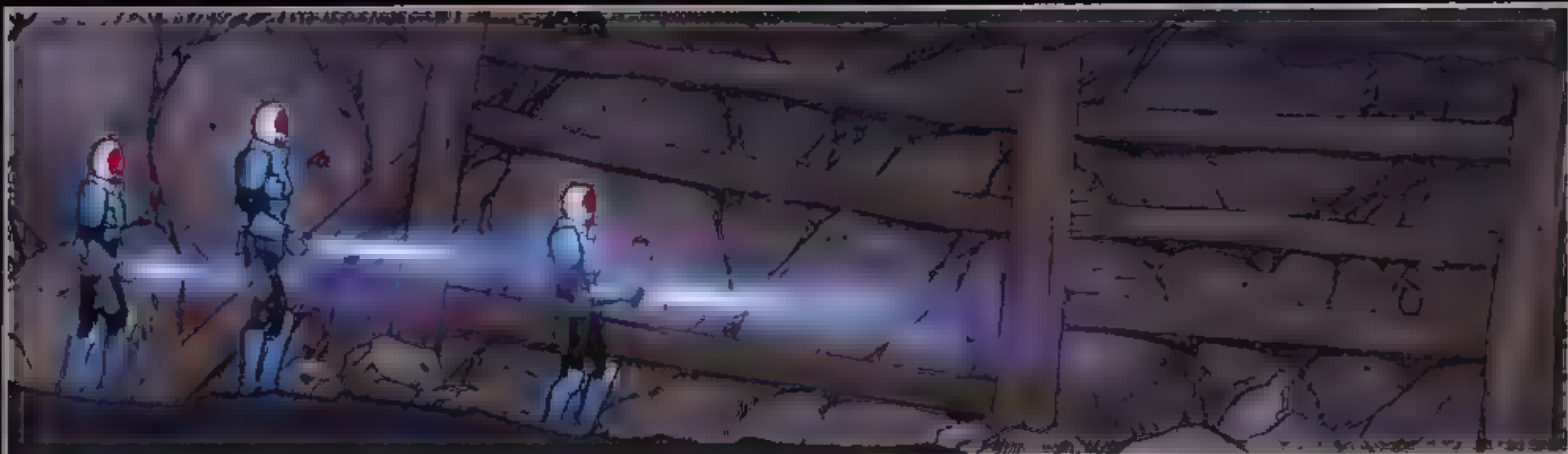
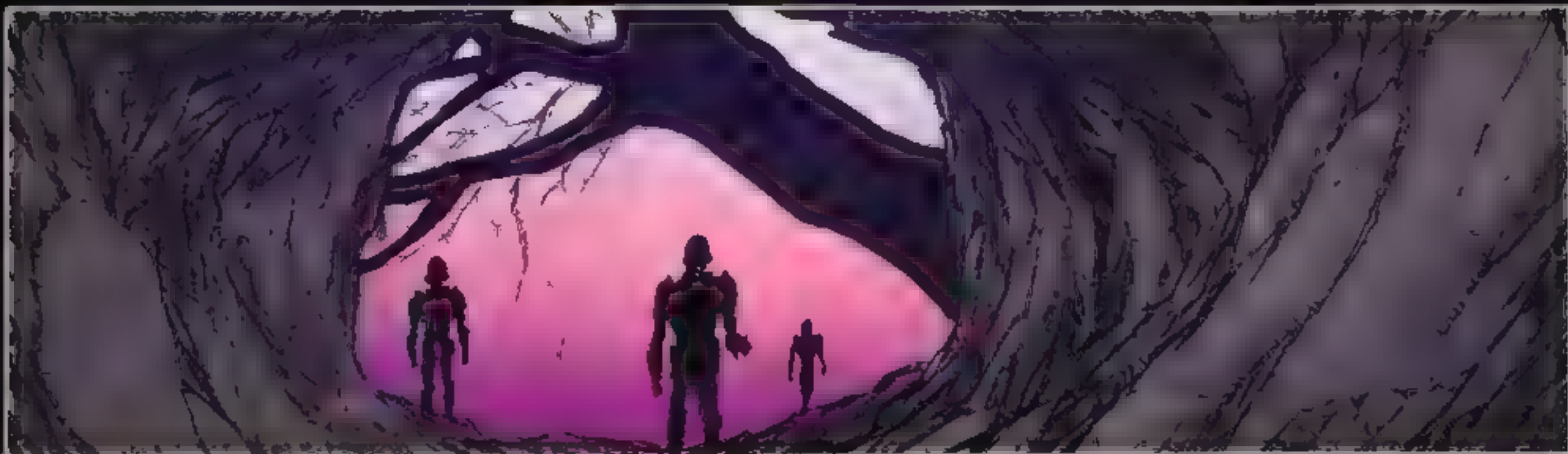
BUT MAYBE
THAT'S OUR
PERIOD BIAS
TALKING.

THE SUSPECT
IS LIKELY AN
EXOTEMPORAL.
HE COULD DATE
FROM AS FAR INTO
THE FUTURE AS
THE 2030S.



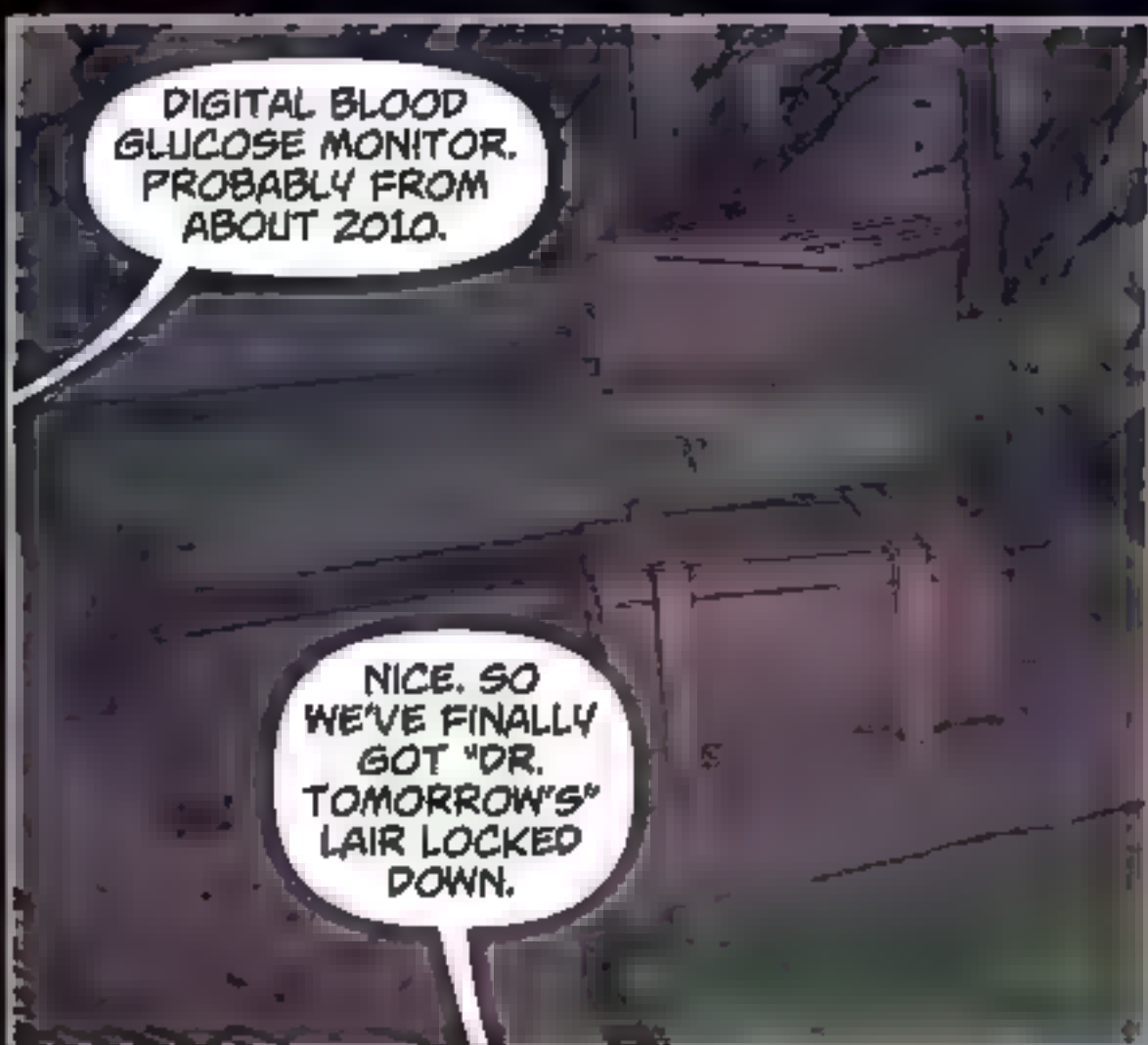
AND IF THE
ANACHRONISTIC CURES
"DR. TOMORROW" IS SELLING
ARE AS **MIRACULOUS**
AS THE STREET-LEVEL
CHATTER CLAIMS, HE MIGHT
NOT **NEED** SANITARY
CONDITIONS.

OPERATING
OUT OF A DARK, DAMP
TUNNEL WOULD ALSO
GIVE COVER FOR
THE **SALESMAN** TO
SUPPLY HIM--AS I
BELIEVE HE IS.



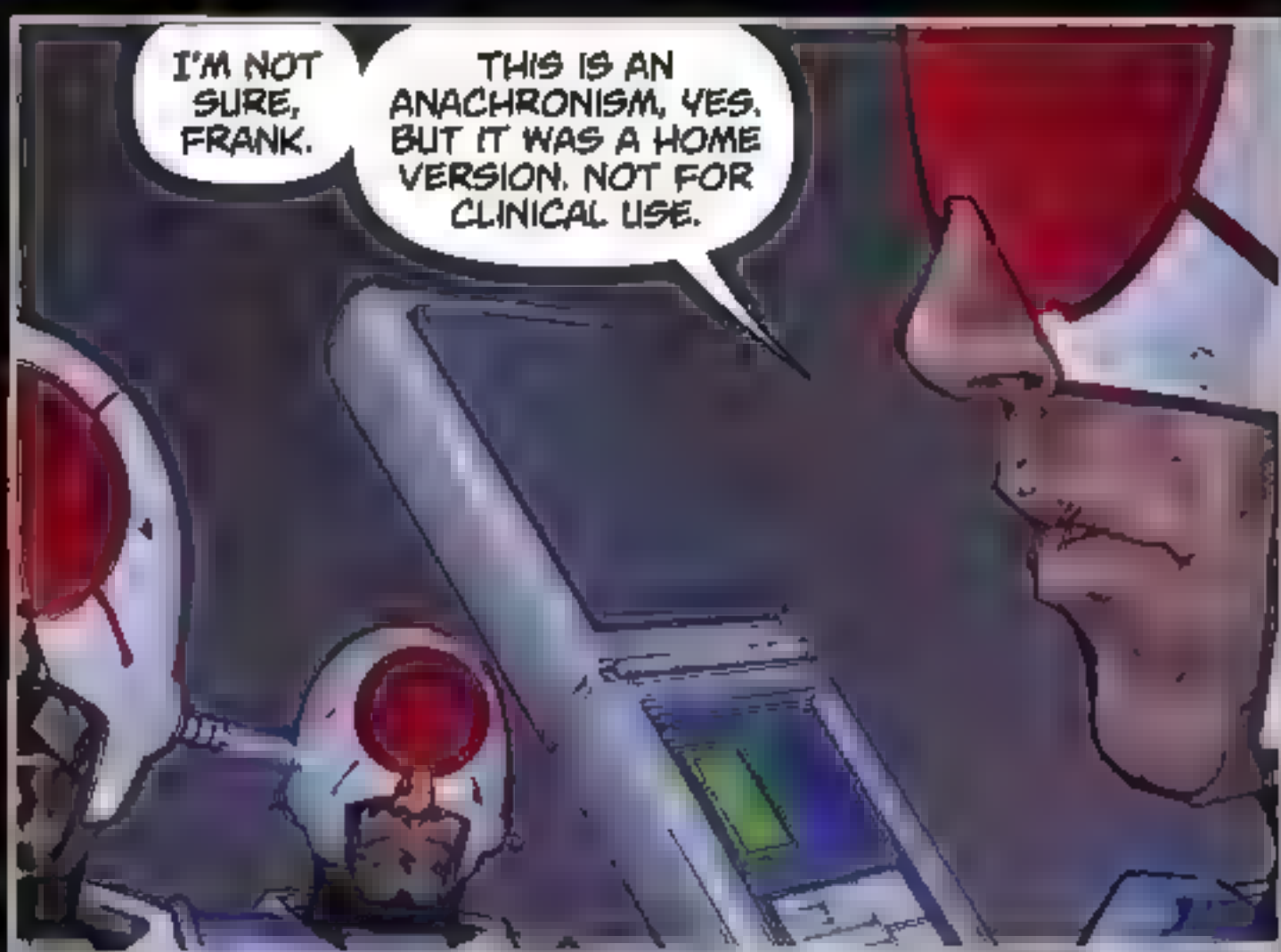


CERTAIN
ITEMS IN THIS
AREA BEAR OUR
ATTENTION.



DIGITAL BLOOD
GLUCOSE MONITOR.
PROBABLY FROM
ABOUT 2010.

NICE. SO
WE'VE FINALLY
GOT "DR.
TOMORROW'S"
LAIR LOCKED
DOWN.



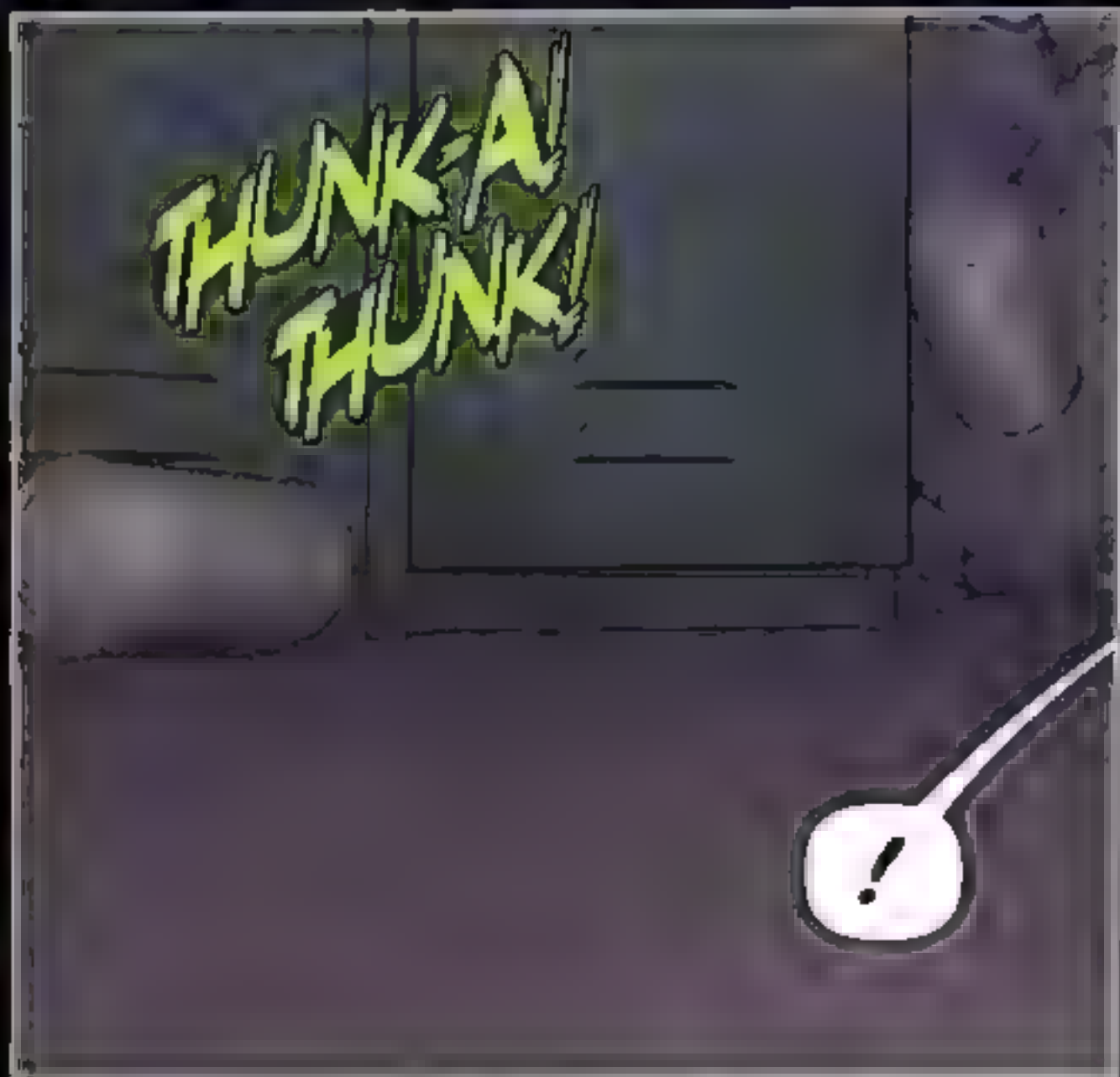
I'M NOT
SURE,
FRANK.

THIS IS AN
ANACHRONISM, YES.
BUT IT WAS A HOME
VERSION. NOT FOR
CLINICAL USE.



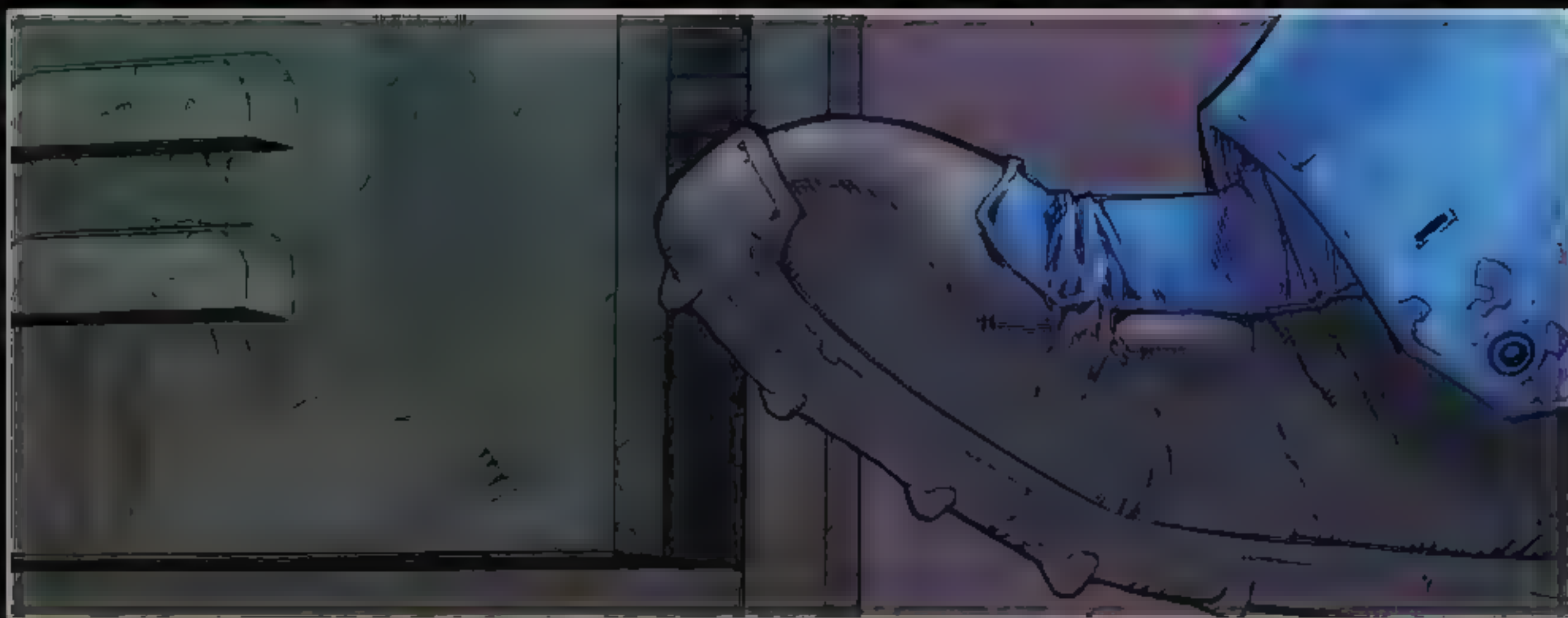
I'M STARTING TO
THINK DR. TOMORROW
WAS BASED HERE, BUT
SOMETHING MADE
HIM LEAVE--IN A
HURRY.

AND
THIS STUFF
GOT LEFT
BEHIND.



THUNK-A
THUNK!

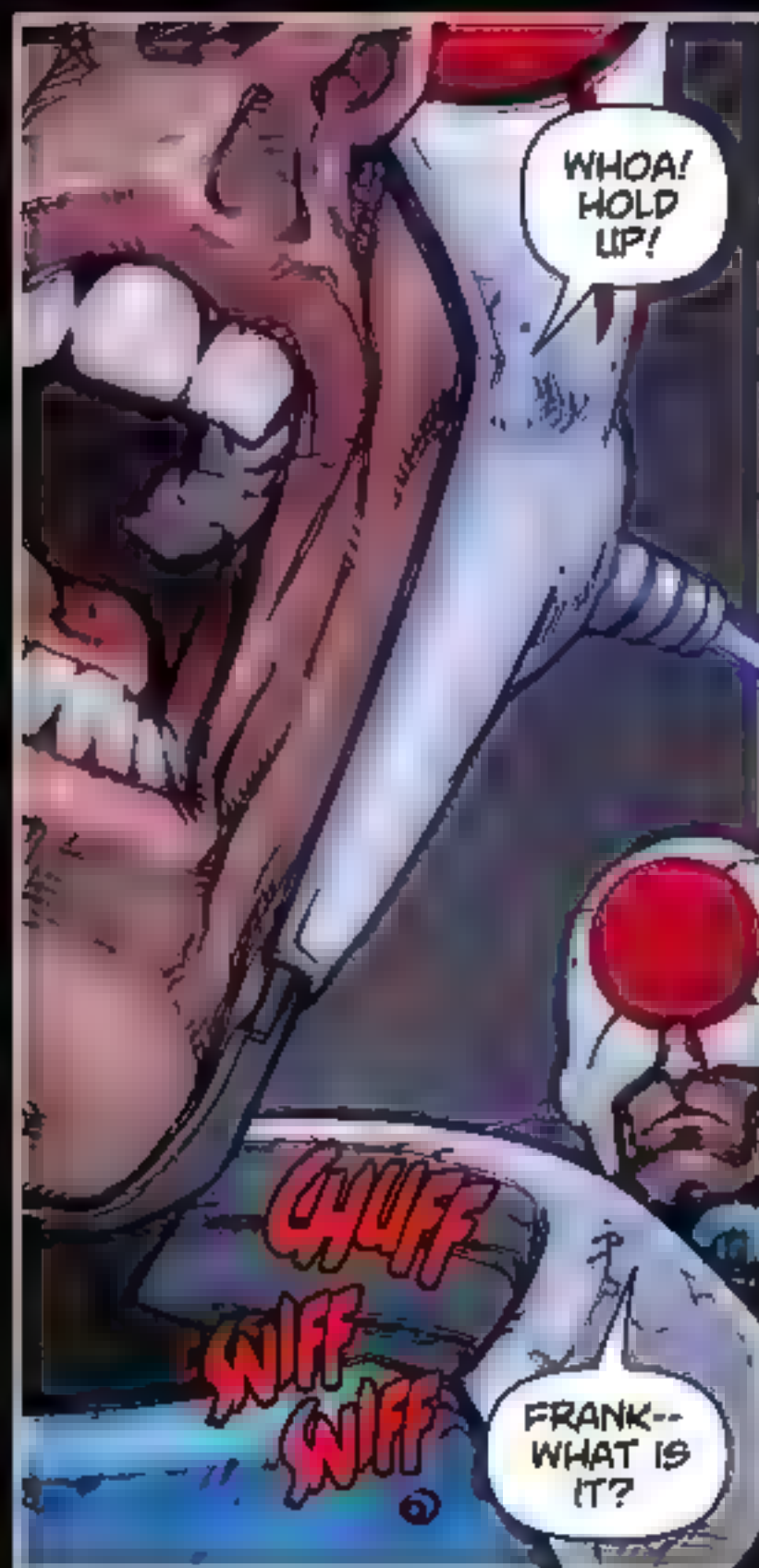
!



HHWOA!

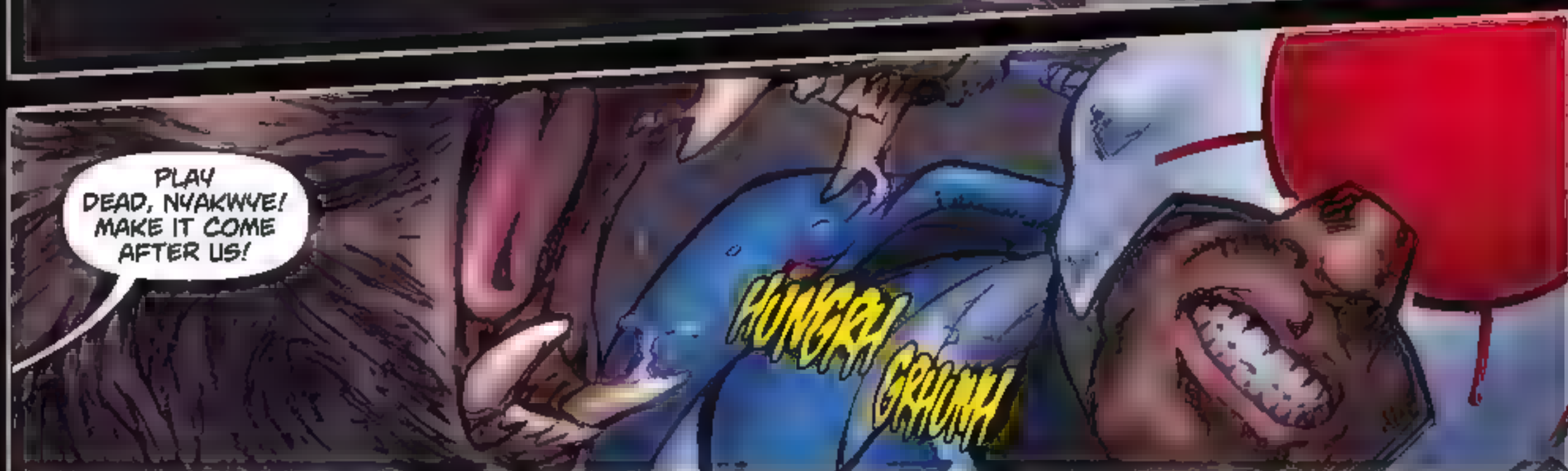
NO NEED
TO CALL MAMA, KIDS.
WE'LL JUST SIGN THE
GUESTBOOK ON OUR
WAY OUT...

THAT
SETTLES IT.
NO DOCTOR
HERE.



WHOA!
HOLD
UP!

FRANK--
WHAT IS
IT?





GIVE ME ROOM!
GIMME A CLEAR SHOT!

BRUUHHRRRR!



PIFF!

Rrrrrrrrrrr!

GOTCHA!

FRANK, NO-!



MOTHER OF--!

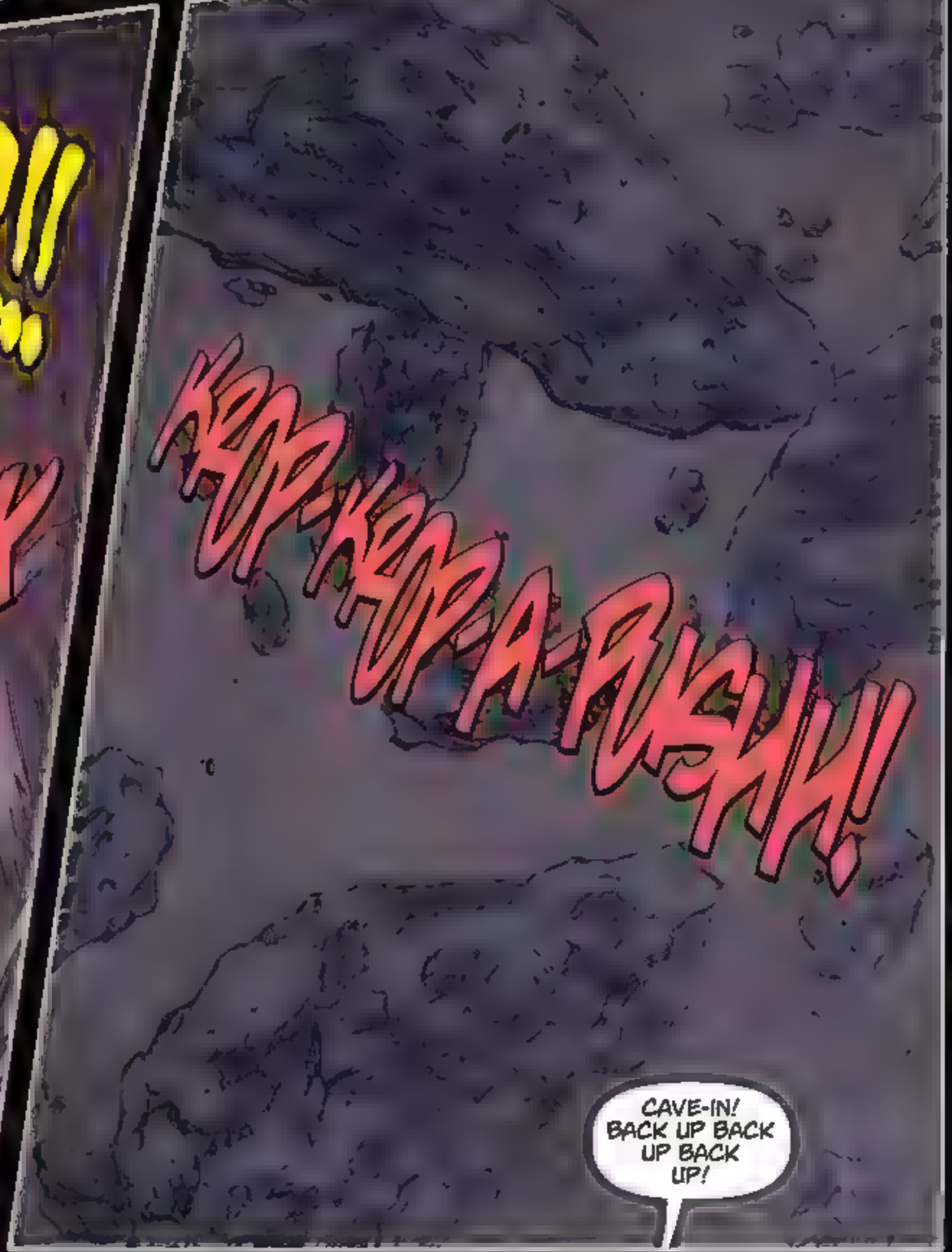
AN ICER DART WILL ONLY PARTIALLY FREEZE A TARGET THAT SIZE, FRANK! THE PAIN IS GOING TO ENRAGE IT EVEN MORE!

FZZT
HKK!



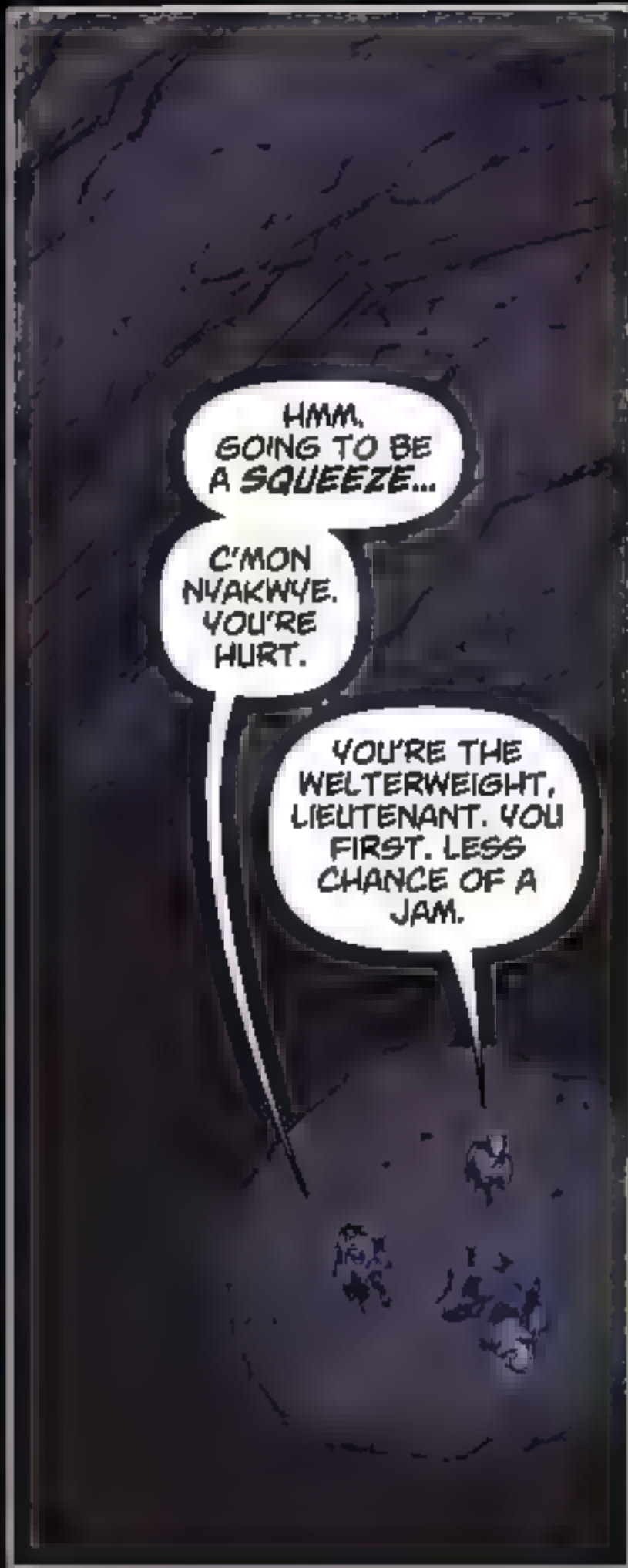
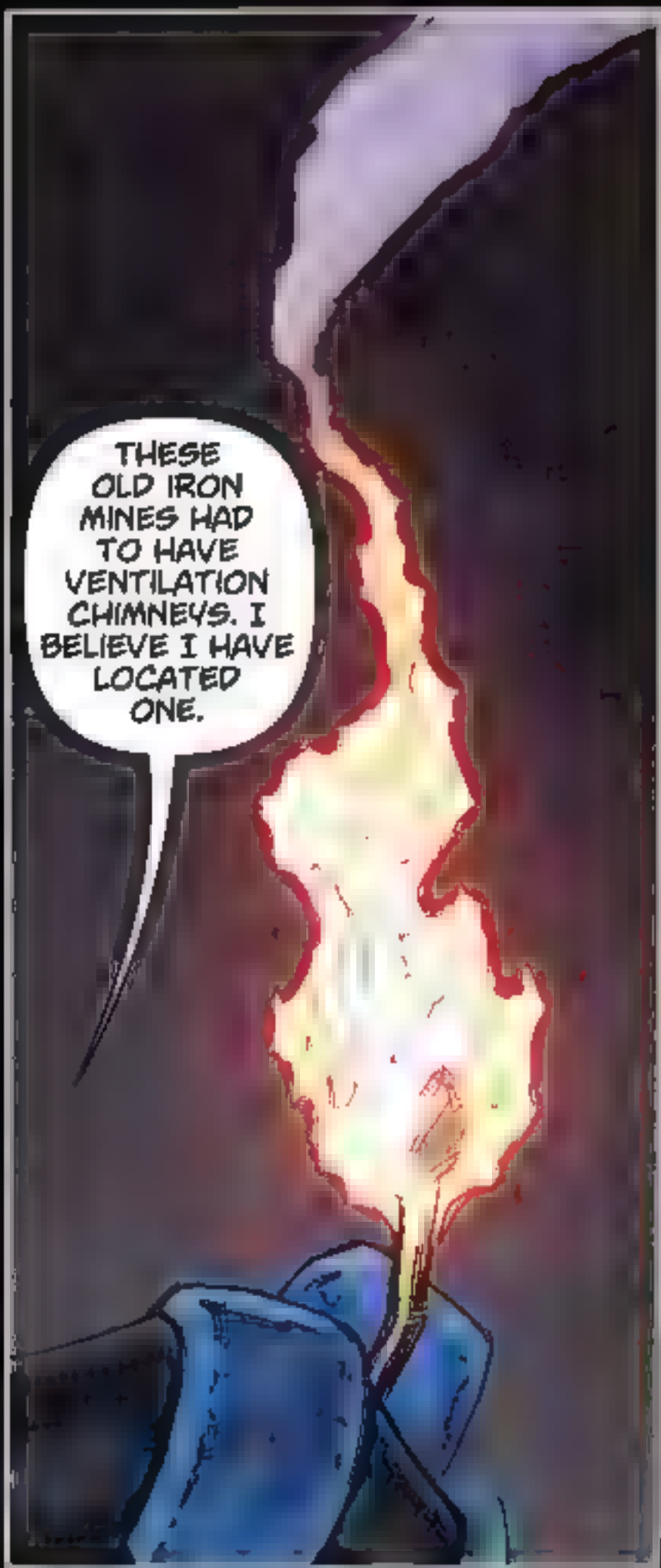
RAAHHRRR!!

CRACK



KEP-KEP-A-BUSH!

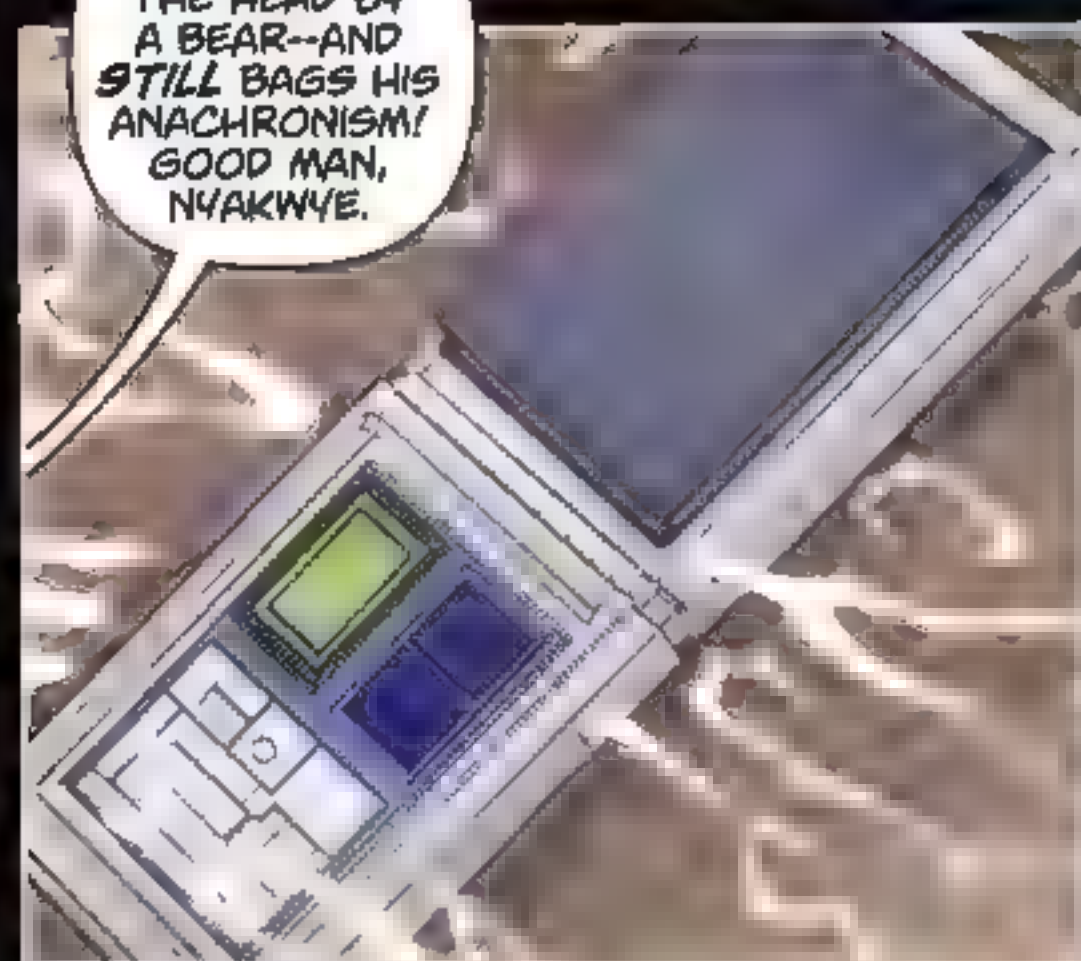
CAVE-IN!
BACK UP BACK UP BACK UP!



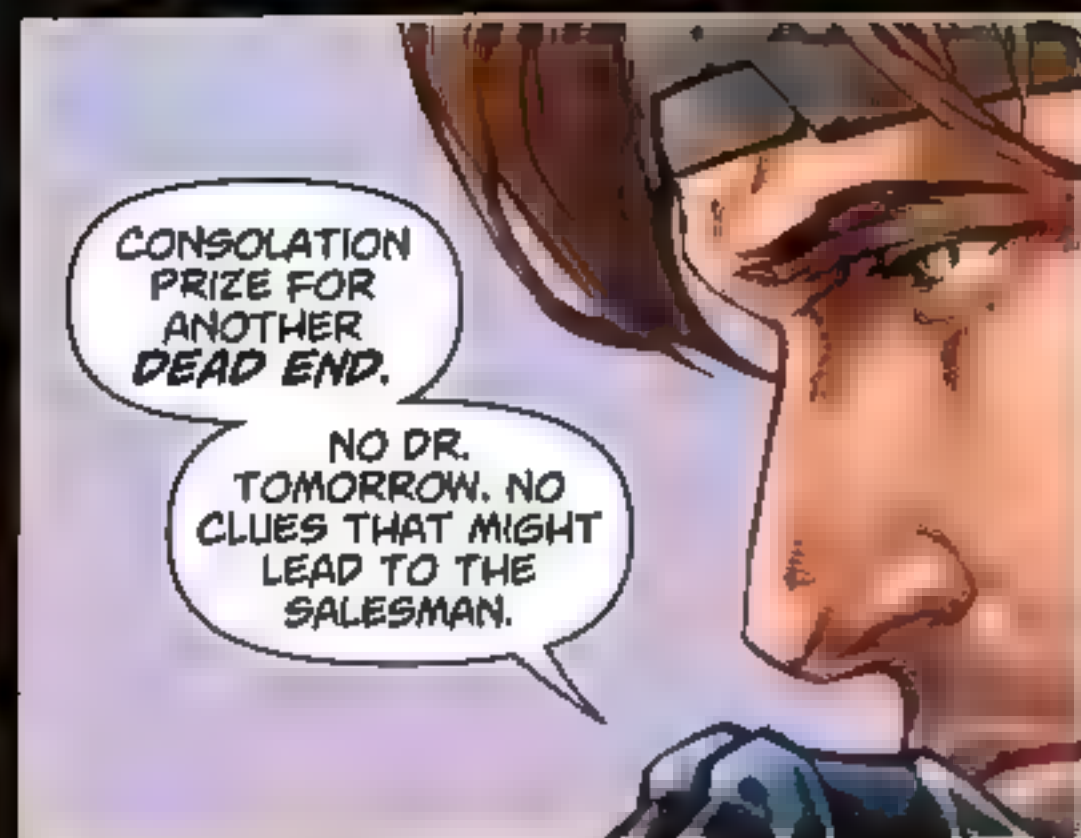


WELL, THERE'S ONE THAT WON'T BE WRITTEN UP IN MY "GREAT EPISODES OF RESYNCHRONIZER VALOR" GAZETTE.

EXCEPT FOR THIS...

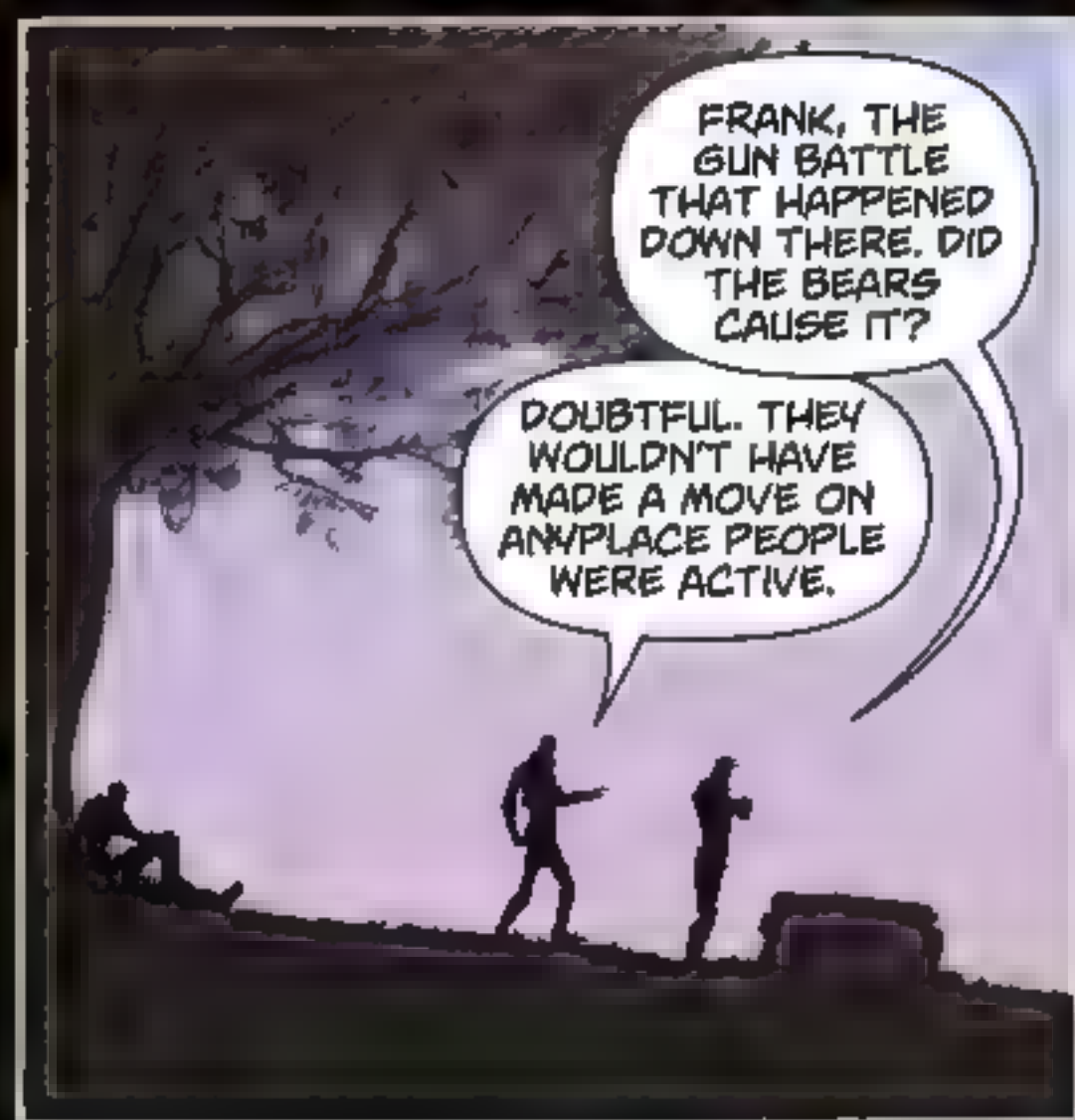


BITTEN TWICE IN THE HEAD BY A BEAR--AND STILL BAGS HIS ANACHRONISM! GOOD MAN, NYAKWYE.



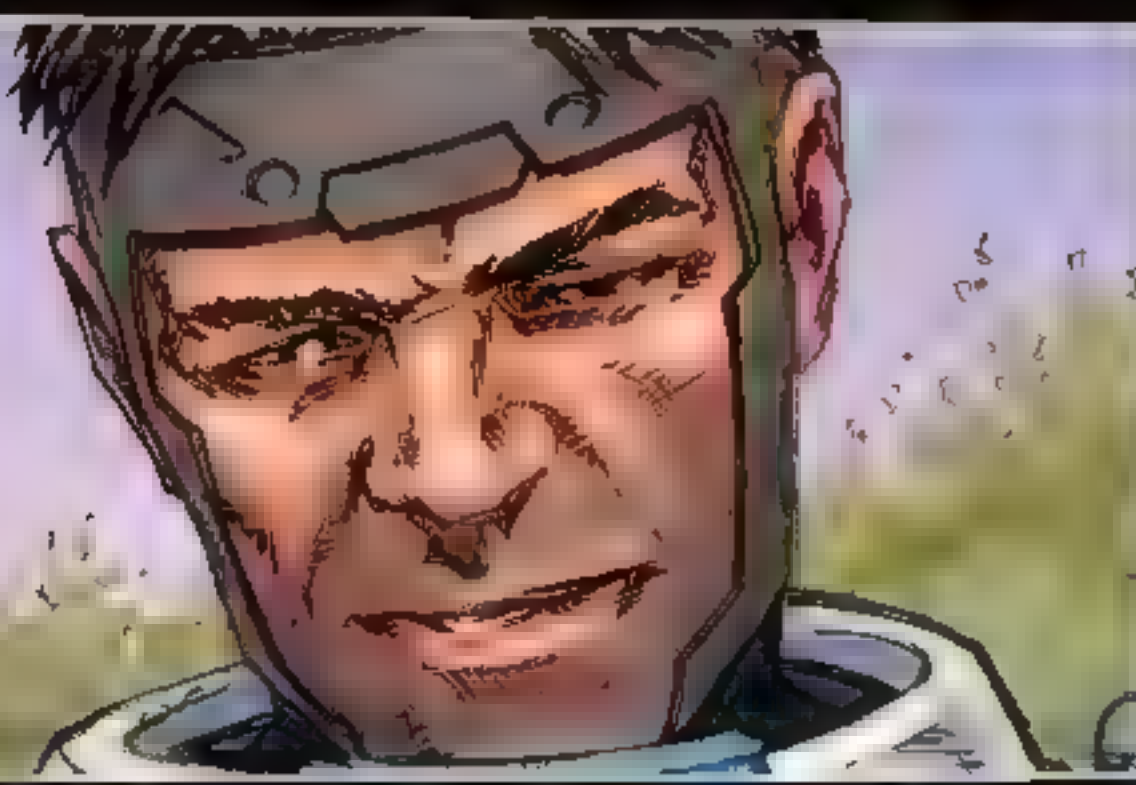
CONSOLATION PRIZE FOR ANOTHER DEAD END.

NO DR. TOMORROW. NO CLUES THAT MIGHT LEAD TO THE SALESMAN.

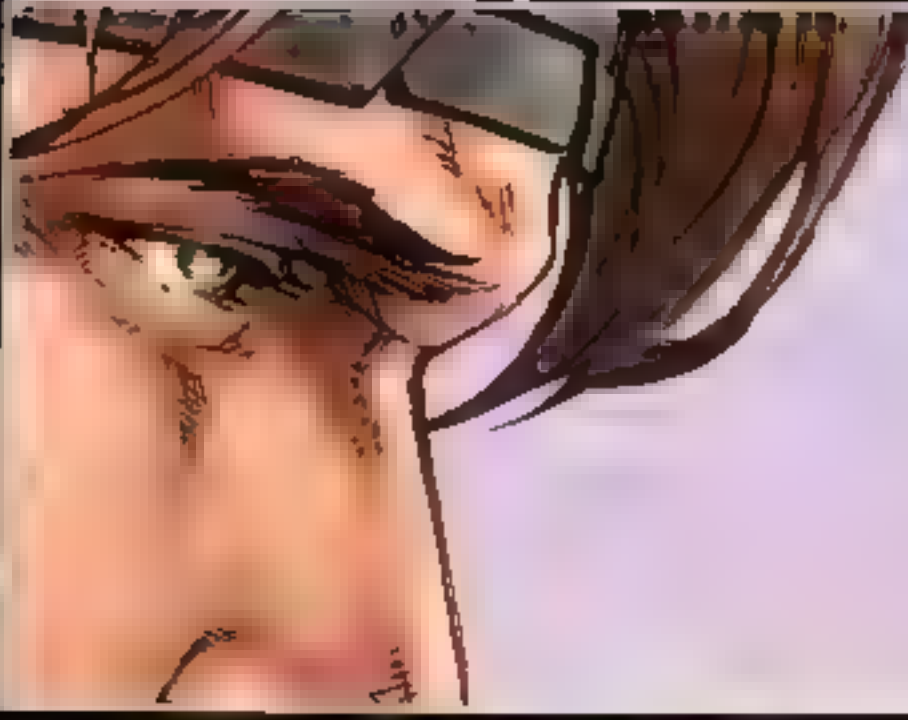


FRANK, THE GUN BATTLE THAT HAPPENED DOWN THERE. DID THE BEARS CAUSE IT?

DOUBTFUL. THEY WOULDN'T HAVE MADE A MOVE ON ANYPLACE PEOPLE WERE ACTIVE.

A close-up of a man's face, looking slightly to the right. He has a head-mounted device with a rectangular screen or sensor on his forehead. The background is a soft-focus outdoor scene with greenery.

OUR FURRY FRIENDS PROBABLY SHOWED UP RECENTLY. IF THE SOW HAD WINTERED OR RAISED CUBS IN THERE, PLACE WOULD HAVE BEEN LOUSY WITH FLEAS AND RANK WITH SCENT AND SCAT.

A close-up of a woman's face, looking towards the right. She has dark hair and a head-mounted device similar to the man's. The background is a soft-focus outdoor scene.

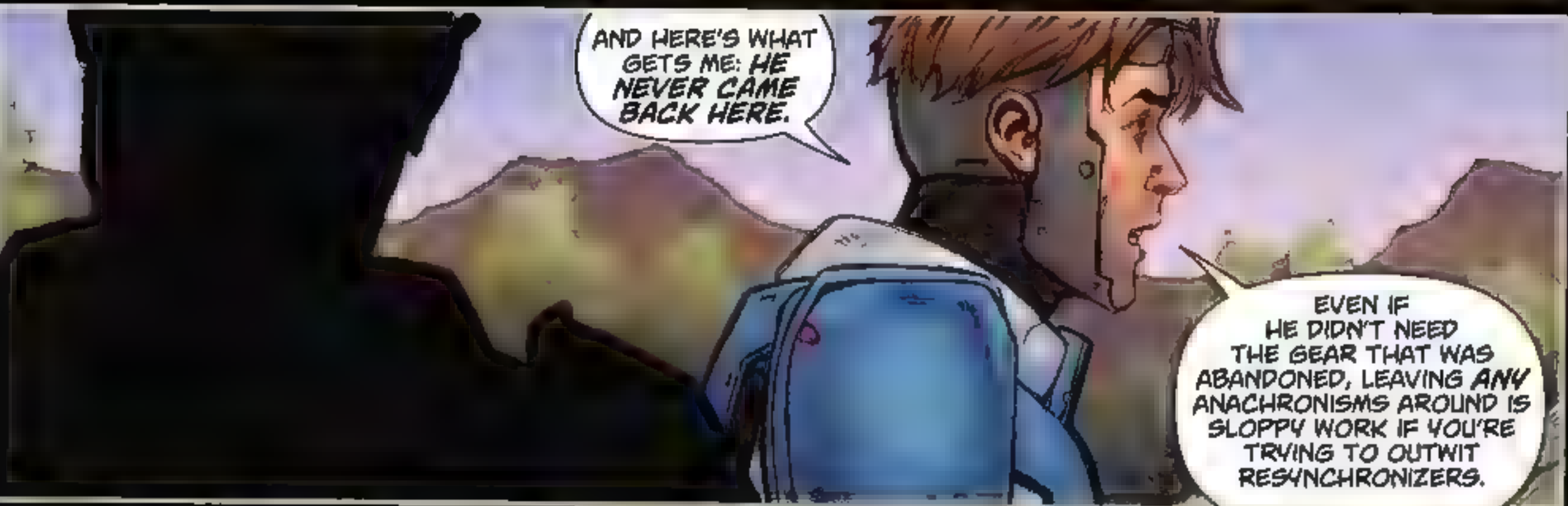
SO DR. TOMORROW OPENS HIS SECRET FIELD HOSPITAL IN THE MINE. HE TREATS PEOPLE--LONG ENOUGH TO GET FAIRLY DUG IN.

THEN THERE'S A FIGHT. WITH WHO? WHY?

A wide shot of three soldiers in blue and black tactical gear standing in a field. One soldier is on the left, looking towards the other two. The background shows rolling hills and a clear sky.

DISGRUNTLED PATIENTS, PERHAPS?

UNLIKELY. IF WE CREDIT THE RUMORS, THE GOOD DOCTOR CAN DO NO WRONG.

A medium shot of two soldiers in blue and black tactical gear. One soldier is in the foreground, looking towards the other who is slightly behind him. The background shows rolling hills and a clear sky.

AND HERE'S WHAT GETS ME: HE NEVER CAME BACK HERE.

EVEN IF HE DIDN'T NEED THE GEAR THAT WAS ABANDONED, LEAVING ANY ANACHRONISMS AROUND IS SLOPPY WORK IF YOU'RE TRYING TO OUTWIT RESYNCHRONIZERS.

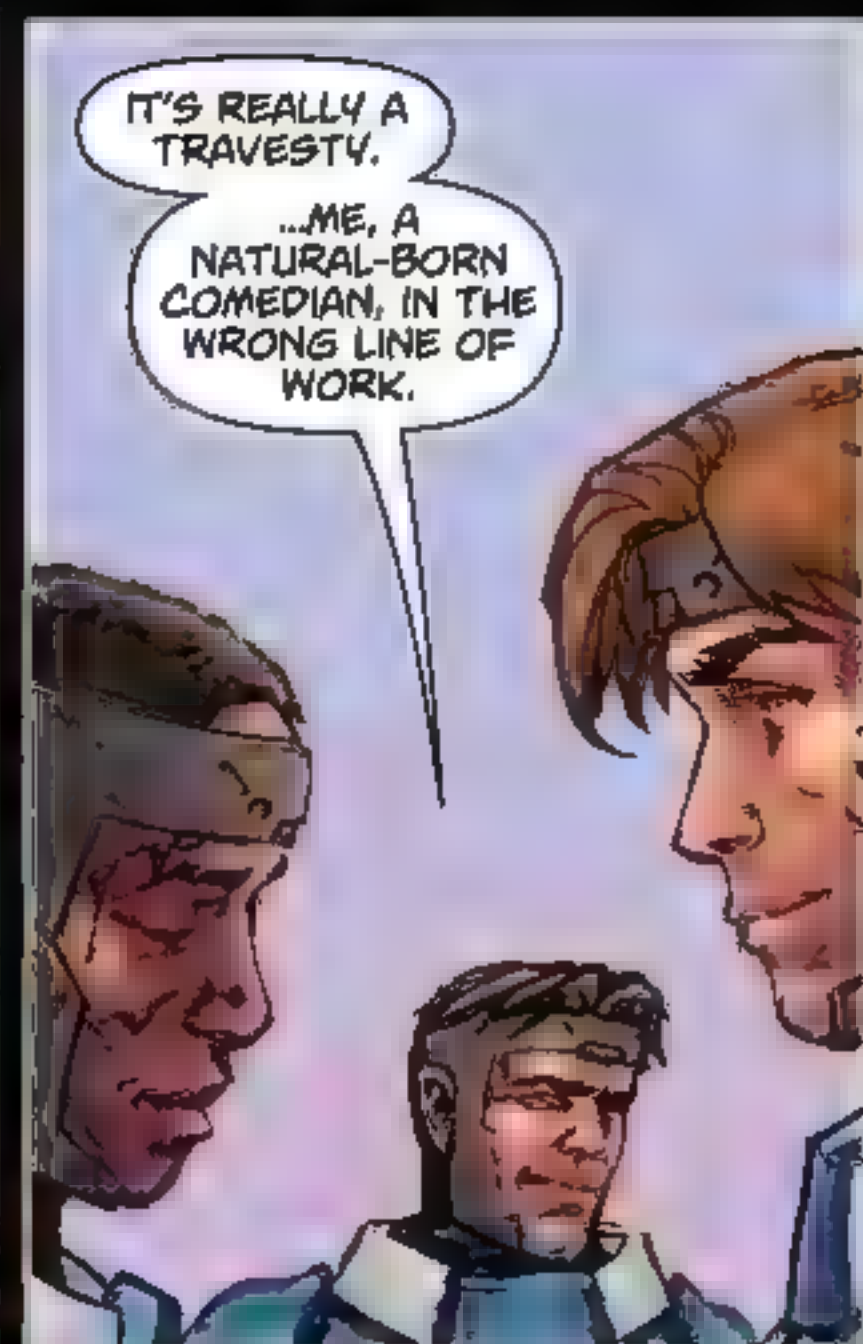
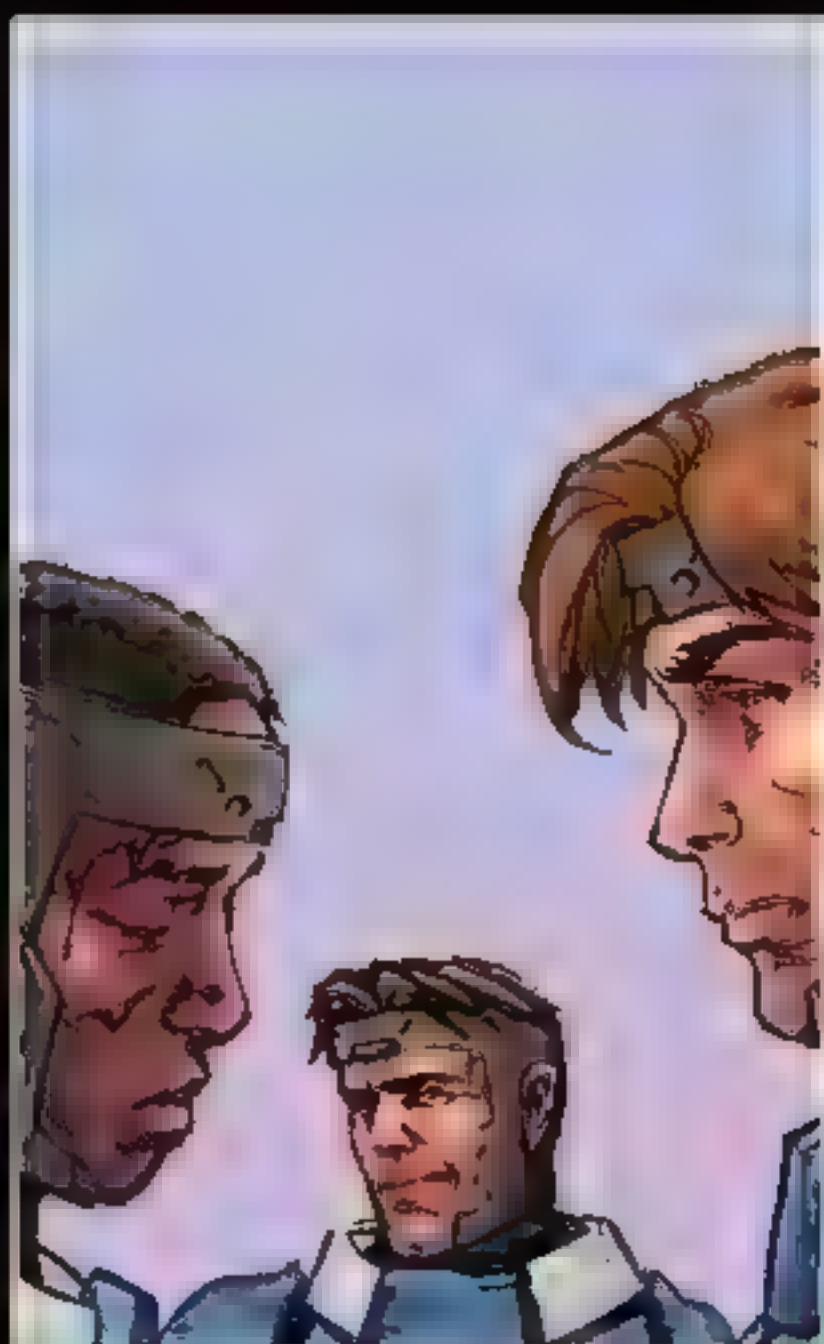
A wide shot of three small figures running across a field. They are leaving long, dark trails behind them. A small, square, metallic-looking object is on the ground to the right. The background shows rolling hills and a clear sky.

YEP. THAT IS A PUZZLE.



NYAKWYE...

DID YOU SAY,
DOWN THERE, THAT
"CERTAIN ITEMS
BEAR OUR
ATTENTION"?



IT'S REALLY A
TRAVESTY.

...ME, A
NATURAL-BORN
COMEDIAN, IN THE
WRONG LINE OF
WORK.



...SO AS A
NEW WEEK BEGINS
AND ANOTHER ENDS,
LET US REDEDICATE
OURSELVES WITH
THE ORDER OF THE
LAMIA CREED.

THOSE
WHO KNOW IT,
SPEAK ALONG
WITH US!

"WE WOMEN
VOW TO BE THE
NURTURERS NOT
OF CHILDREN, BUT
OF FELLOW ADULT
SURVIVORS. WE VOW
TO TAKE NO LOVERS,
BUT TO LOVE
SOCIETY."

THE ORDER OF THE
LAMIA. NO SEX! NO
PROCREATION! NO
SLIPS! WE CALL ON ALL
WOMEN TO EMBRACE
CHASTITY FOR A FASTER
READJUSTMENT DAY.



**THE ORDER OF THE
MIA. NO SEX! NO
OCREATION! NO
S! WE CALL ON ALL
MEN TO EMBRACE
STITY FOR A FASTER
ADJUSTMENT DAY.**

A-HA, HERE'S
THE YOUNG LADY WHO
WAS SCHEDULED TO
LEAD US IN TODAY'S
CREED.



BETTER
LATE THAN
NEVER,
RAMONA?

IT WON'T
HAPPEN
AGAIN.



"WE VOW
NEVER TO ENGAGE IN
ANY BEHAVIOR THAT
MAY RESULT IN THE
TRAGIC BIRTH OF A
SLIP..."



"...FOR A
POOR, PATHETIC
CREATURE WITH
NO HOME TIME
MUST ALSO HAVE
NO SOUL."

"WE VOW TO OBEY THE
TRUSTEES. TO POSSESS
NO ANACHRONISMS.
TO HARBOR NO
EXOTEMPORALS..."



YES, WE MEET
HERE EVERY **TRIDI**
AND **NONIDI**. CAN
YOU READ? YES?
ELITHA WILL GIVE YOU
SOME OF OUR
LITERATURE.

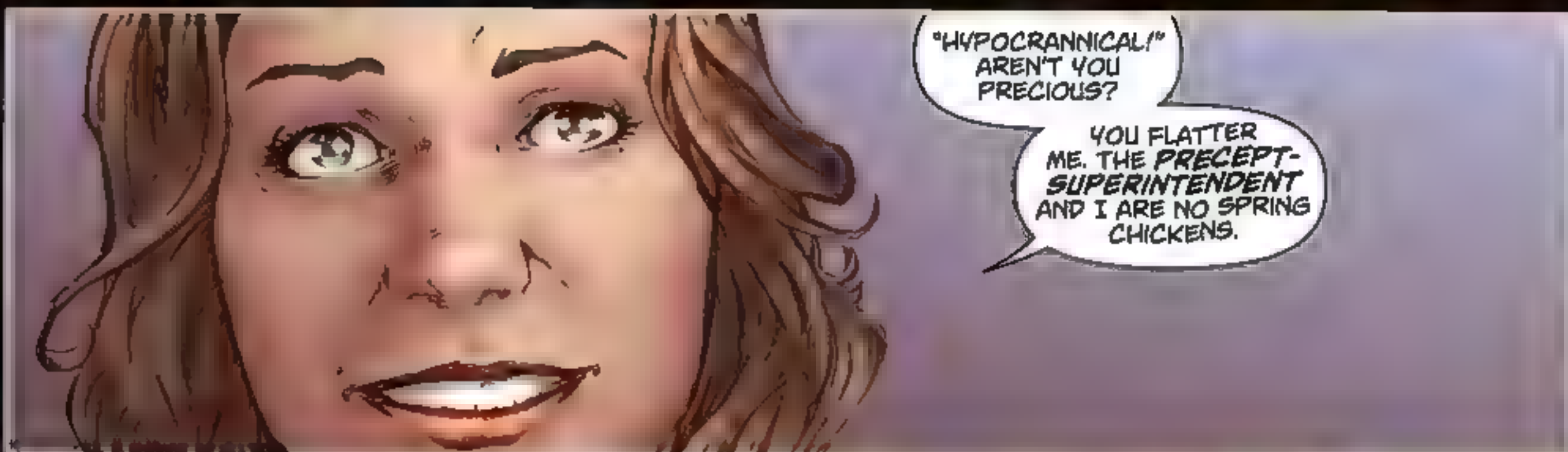
PARDON,
MRS., UM,
MCBRIDE?



MAY
I HELP
YOU.

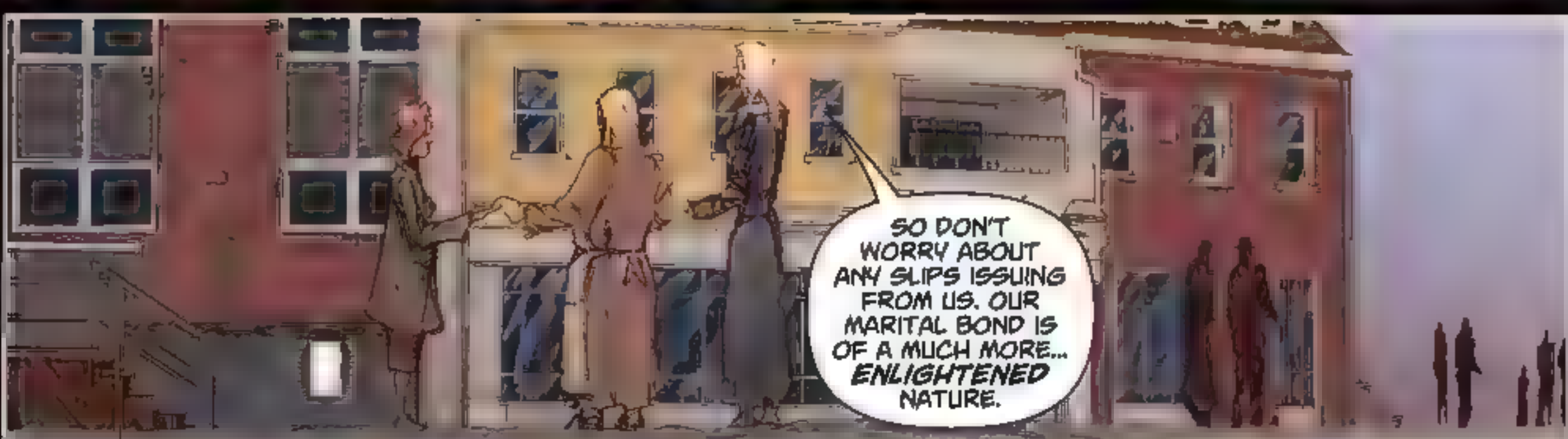
YOU BEEN
PREACHING
THIS CHASTITY
BUSINESS SOME
TIME NOW.

BUT EVERY-
ONE KNOWS WHO
YOU'RE MARRIED TO.
AIN'T YOU BEING
HYPOCRANNICAL?



"HYPOCRANNICAL!"
AREN'T YOU
PRECIOUS?

YOU FLATTER
ME. THE **PRECEPT-
SUPERINTENDENT**
AND I ARE NO SPRING
CHICKENS.

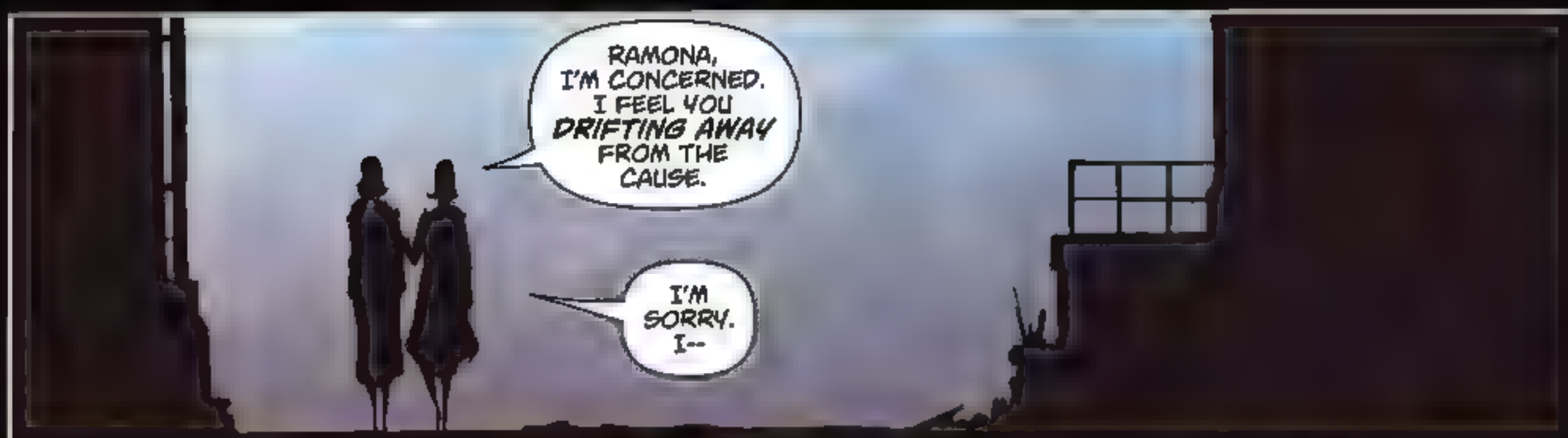


SO DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
ANY SLIPS ISSUING
FROM US. OUR
MARITAL BOND IS
OF A MUCH MORE...
ENLIGHTENED
NATURE.



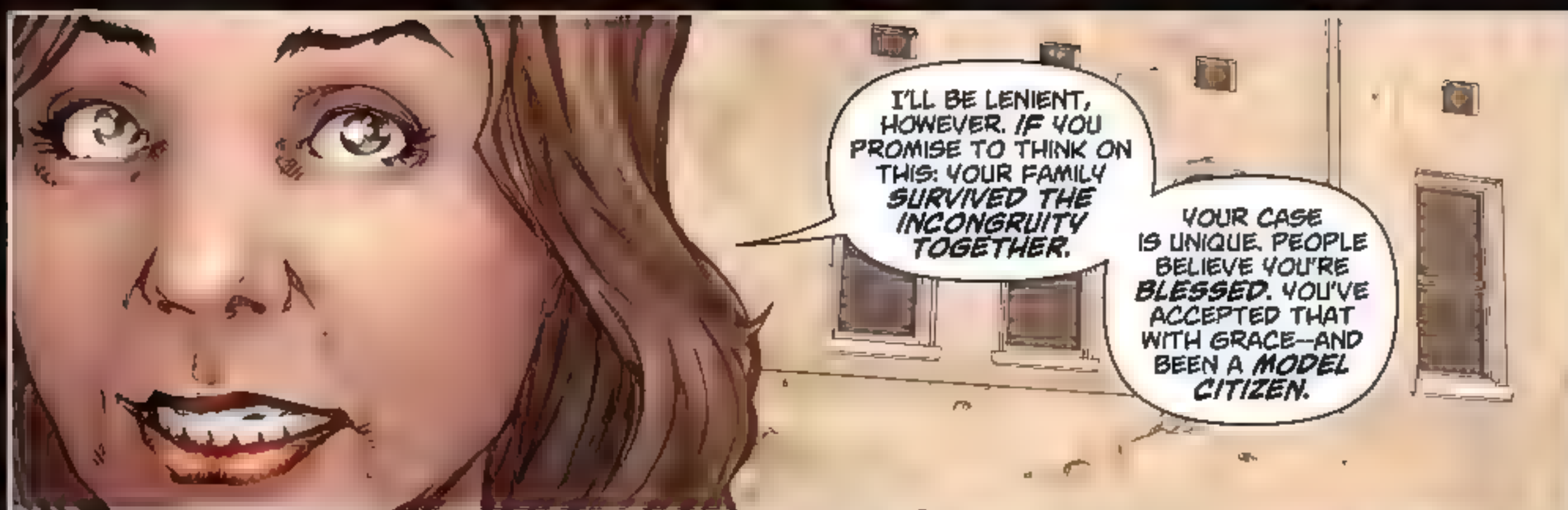
MARY-
FRAN...

I KNOW
YOU'RE HERE
TO APOLOGIZE
FOR BEING
TARDY. AS YOU
SHOULD.



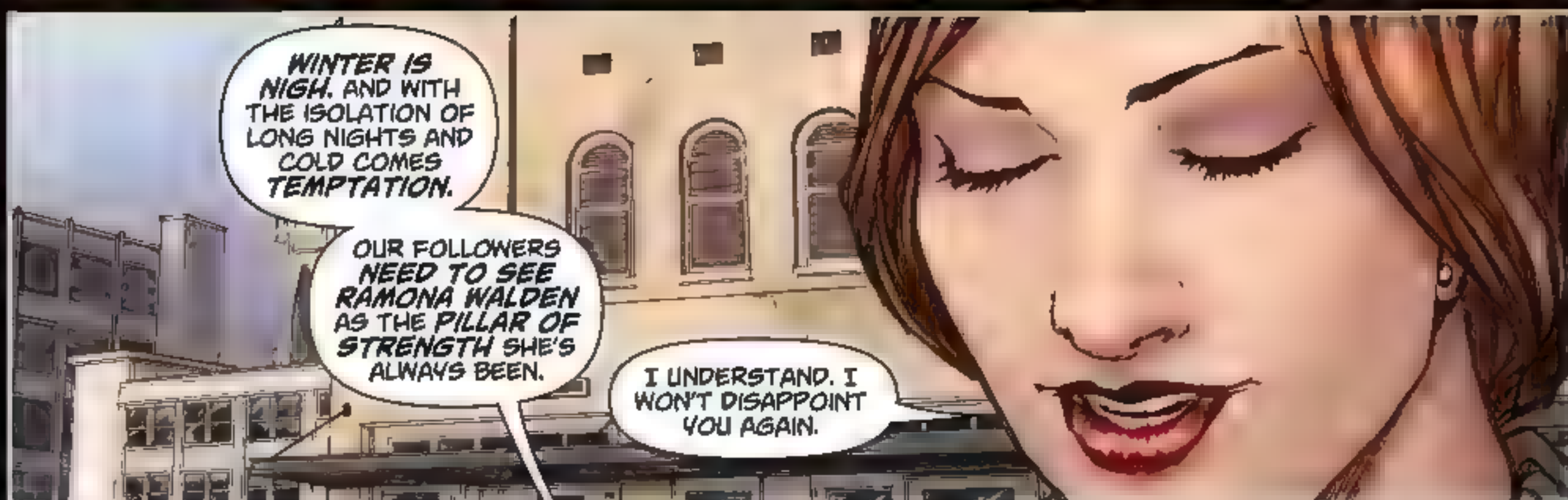
RAMONA,
I'M CONCERNED.
I FEEL YOU
DRIFTING AWAY
FROM THE
CAUSE.

I'M
SORRY.
I--



I'LL BE LENIENT,
HOWEVER. IF YOU
PROMISE TO THINK ON
THIS: YOUR FAMILY
SURVIVED THE
INCONGRUITY
TOGETHER.

YOUR CASE
IS UNIQUE. PEOPLE
BELIEVE YOU'RE
BLESSED. YOU'VE
ACCEPTED THAT
WITH GRACE--AND
BEEN A **MODEL**
CITIZEN.



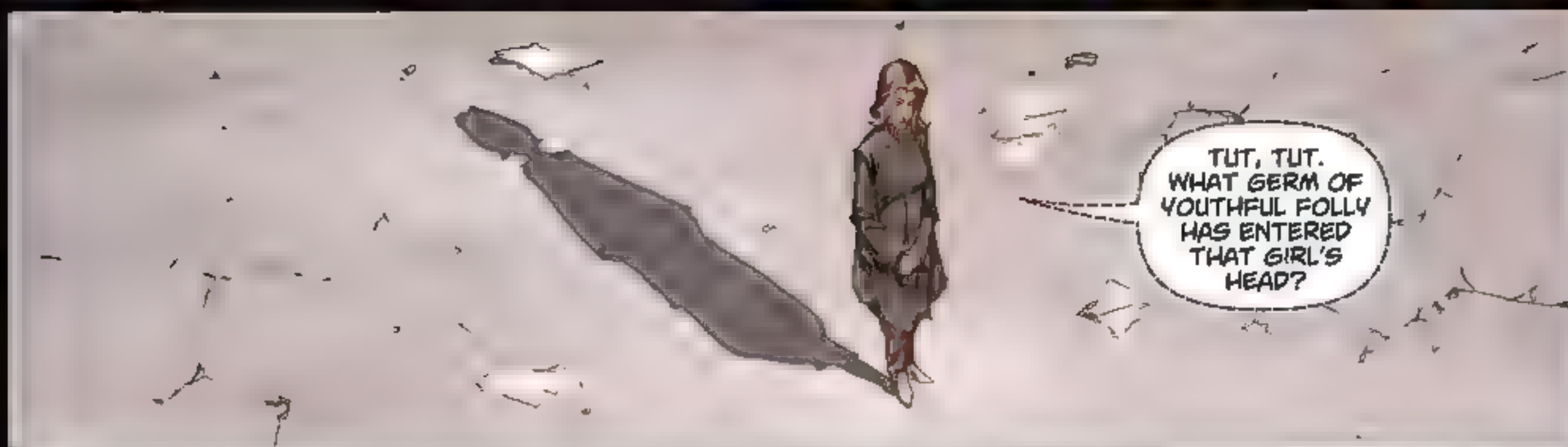
**WINTER IS
HIGH**. AND WITH
THE ISOLATION OF
LONG NIGHTS AND
COLD COMES
TEMPTATION.

OUR FOLLOWERS
NEED TO SEE
RAMONA WALDEN
AS THE **PILLAR OF
STRENGTH** SHE'S
ALWAYS BEEN.

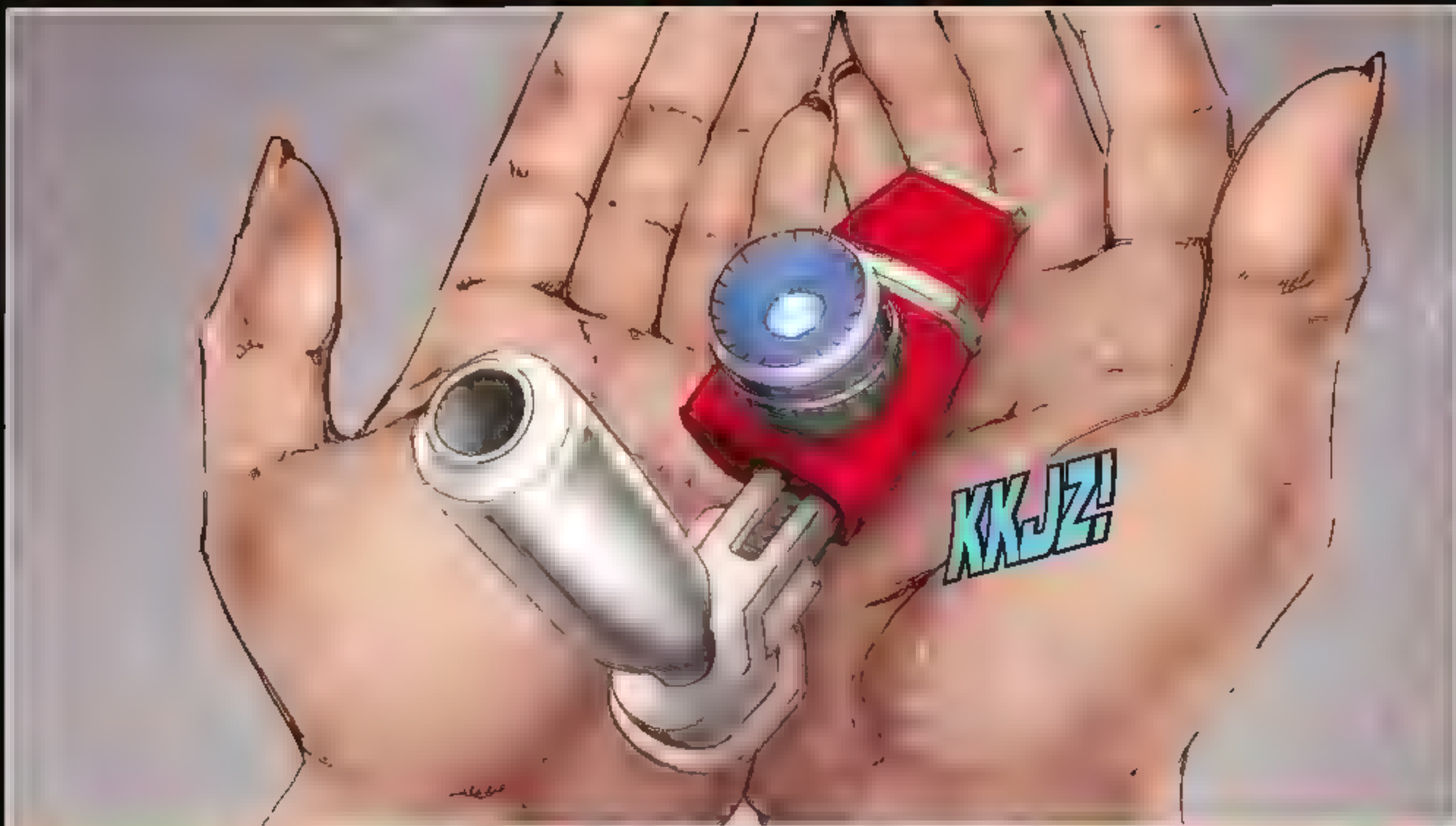
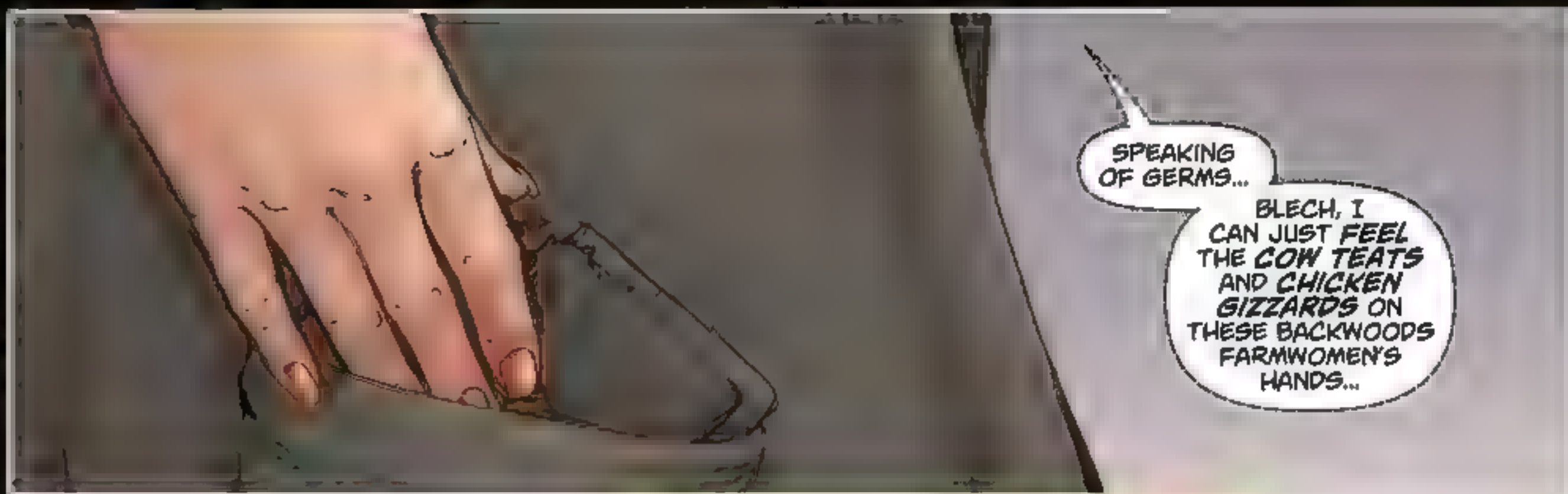
I UNDERSTAND. I
WON'T DISAPPOINT
YOU AGAIN.

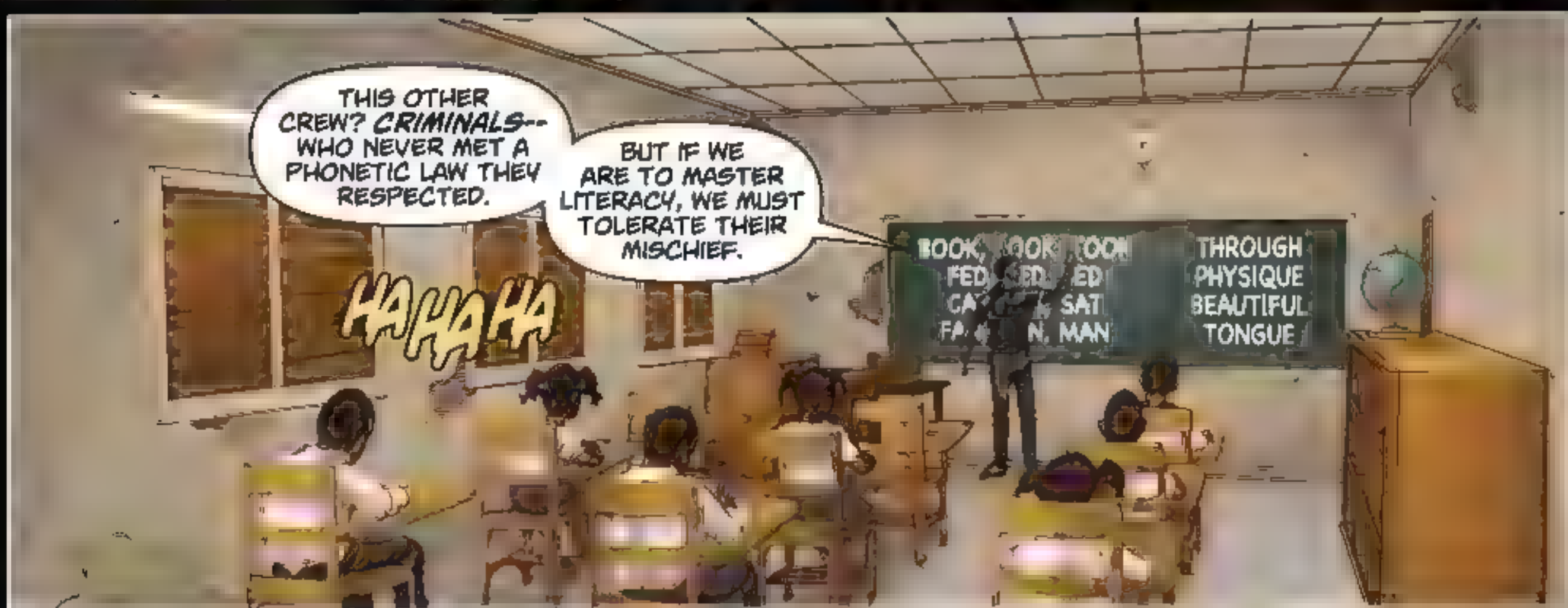


THAT'S A
DEAR.



TUT, TUT.
WHAT GERM OF
YOUTHFUL FOLLY
HAS ENTERED
THAT GIRL'S
HEAD?





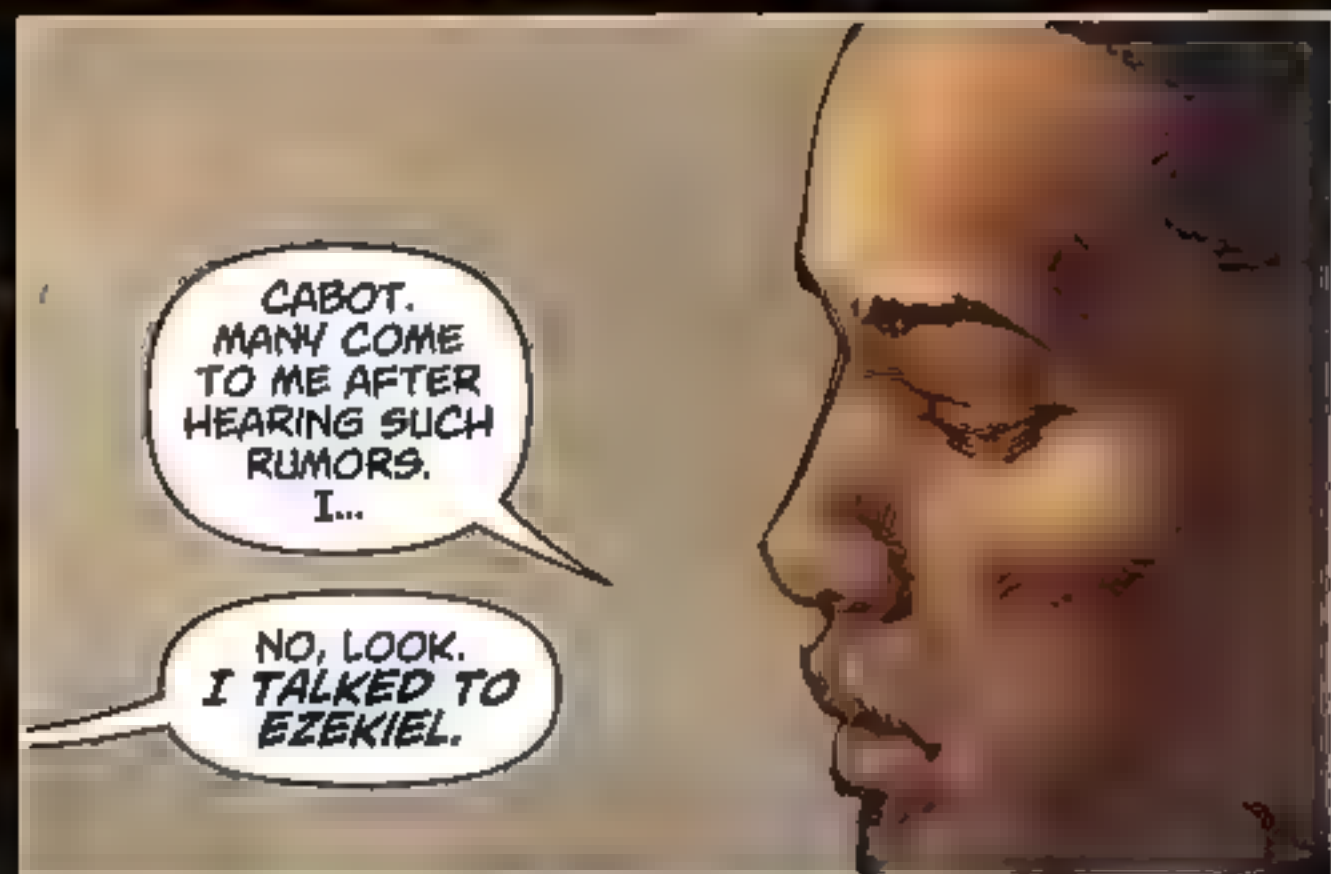


AFTER ALL
YOU'VE BEEN
THROUGH--NOW AND
IN THE OLD DAYS--I'D
SAY, YEAH, YOU
INVICTUS PRETTY
DAMN FINE.

LISTEN...



I'VE
HEARD YOU
CAN MAKE CERTAIN
ARRANGEMENTS.
YOU KNOW--IF
READJUSTMENT
DAY EVER
COMES.



CABOT.
MANY COME
TO ME AFTER
HEARING SUCH
RUMORS.
I...

NO, LOOK.
I TALKED TO
EZEKIEL.

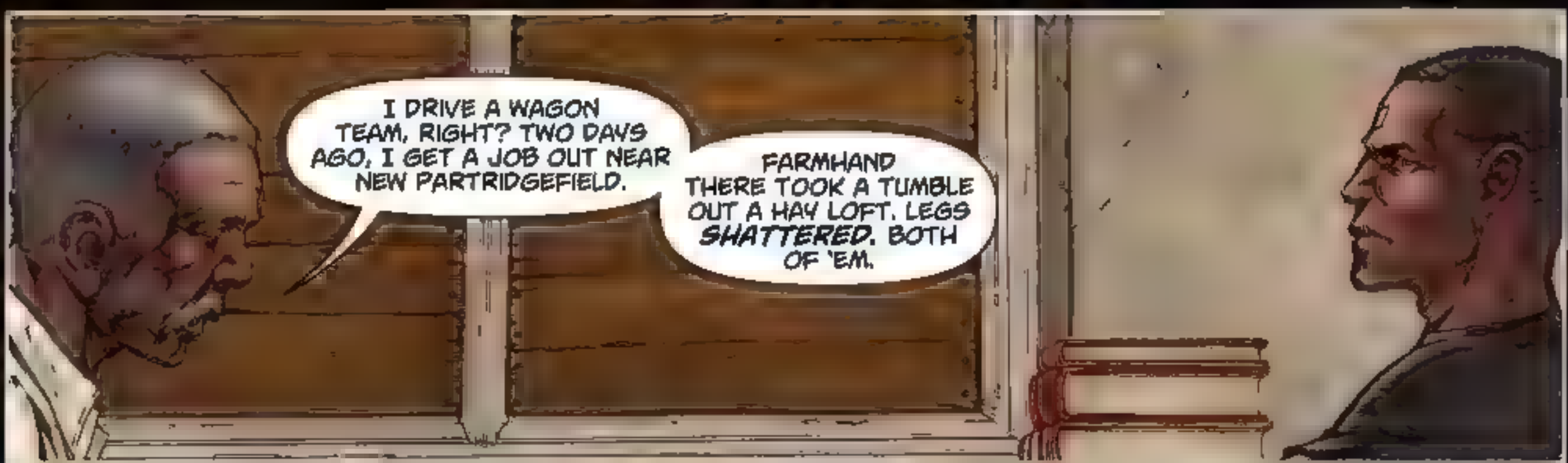


I GOT THIS
FRIEND WHO
COMES FROM
BEFORE.
YOU KNOW--
BEFORE...

...EMANCIPATION.



TALK
TO ME.



I DRIVE A WAGON TEAM, RIGHT? TWO DAYS AGO, I GET A JOB OUT NEAR NEW PARTRIDGEFIELD.

FARMHAND THERE TOOK A TUMBLE OUT A HAY LOFT. LEGS SHATTERED. BOTH OF 'EM.

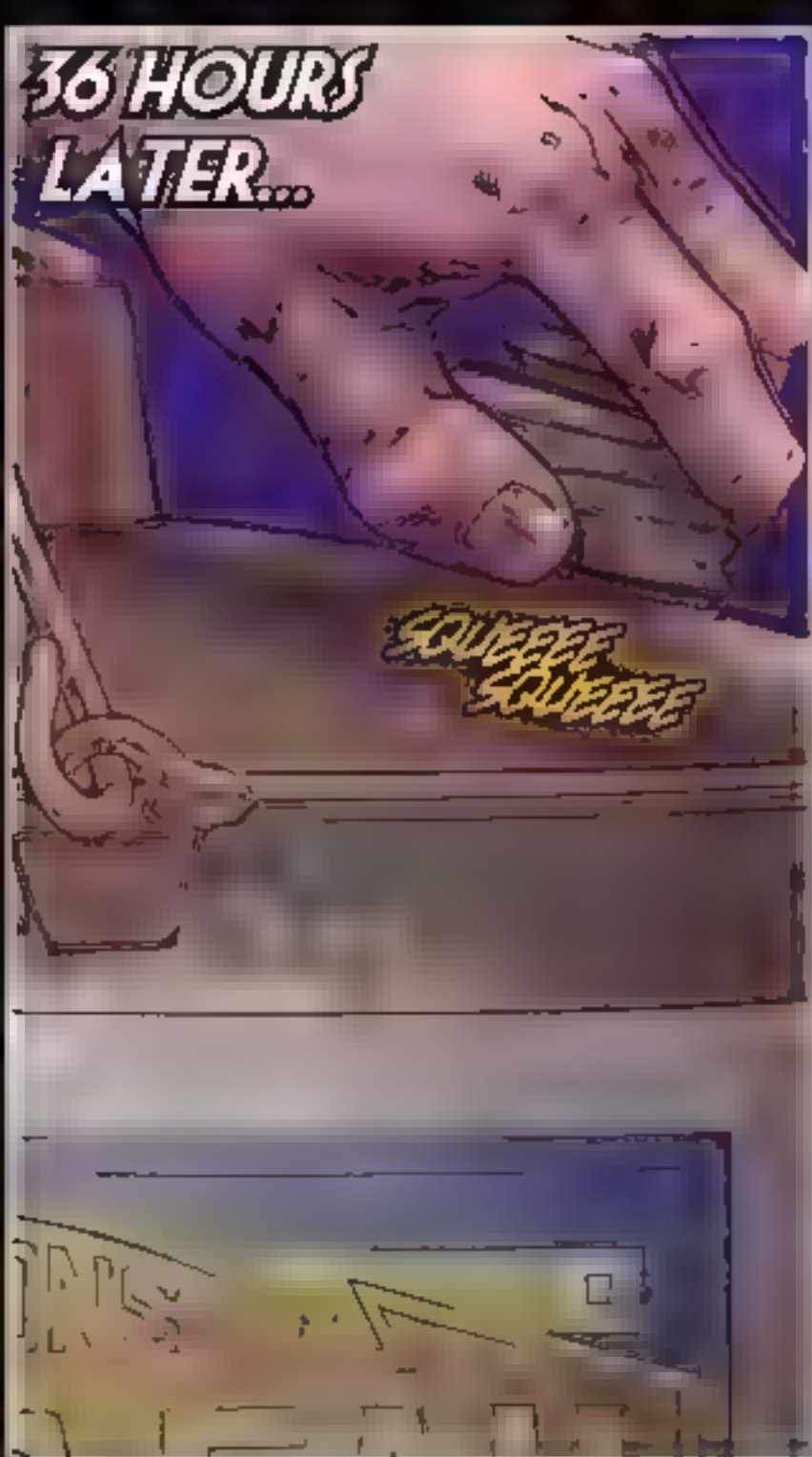


BOSS HIRES ME TO TAKE HIS CRIPPLED UNDERLING WAY OUT IN THE STICKS. TELLS ME TO LEAVE HIM BY A GROVE OF HEMLOCK TREES WAY UP PAST BELLOWS NOTCH.

THERE SHOULDN'T'VE EVEN BEEN A TRAIL IN WOODS THAT DEEP.



BUT I THINK WHAT I FOUND UP THERE IS EXACTLY WHAT YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR...



36 HOURS LATER...

SQUEEE SQUEEE

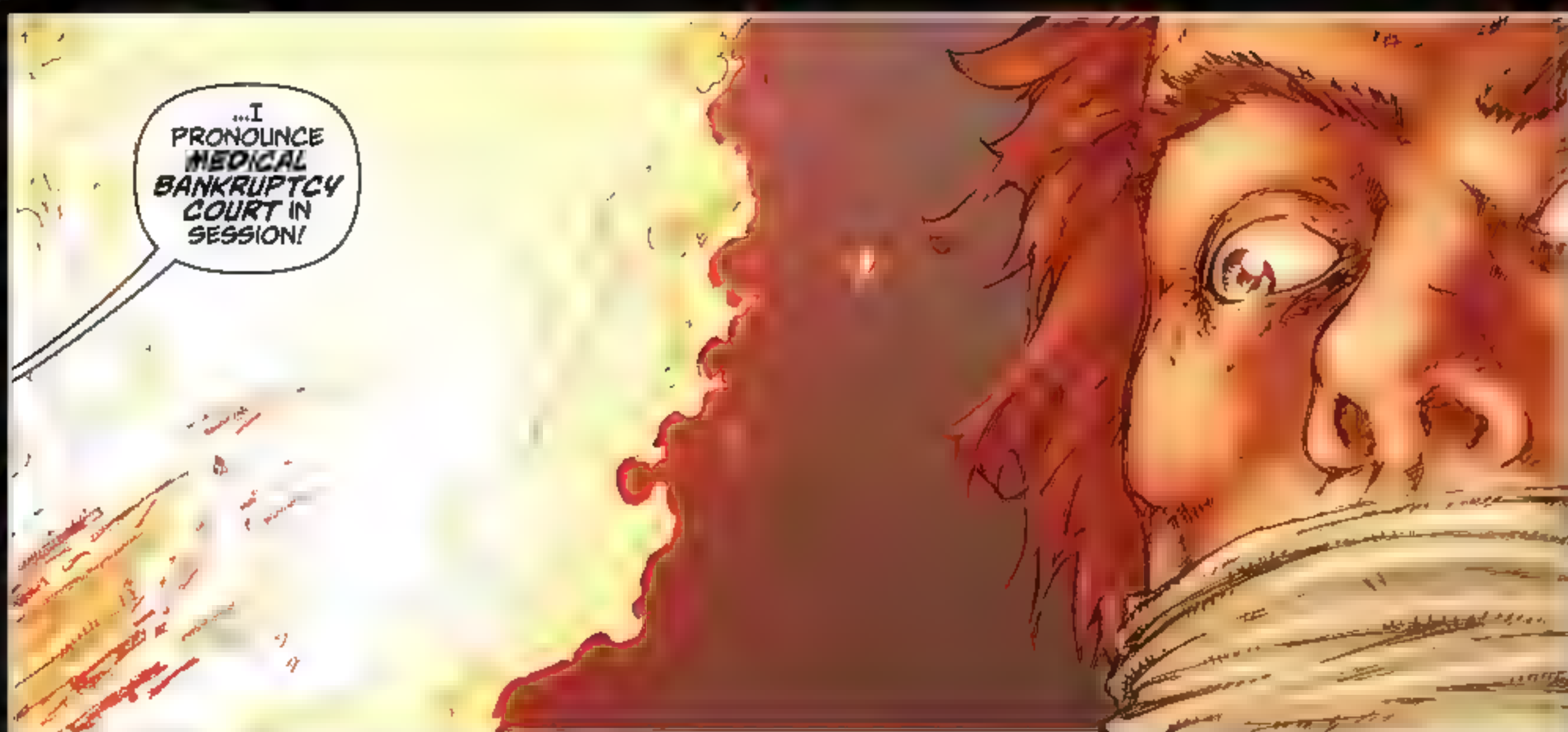


BY THE POWER VESTED IN ME...

SPRING



...UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF EIGHTEEN HEAVILY-ARMED, ITCHY-FINGERED WHORESONS...



...I
PRONOUNCE
MEDICAL
BANKRUPTCY
COURT IN
SESSION!



THE
HONORABLE
ROSS BLEDSOE,
PRESIDING!

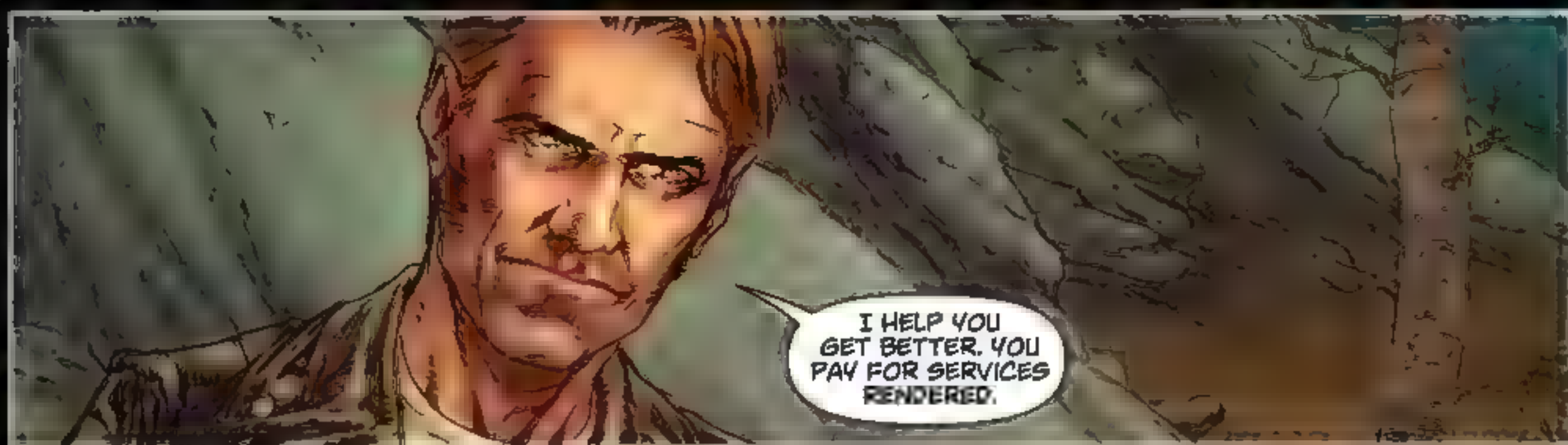
SIGHE
YOU AND YOUR
THEATRICALS,
SIMMS.



LET'S
JUST COOK
THIS FREELoader
AND BE DONE
WITH IT.

I'M
TIRED.

MMMPPHH!



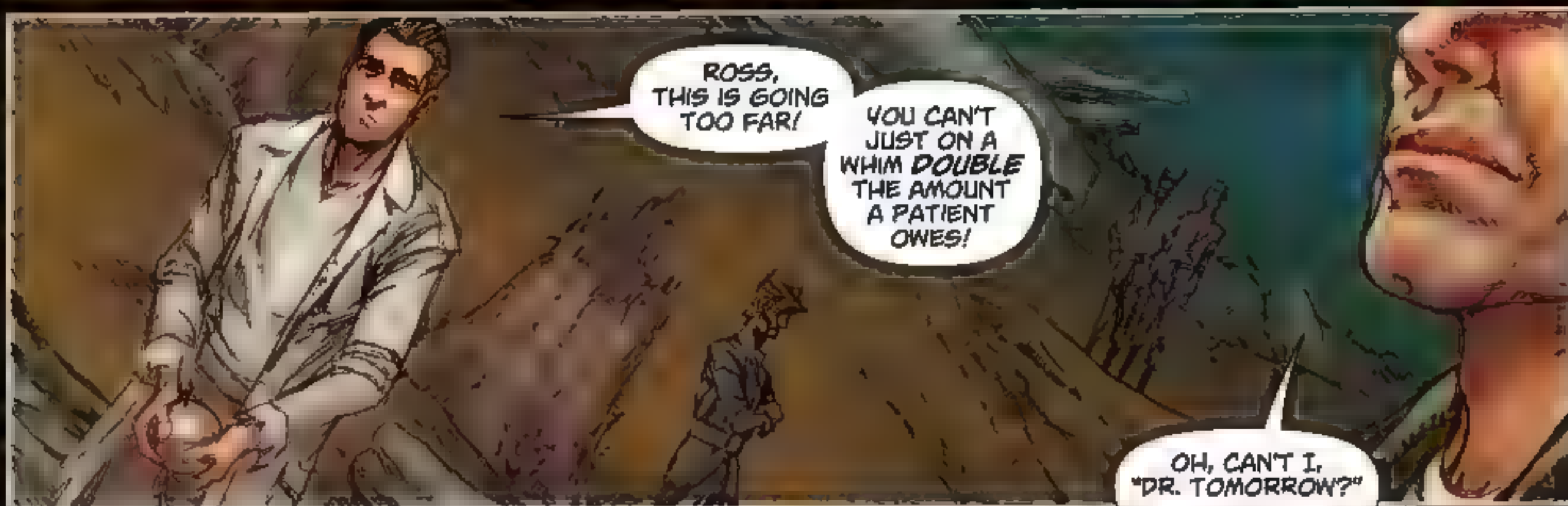
I HELP YOU
GET BETTER. YOU
PAY FOR SERVICES
RENDERED.



AND WHEN SOMEONE
WELCHES ON
THE DEAL IT'S
UNACCEPTABLE.



WAIT!!!



ROSS,
THIS IS GOING
TOO FAR!

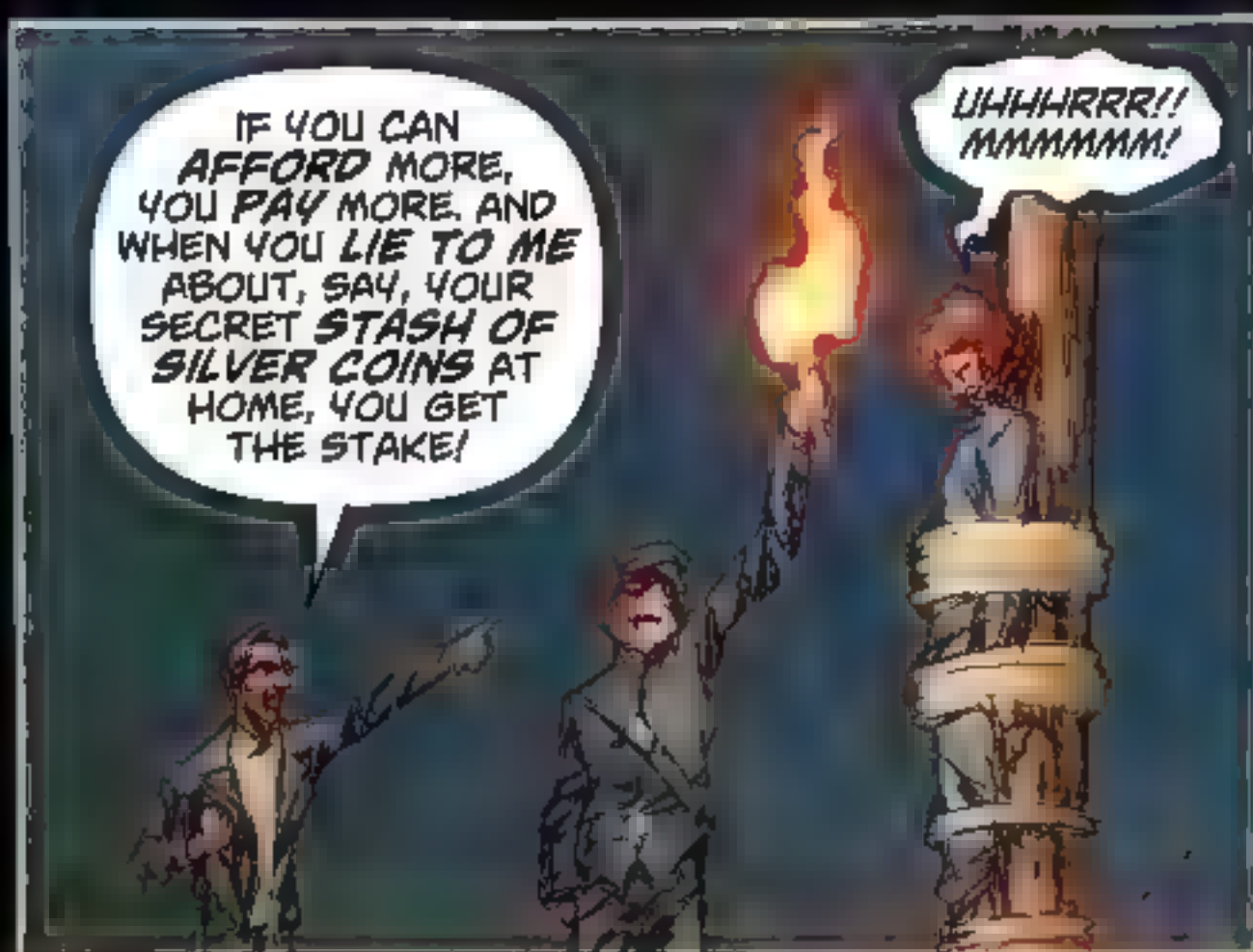
YOU CAN'T
JUST ON A
WHIM **DOUBLE**
THE AMOUNT
A PATIENT
OWES!

OH, CAN'T I,
"DR. TOMORROW?"



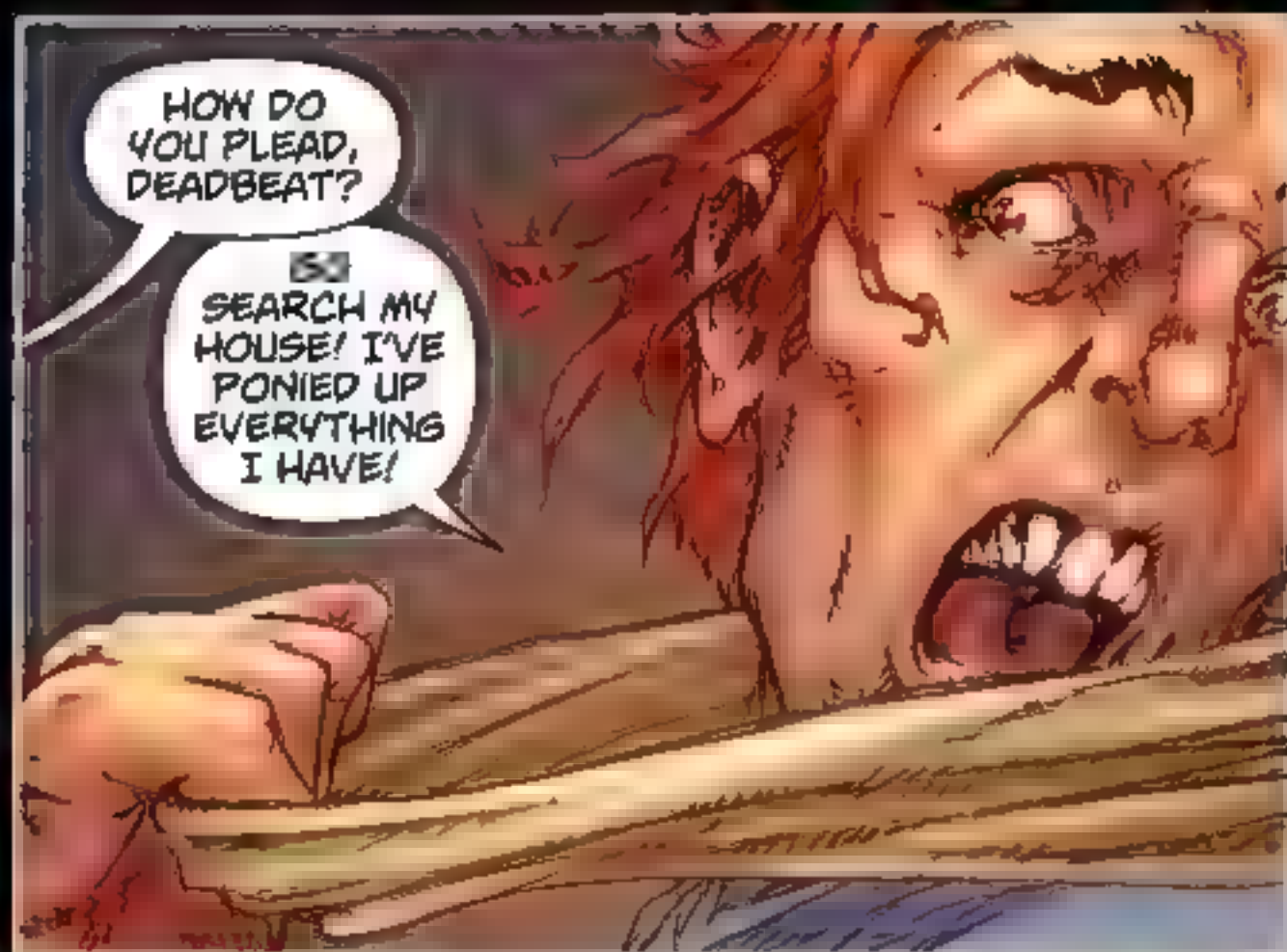
THE "DOC"
HERE'S SERVICES
ARE AVAILABLE
ON A **SLIDING**
SCALE.

OOFF!



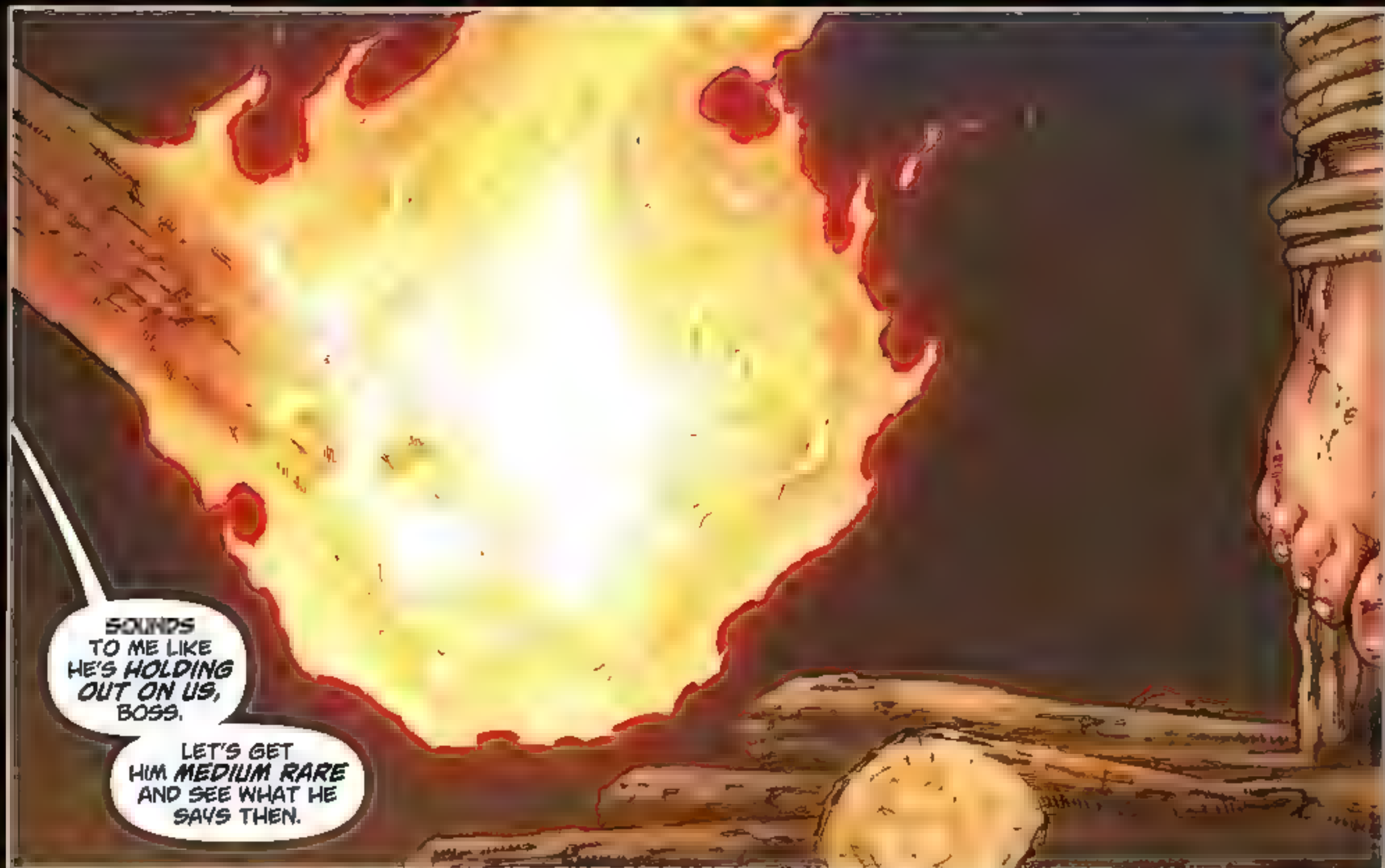
IF YOU CAN AFFORD MORE, YOU PAY MORE. AND WHEN YOU LIE TO ME ABOUT, SAY, YOUR SECRET STASH OF SILVER COINS AT HOME, YOU GET THE STAKE!

UHHHRRR!!
MMMMMM!



HOW DO YOU PLEAD, DEADBEAT?

SEARCH MY HOUSE! I'VE PONIED UP EVERYTHING I HAVE!



SOUNDS TO ME LIKE HE'S HOLDING OUT ON US, BOSS.

LET'S GET HIM MEDIUM RARE AND SEE WHAT HE SAYS THEN.

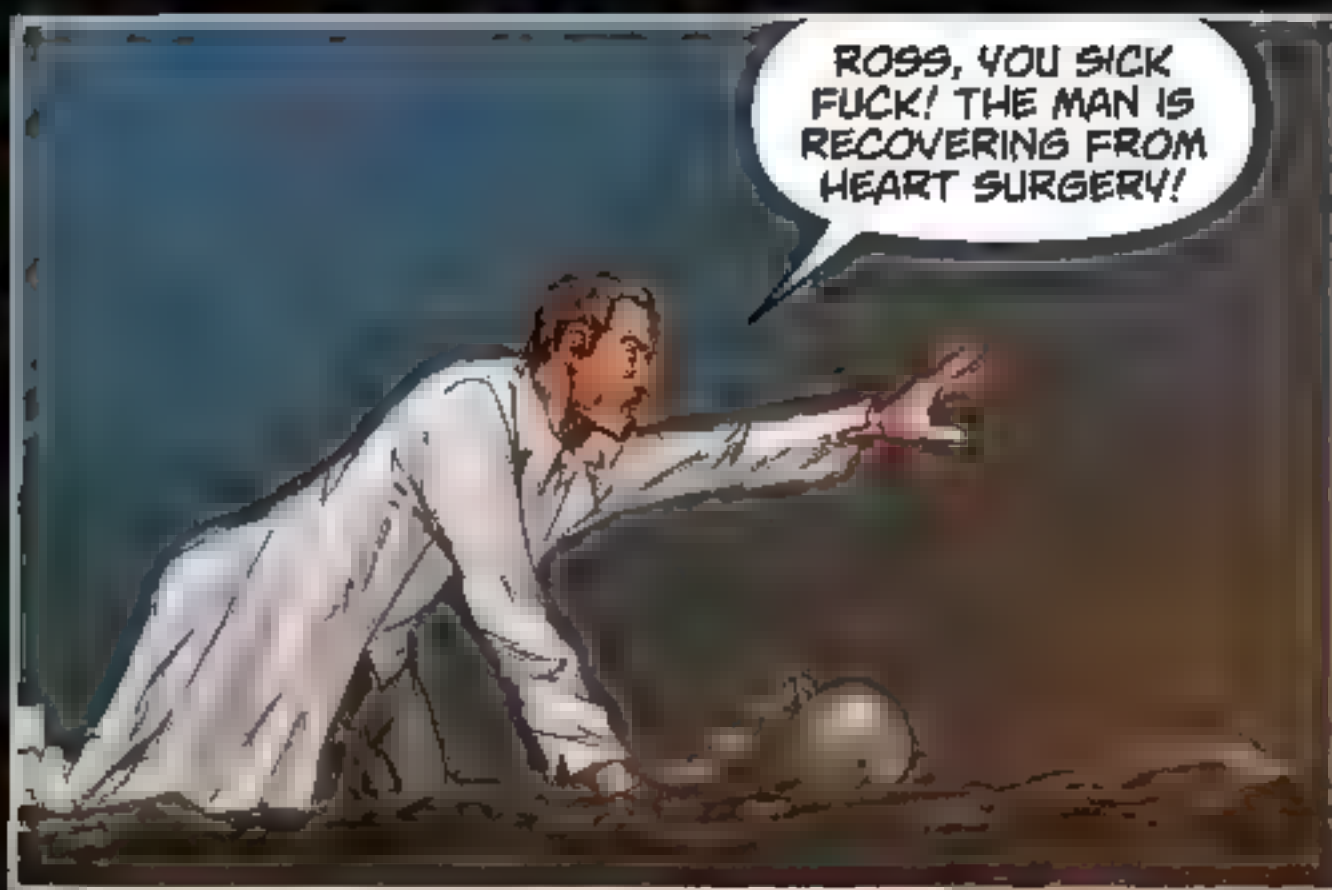


NOOOO!!!!
HEEEELLPP!!

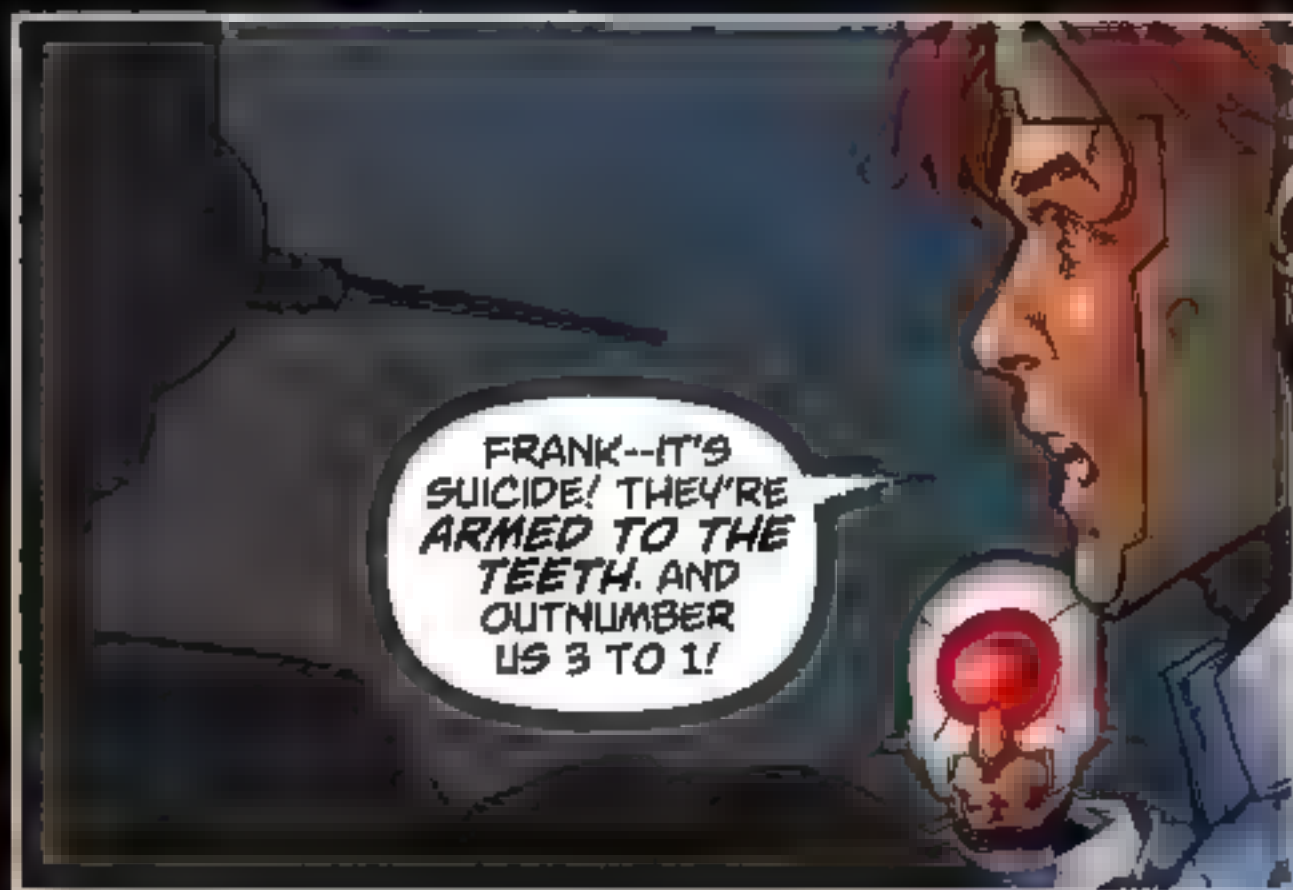


JOHANNES, C'MON!

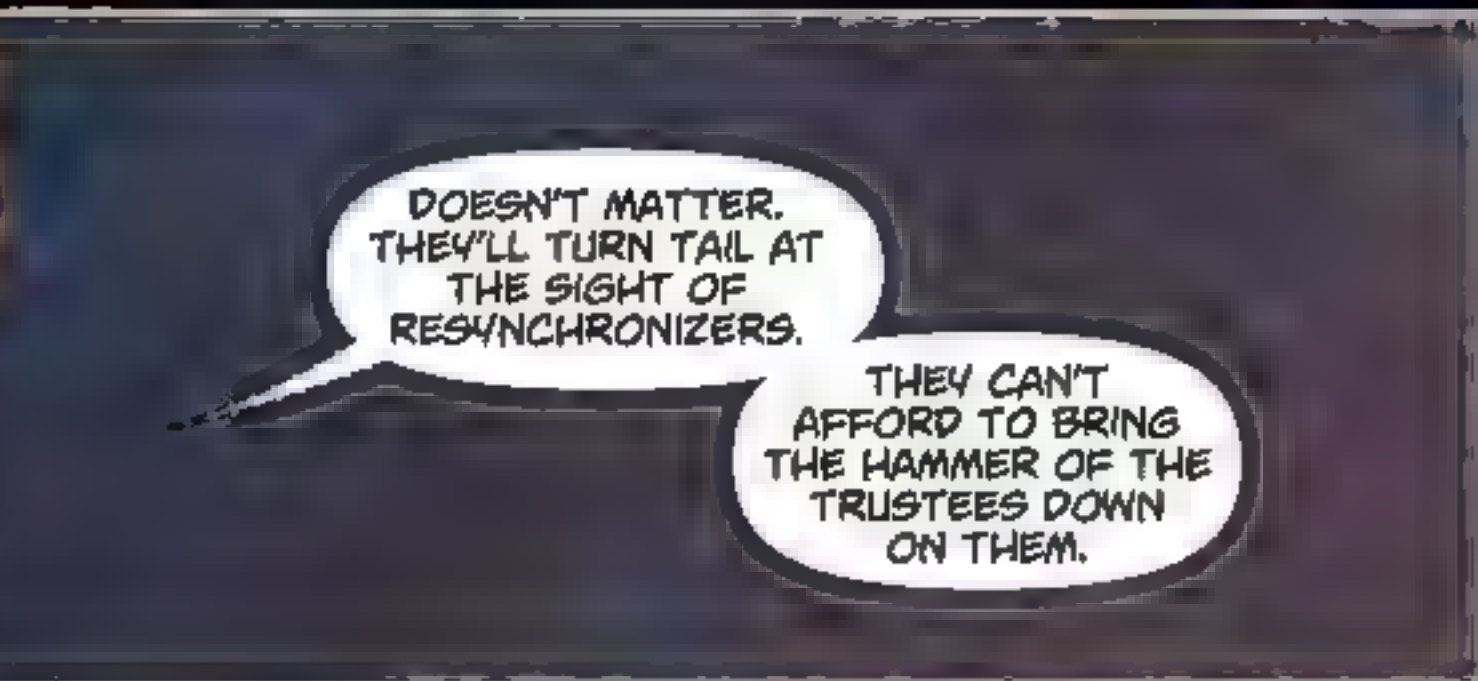
WE CAN'T JUST SIT HERE AND WATCH!



ROSS, YOU SICK
FUCK! THE MAN IS
RECOVERING FROM
HEART SURGERY!

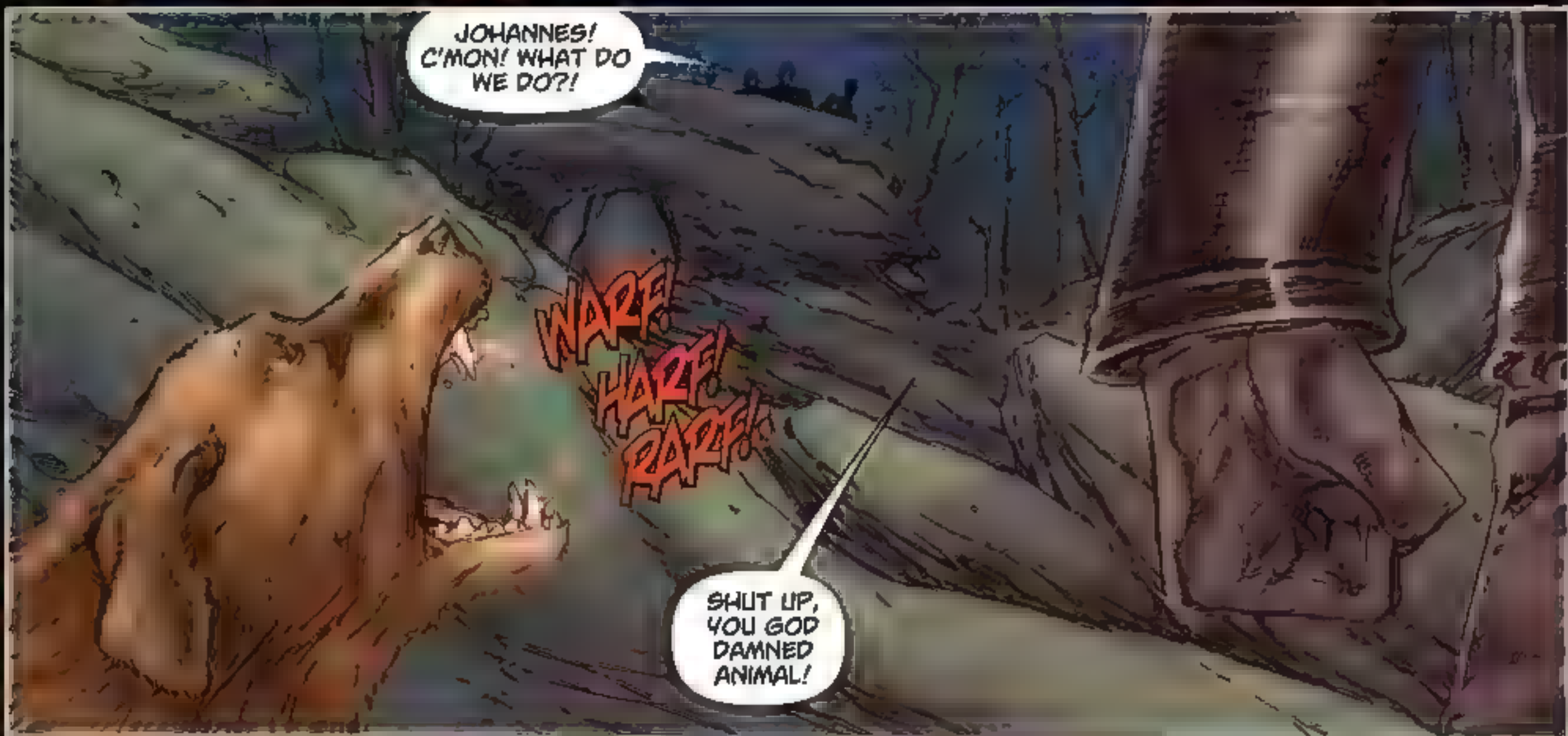


FRANK--IT'S
SUICIDE! THEY'RE
ARMED TO THE
TEETH. AND
OUTNUMBER
US 3 TO 1!



DOESN'T MATTER.
THEY'LL TURN TAIL AT
THE SIGHT OF
RESYNCHRONIZERS.

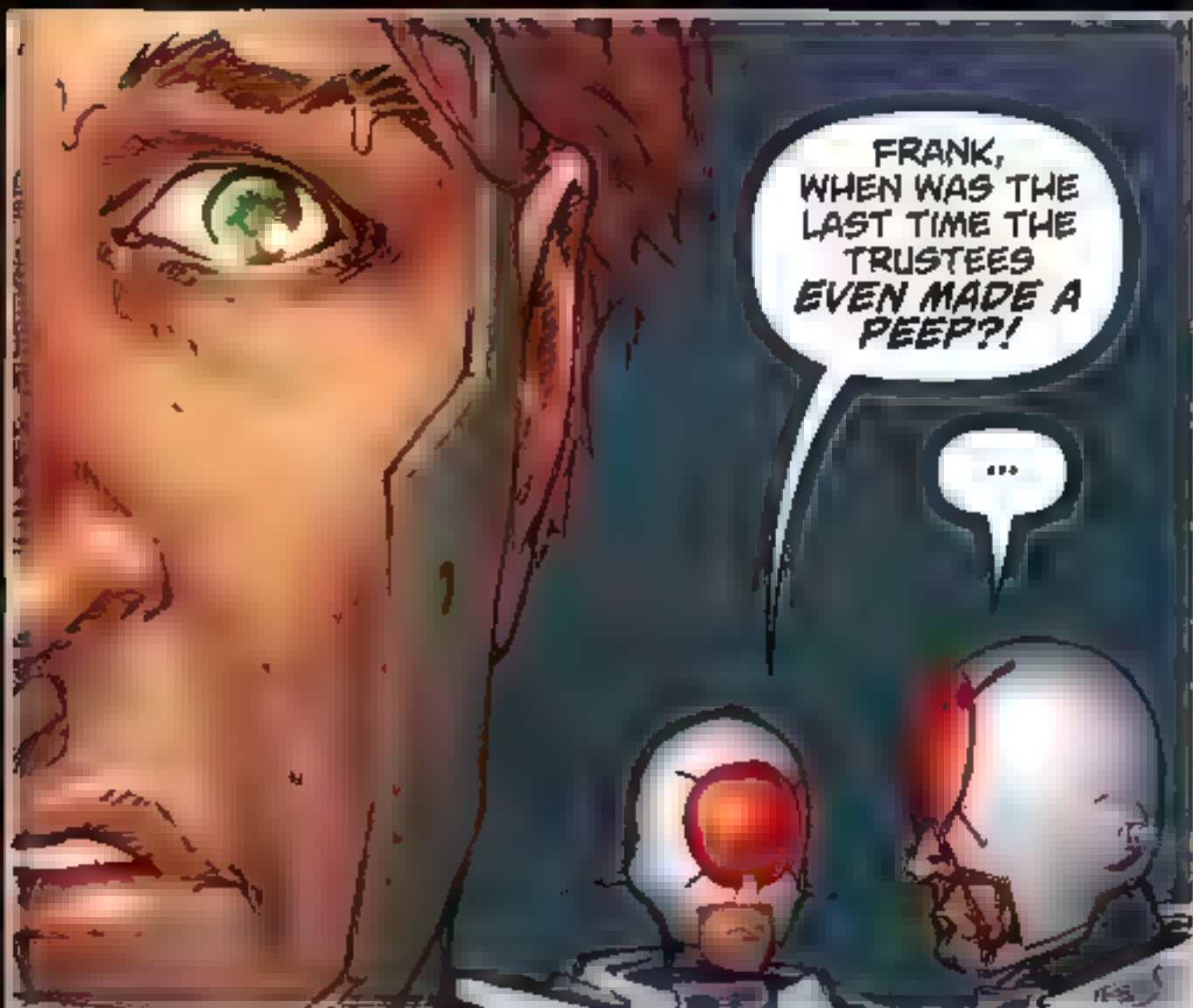
THEY CAN'T
AFFORD TO BRING
THE HAMMER OF THE
TRUSTEES DOWN
ON THEM.



JOHANNES!
C'MON! WHAT DO
WE DO?!

WARE!
HARE!
RAPE!

SHUT UP,
YOU GOD
DAMNED
ANIMAL!

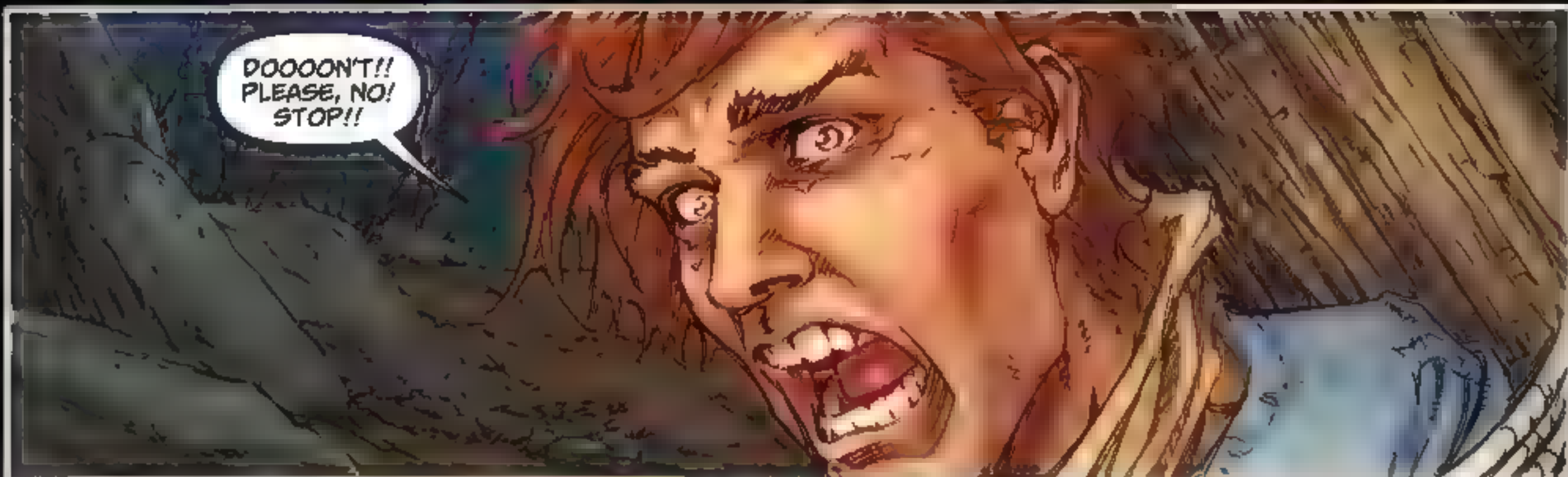


FRANK,
WHEN WAS THE
LAST TIME THE
TRUSTEES
EVEN MADE A
PEEP?!

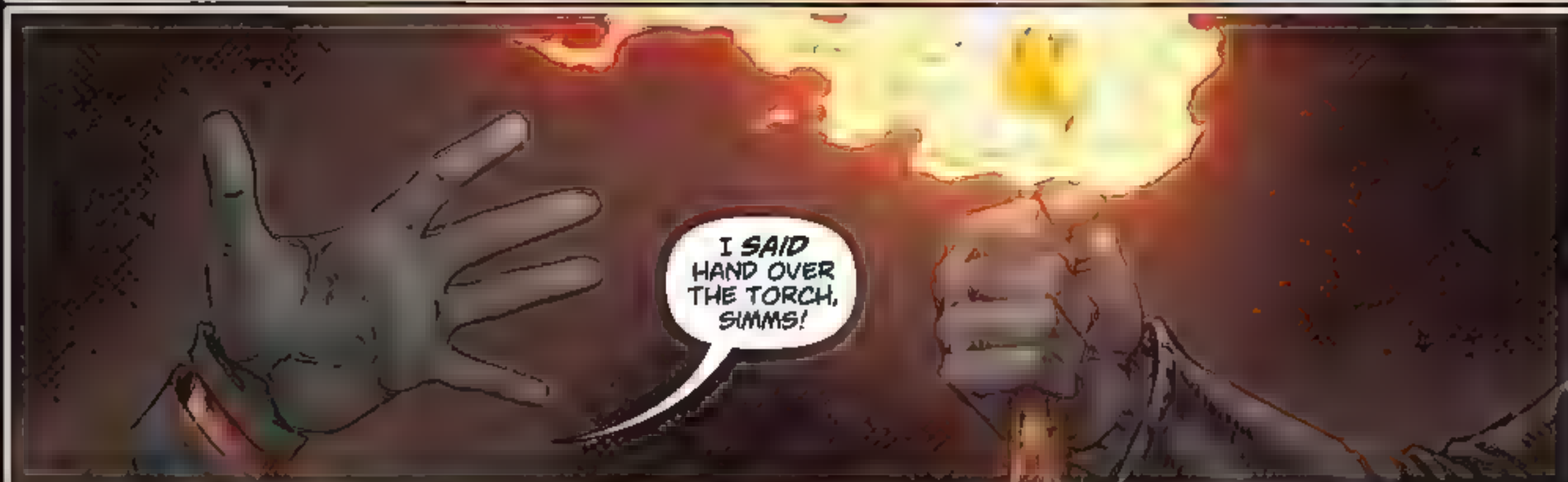
...



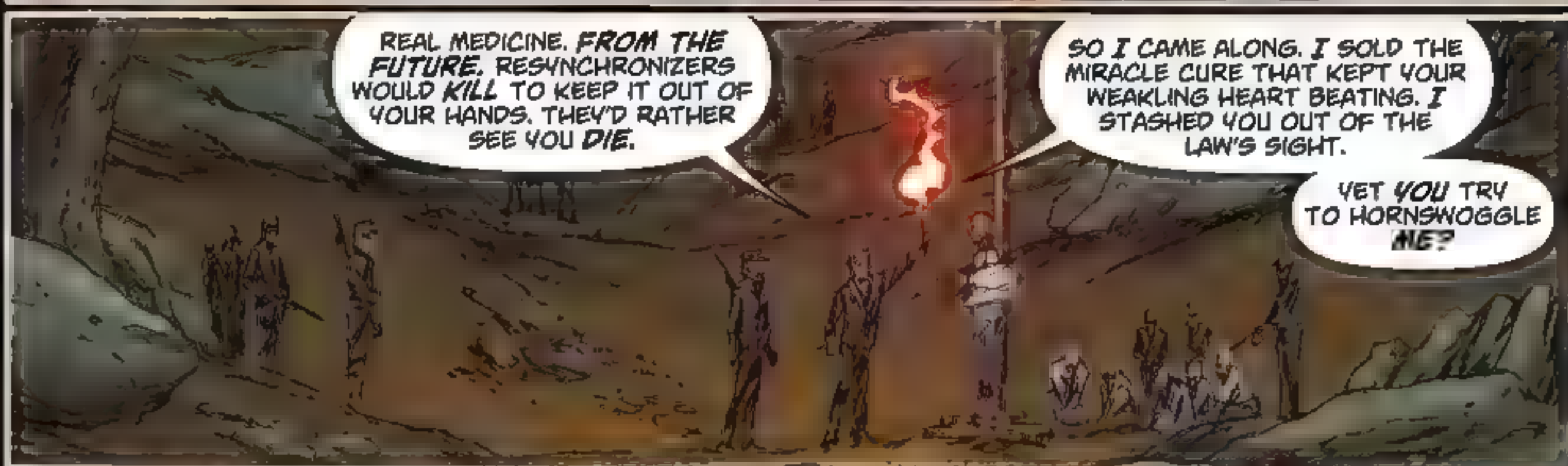
JOHANNES--!
SNAP
OUT OF
IT!!



DOOOOONT!!
PLEASE, NO!
STOP!!



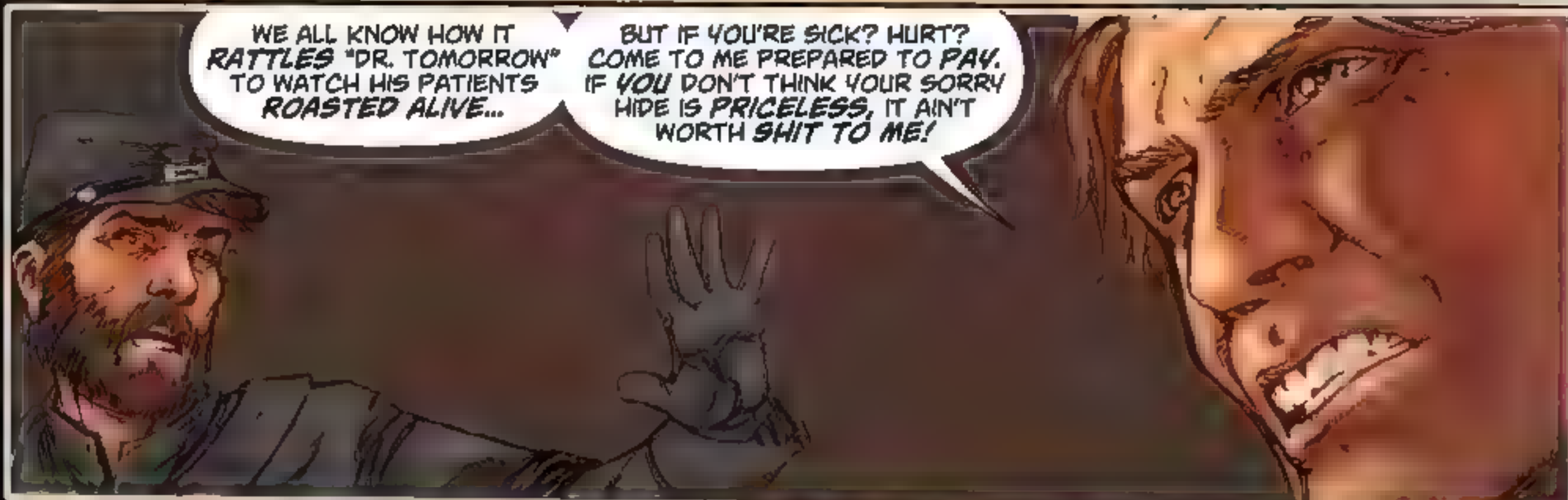
I SAID
HAND OVER
THE TORCH,
SIMMS!



REAL MEDICINE. FROM THE
FUTURE. RESYNCHRONIZERS
WOULD KILL TO KEEP IT OUT OF
YOUR HANDS. THEY'D RATHER
SEE YOU DIE.

SO I CAME ALONG. I SOLD THE
MIRACLE CURE THAT KEPT YOUR
WEAKLING HEART BEATING. I
STASHED YOU OUT OF THE
LAW'S SIGHT.

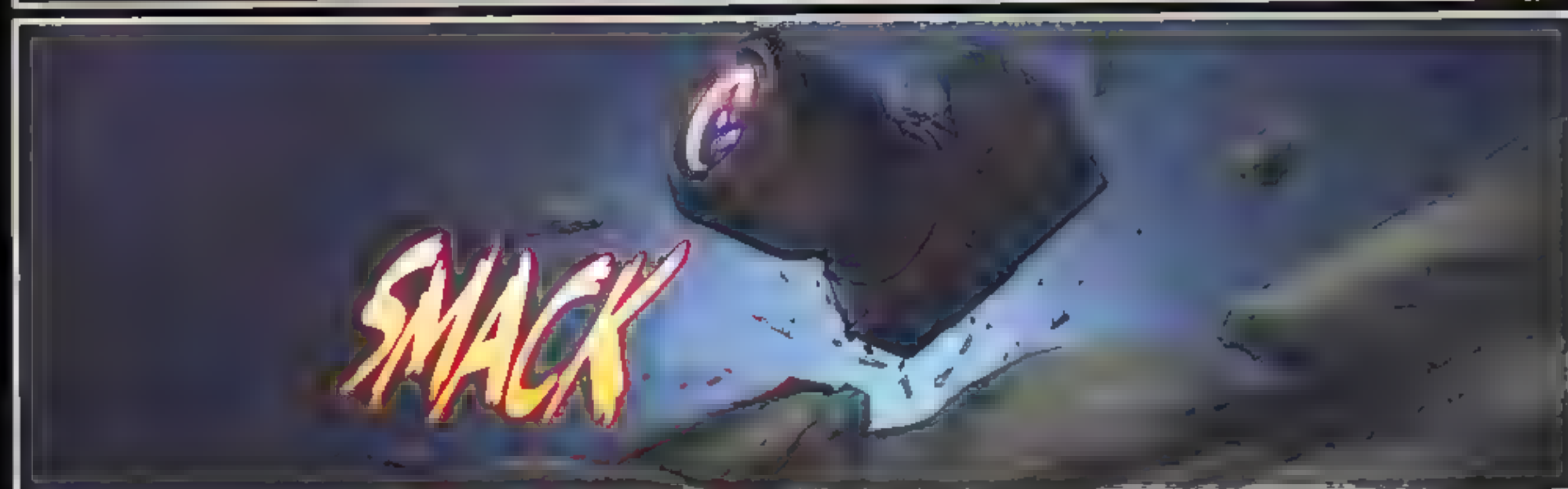
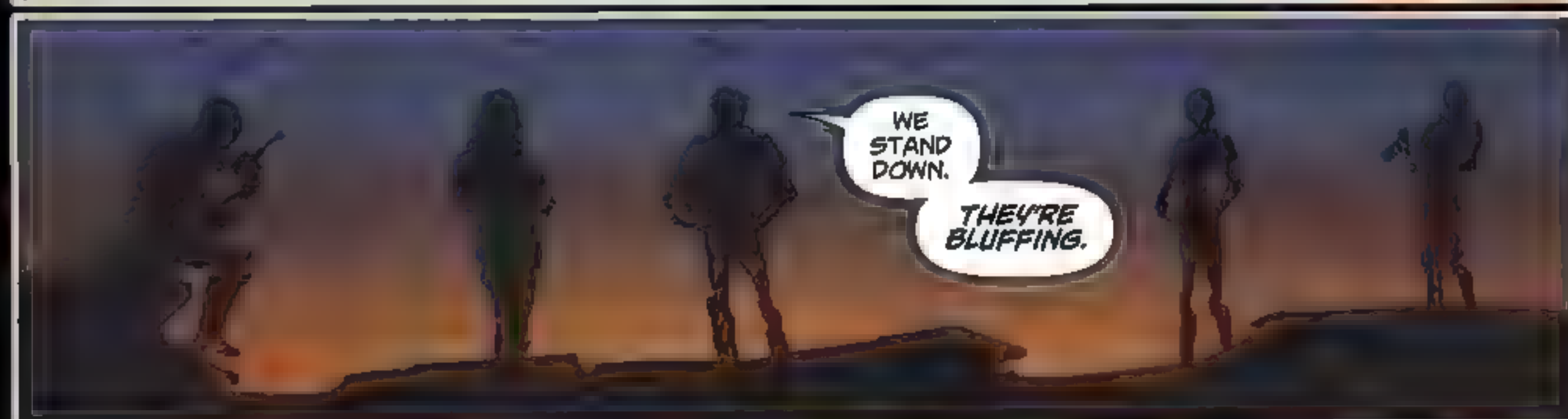
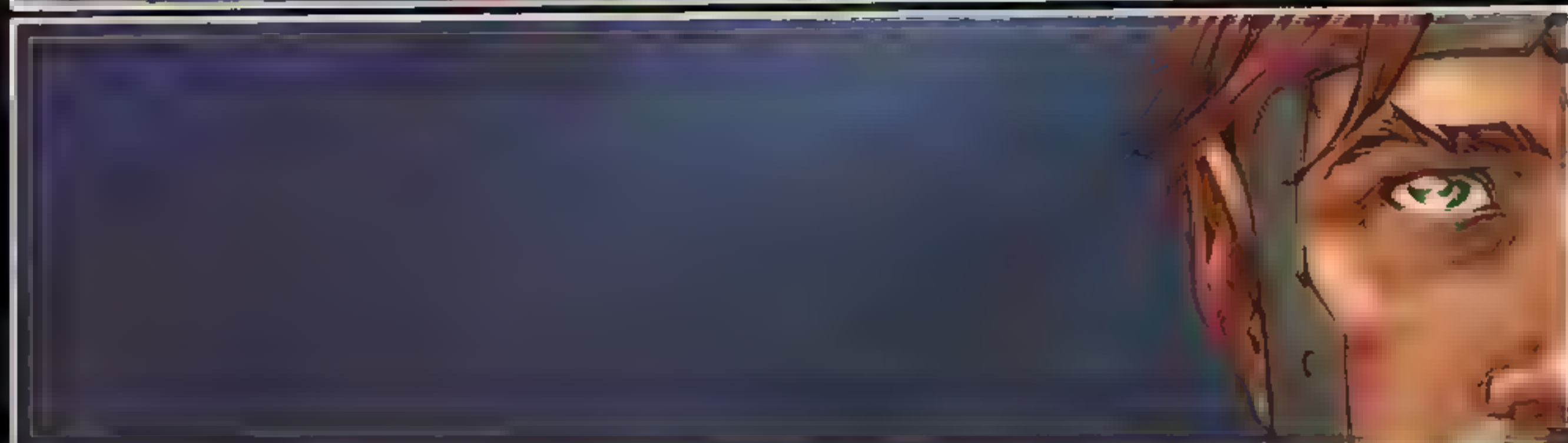
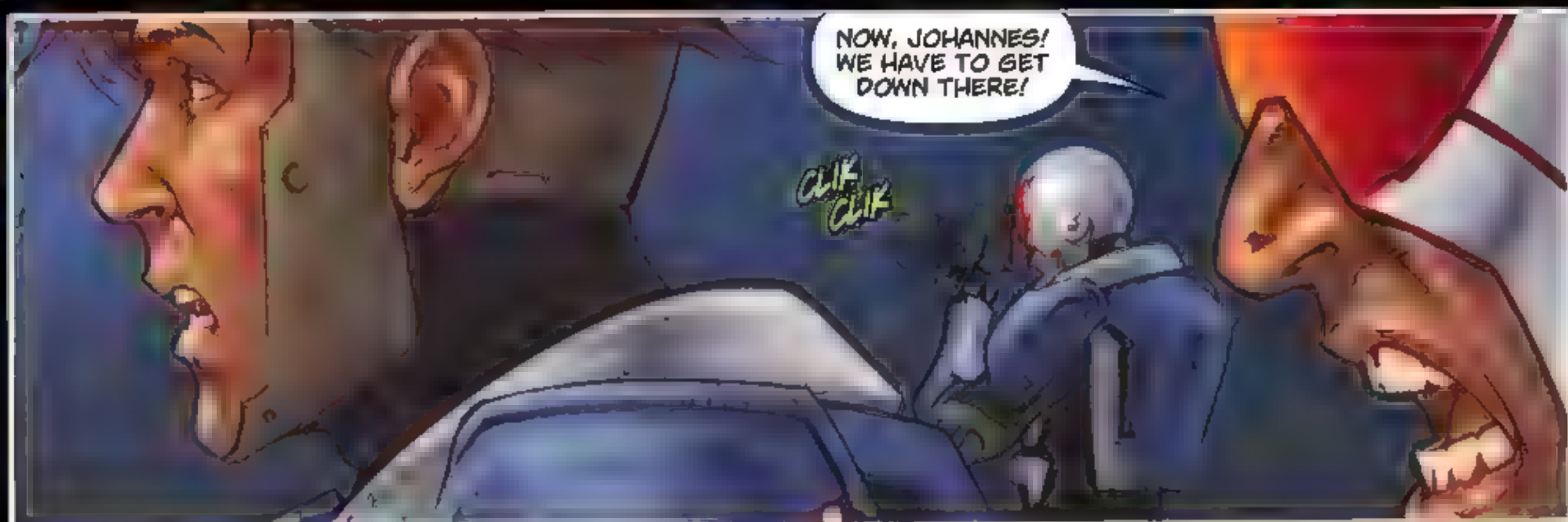
YET YOU TRY
TO HORNSWOGGLE
ME?

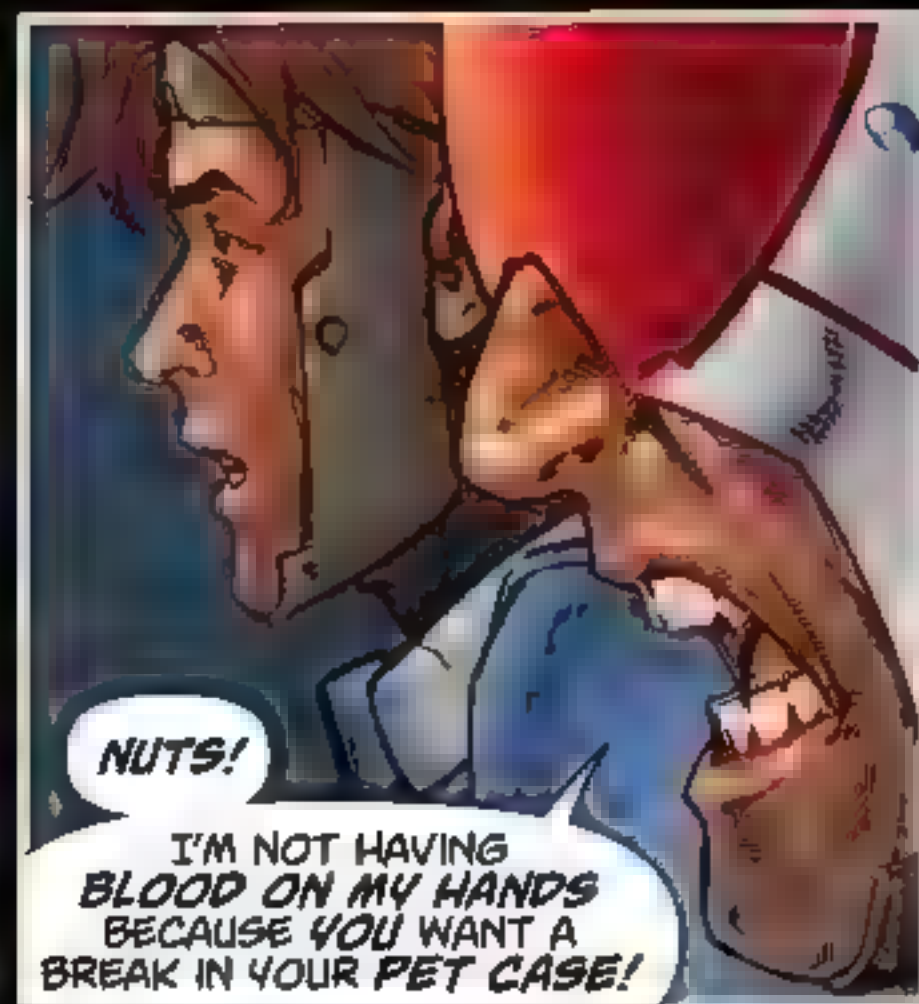
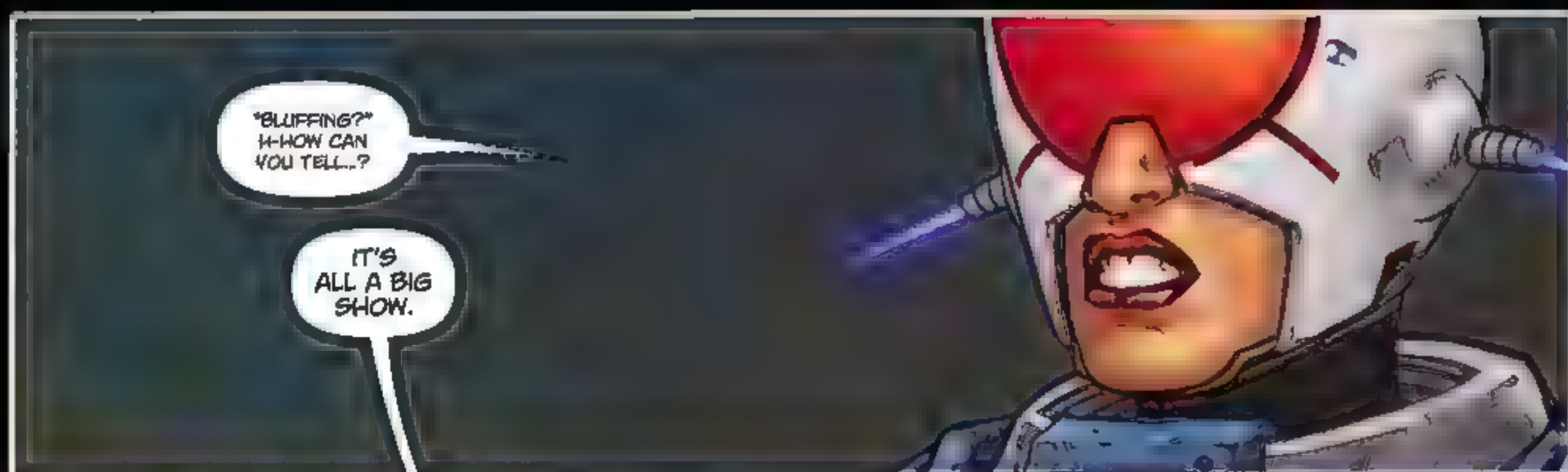


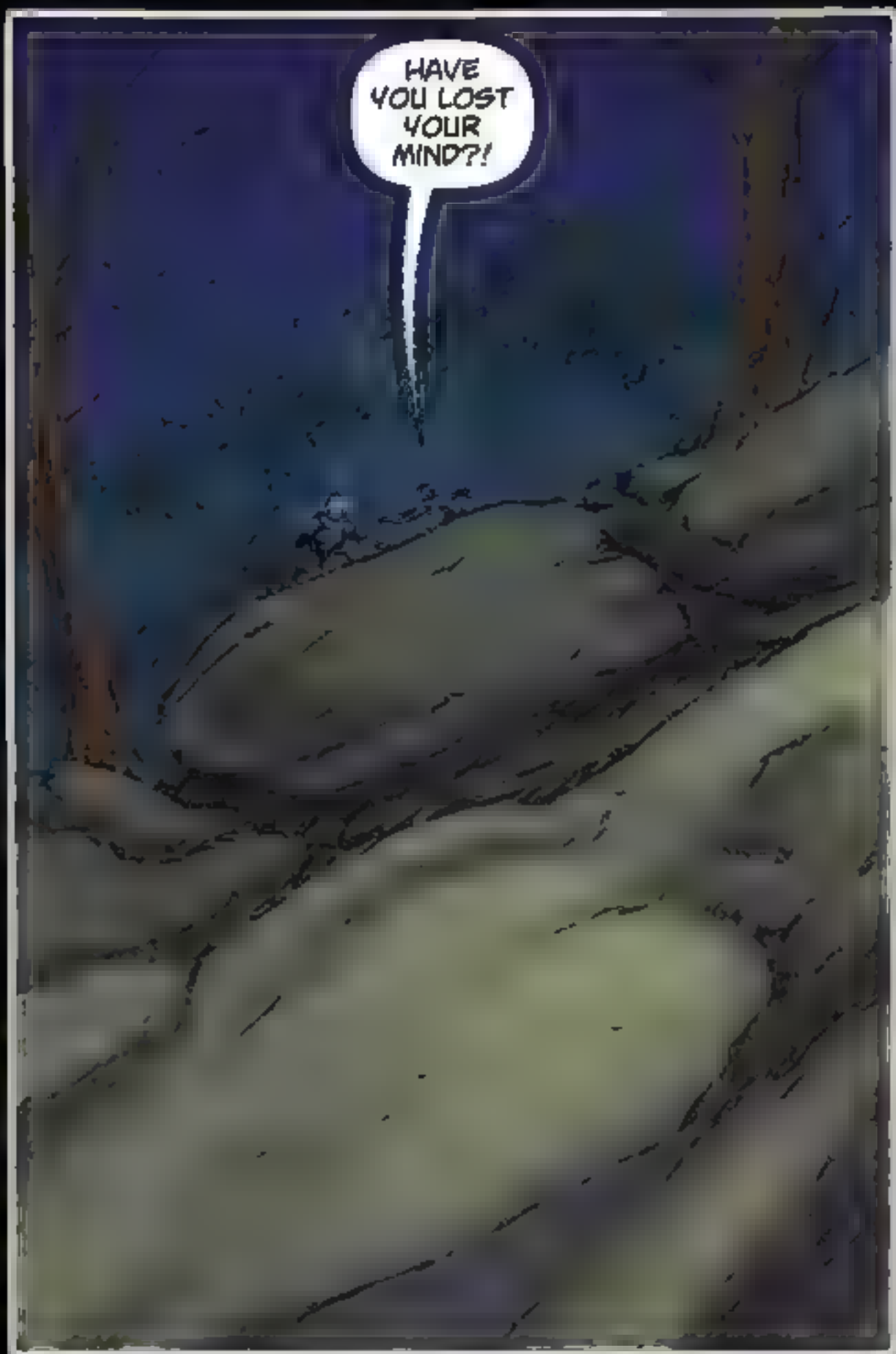
WE ALL KNOW HOW IT
RATTLES "DR. TOMORROW"
TO WATCH HIS PATIENTS
ROASTED ALIVE...

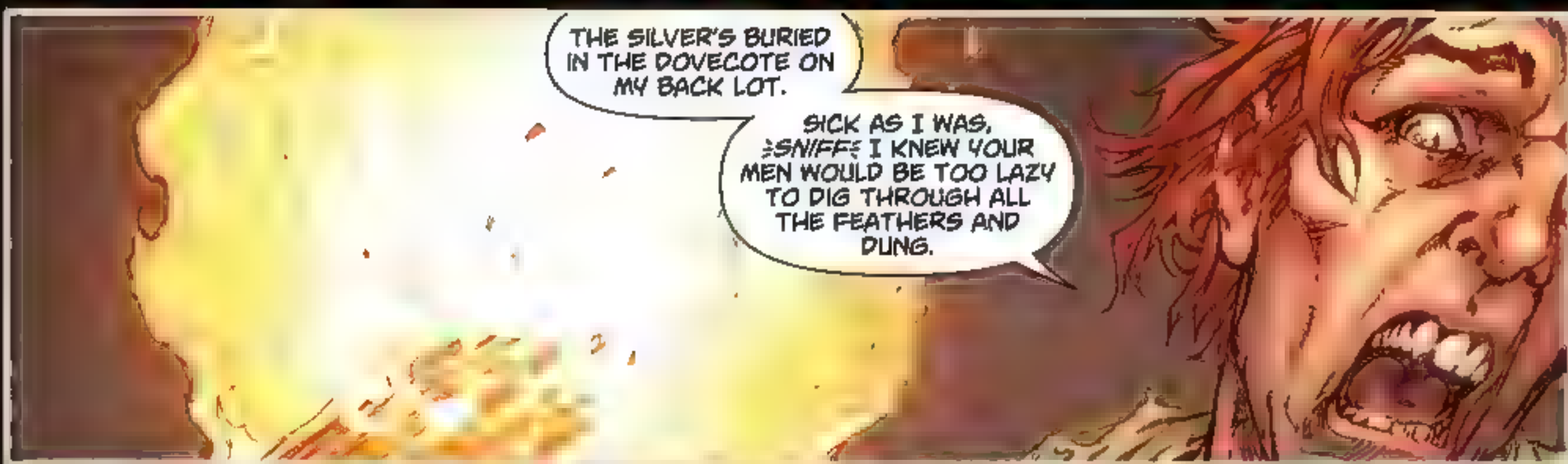
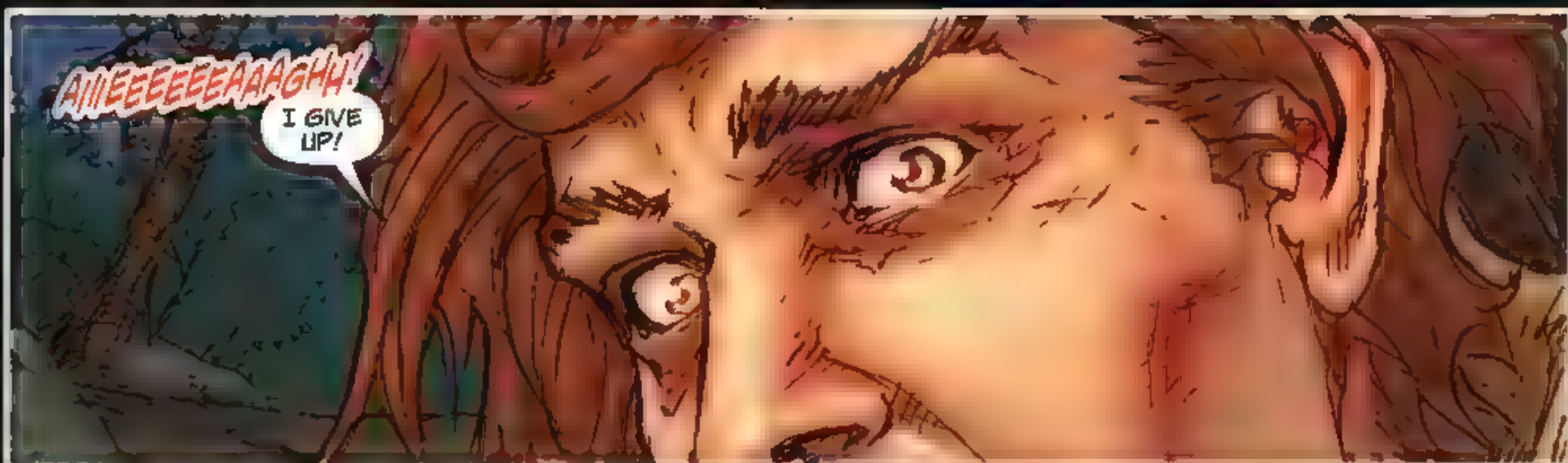
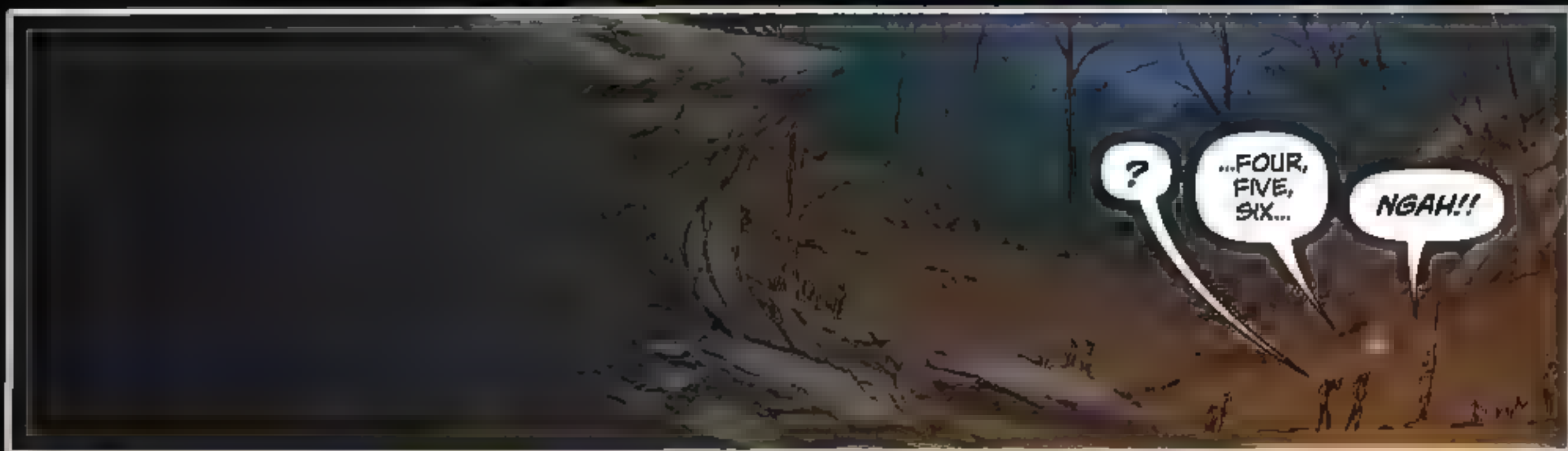
BUT IF YOU'RE SICK? HURT?
COME TO ME PREPARED TO PAY.
IF YOU DON'T THINK YOUR SORRY
HIDE IS PRICELESS, IT AIN'T
WORTH SHIT TO ME!













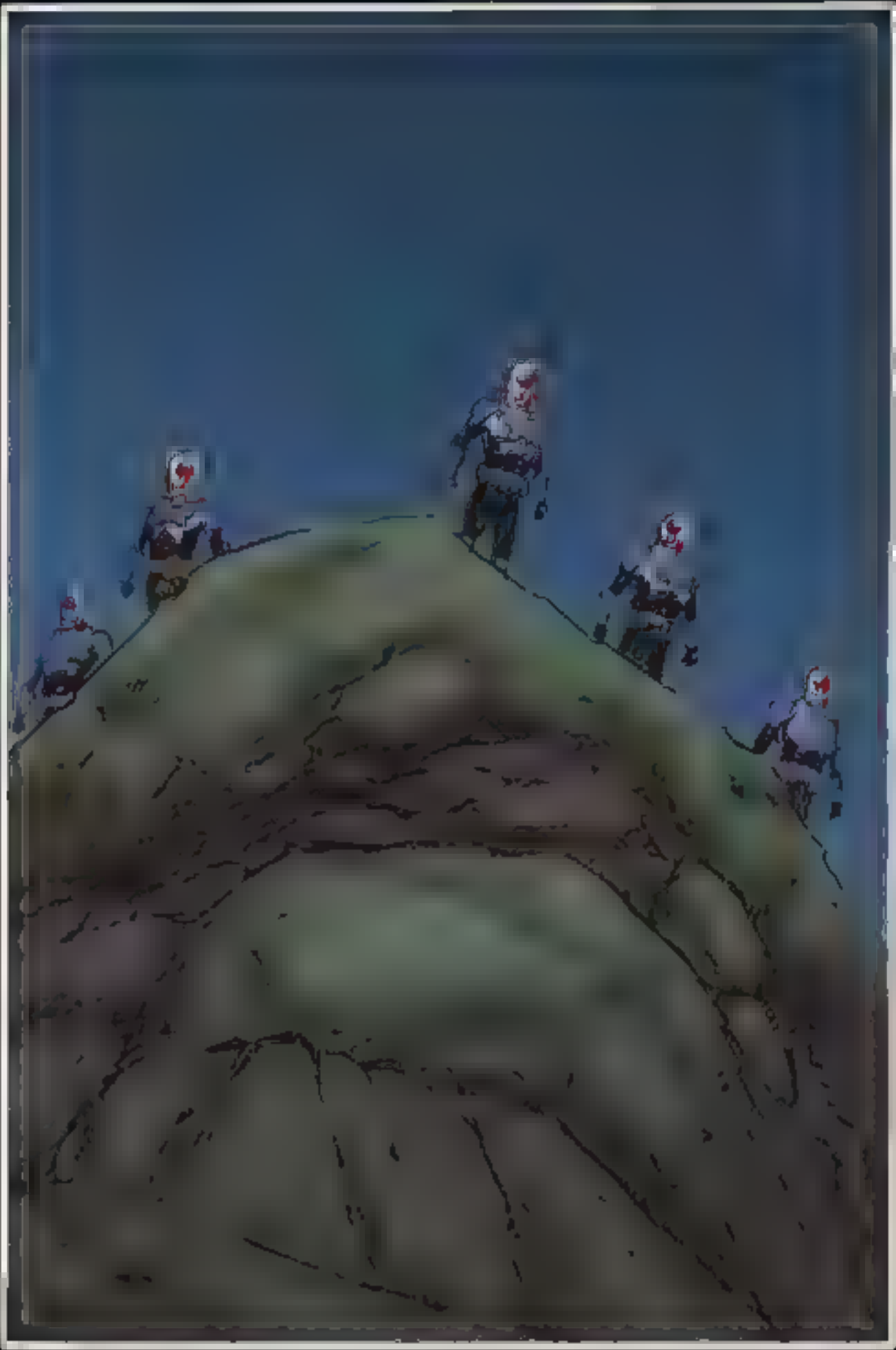
SEE, PEOPLE? I
ACCOMMODATE THE
ACCOMMODATING.

SIMMS,
MAYNARD—OFF
TO WILLARD'S
PLACE WITH YOU.
AND HAPPY
SHOVELING.



H-H-H-HA-HA-HA...
JESUS CHRIST. WAKE
ME UP. PLEASE GOD
WAKE ME UP...

BACK TO
WORK, DOC.
NOW.



WELL. ALL HONOR TO THE
RESYNCHRONIZERS.

MOST GALLANT
ENFORCERS IN
THE LAND!



WE OF THE SAFETY COMMITTEE OF GREYLOCK FURNACE ARE ALREADY QUITE SENSIBLE TO THE PRESENCE HERE OF ROSS BLEDSOE AND HIS ARMED BRUTES.



AND YOUR LICENTIOUS BUMBLING HAS NEARLY CONFOUNDED WEEKS' WORTH OF GATHERED INTELLIGENCE.

"CAPTAIN" ELI PARSONS!

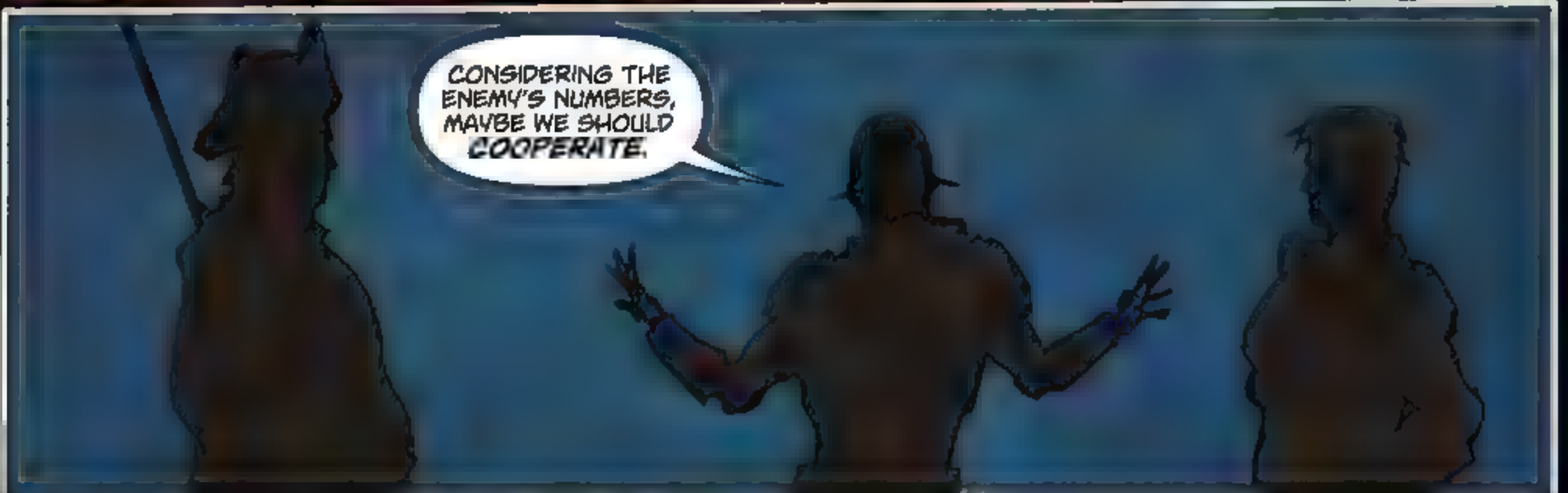


AN EXOTEMPORAL IS PRESENT. YOU AND YOUR SHABBY MILITIA VOLUNTEERS KNOW THAT MAKES THIS OUR JURISDICTION.

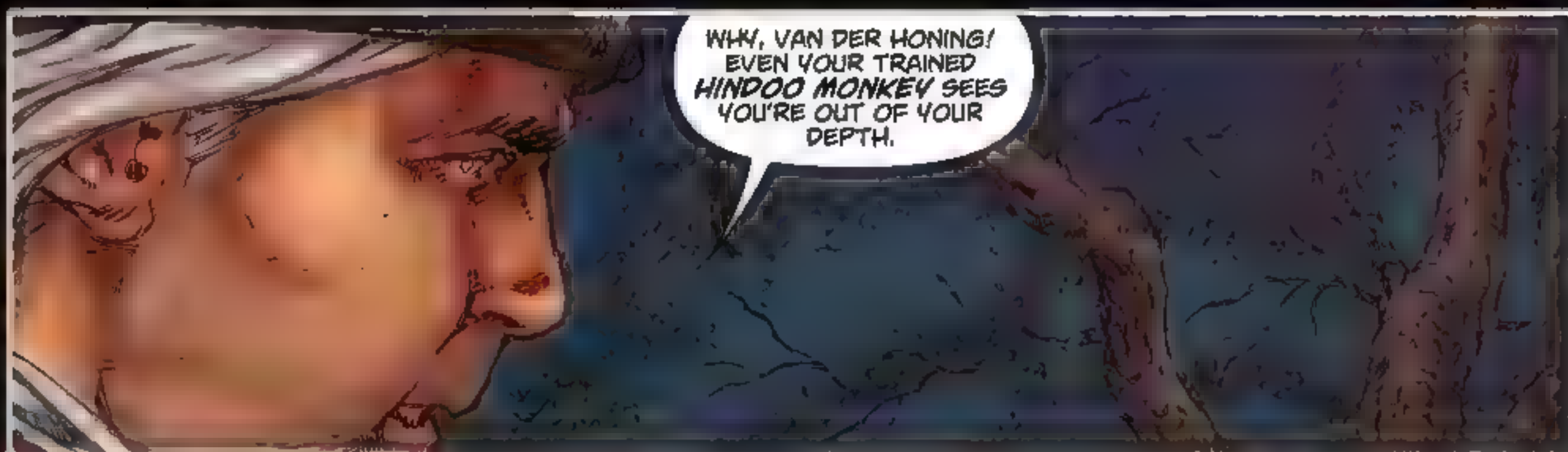


I DON'T GIVE A TINKER'S DAM WHAT YOU SAY, DUTCHMAN.

BLEDSOE HAS LONG BEEN A HIGHWAYMAN IN THESE WOODS. AND MATTERS OF COMMON CRIMINALITY ARE THE COMMITTEE'S AFFAIR.



CONSIDERING THE ENEMY'S NUMBERS, MAYBE WE SHOULD COOPERATE.



WHY, VAN DER HONING!
EVEN YOUR TRAINED
HINDOO MONKEY SEES
YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR
DEPTH.



IT'S BIGOTS
LIKE YOU, SIR, I
WORK TO **SEND
BACK TO THE
PAST!**

ENOUGH.
WE'LL TAKE
THIS UP WITH
ROOKE.



OH, NO. WE'LL
TAKE THIS UP WITH
THE **PROPER
AUTHORITY.**

TELL YOUR
MR. ROOKE I WILL
EXPECT HIM IN AUDIENCE
AT THE **PRECEPT-
SUPERINTENDENT'S
MANSION.**



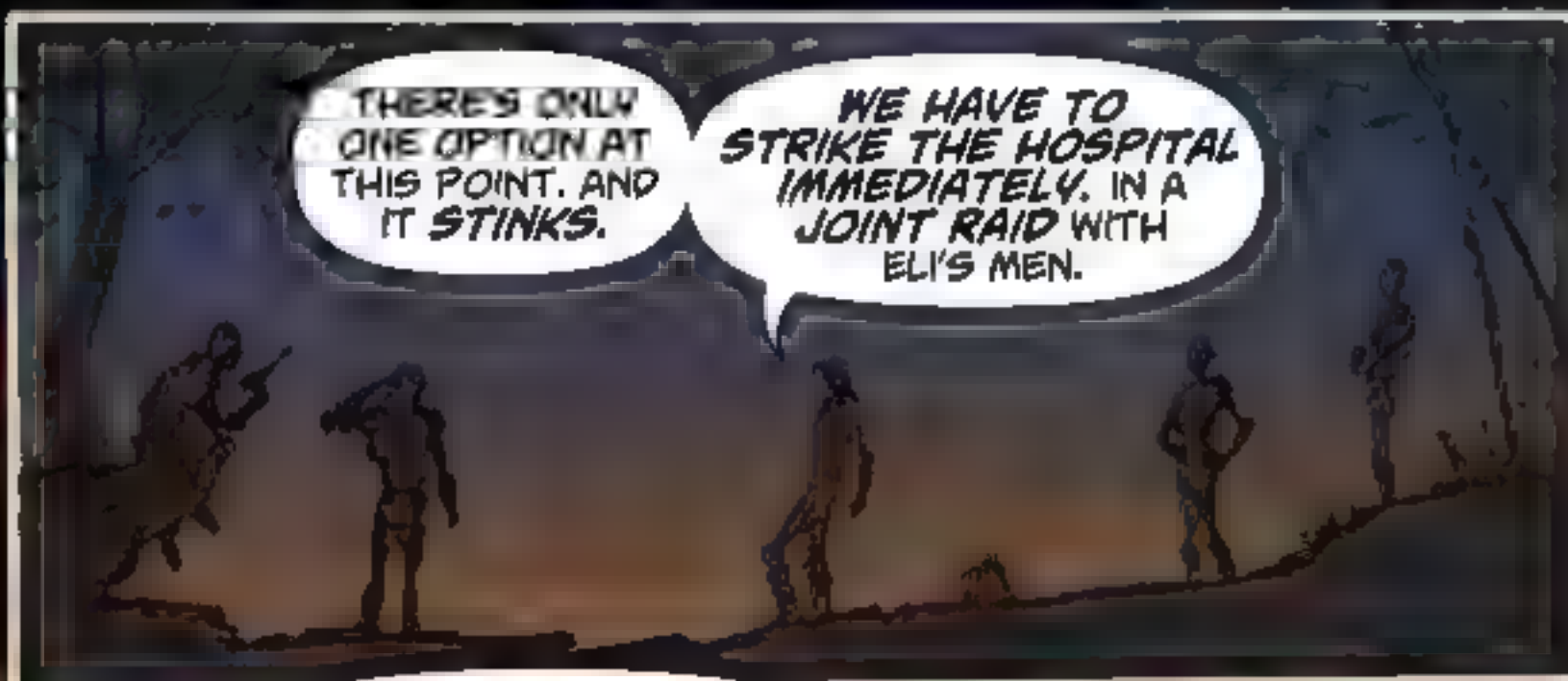
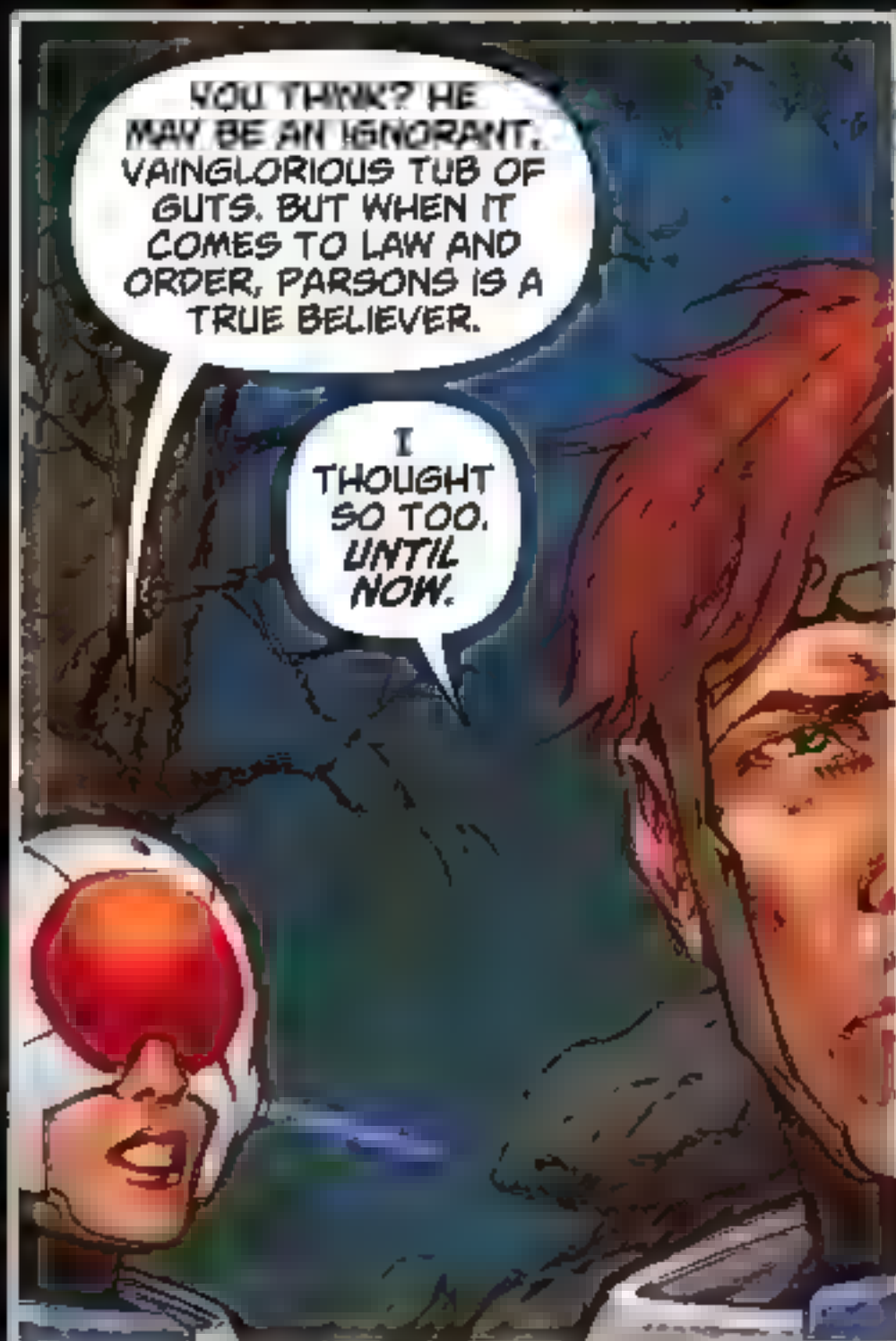
JOHANNES.
I...

FORGET
IT. WHAT'S
DONE IS
DONE.

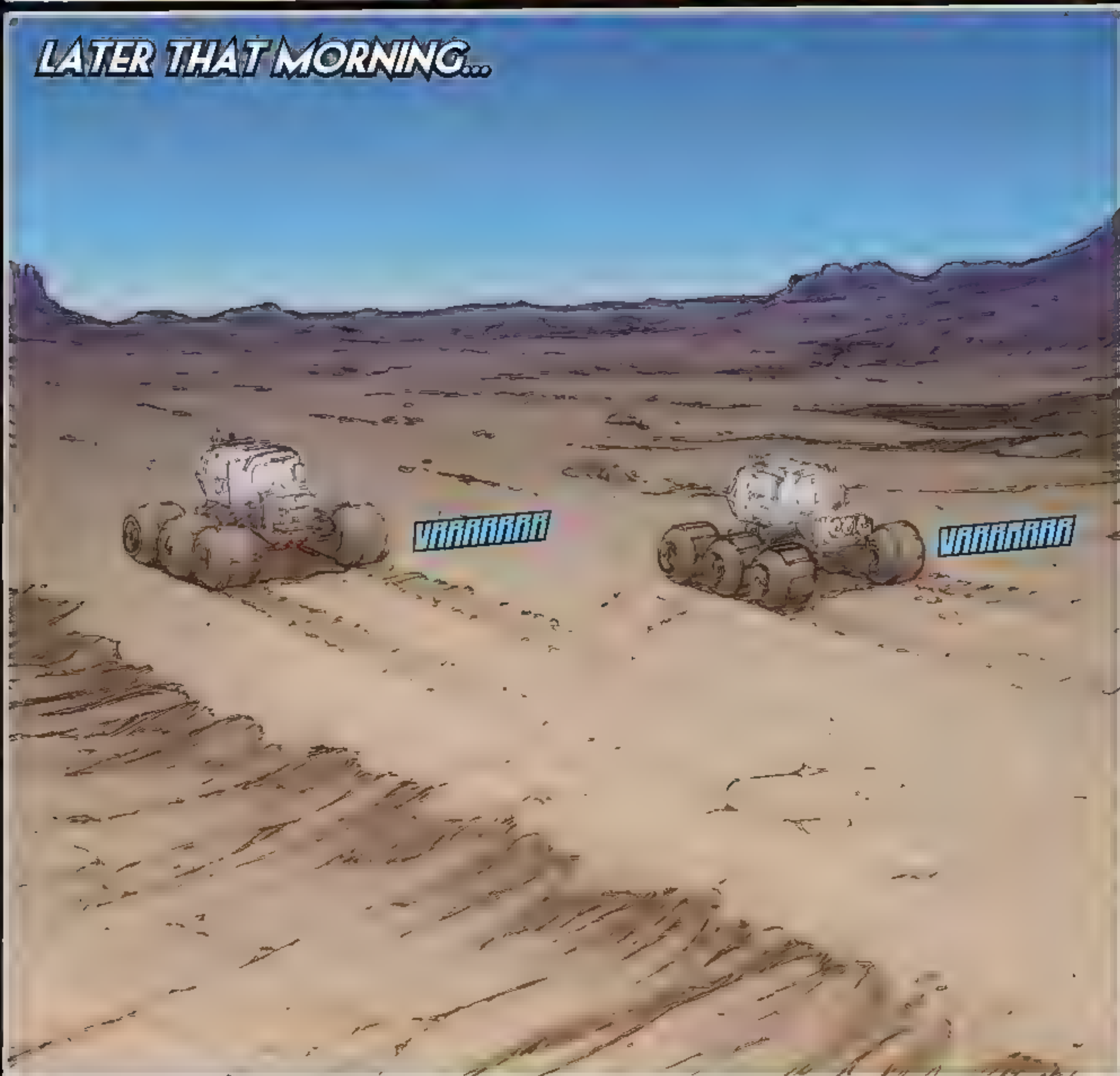


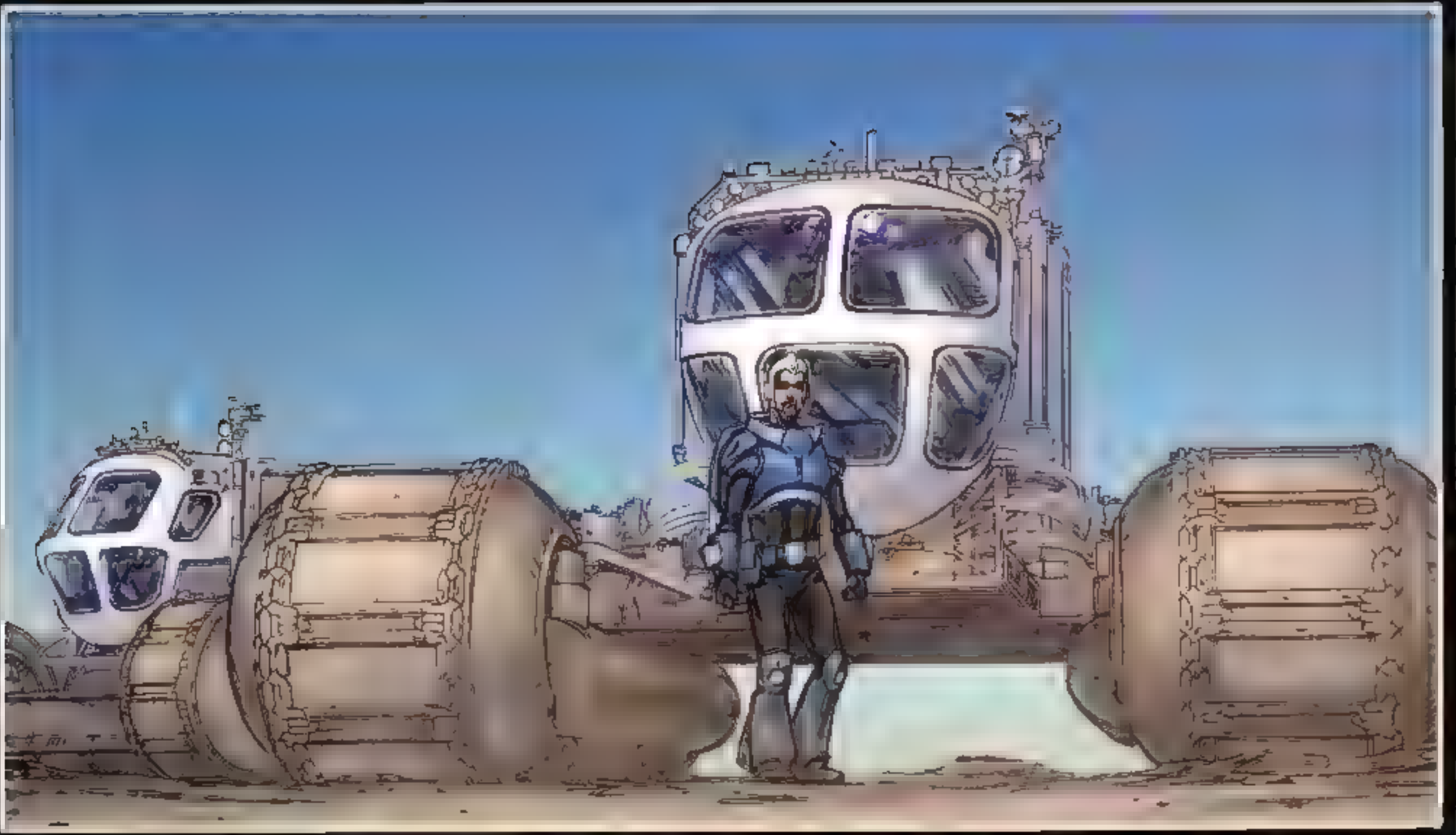
ELI'S TRIGGER-
HAPPY HACKS COULD
NEVER FIND THIS PLACE
BEFORE US. THEY'RE **RANK
AMATEURS.** SO WHAT
DOES THAT TELL
US?

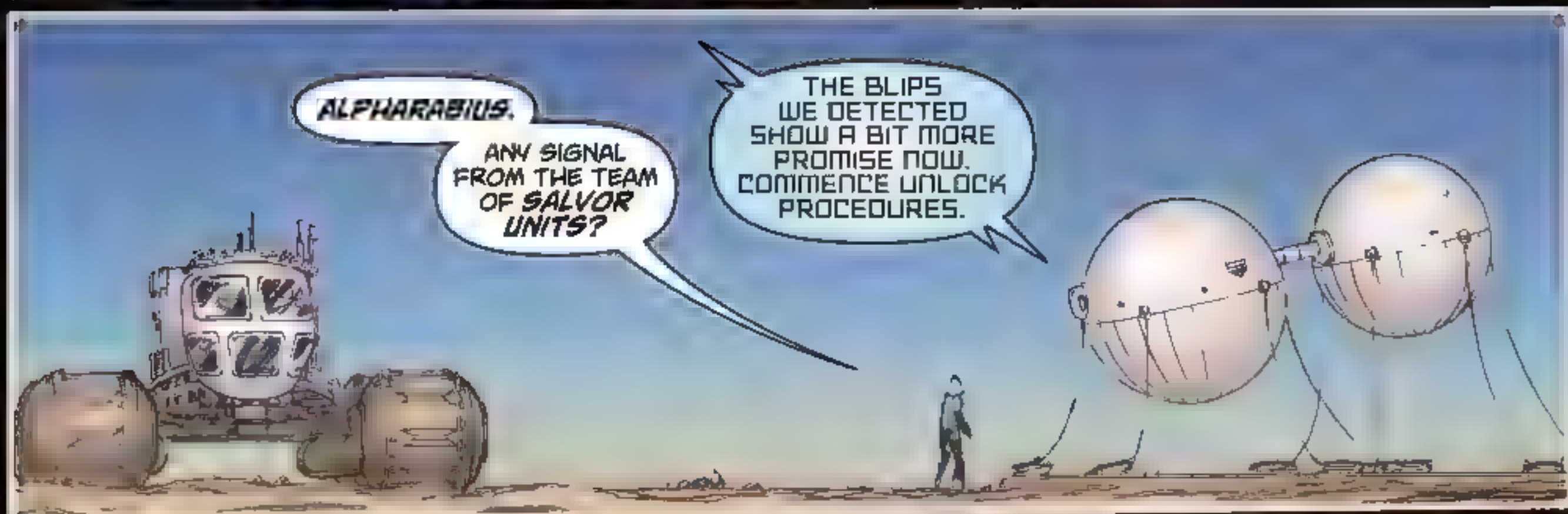
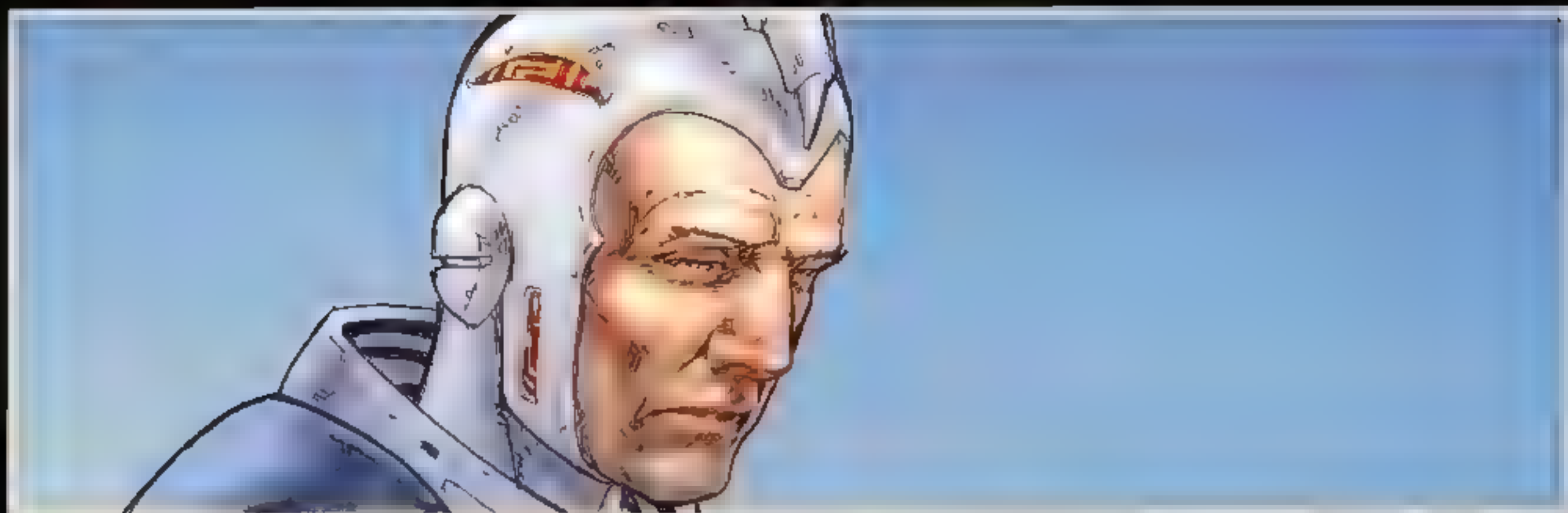
ELI MUST BE
CROOKED. HE'S
TAKING **PROTECTION
MONEY** FROM THE
HOSPITAL!



LATER THAT MORNING...







ALPHARABIUS.

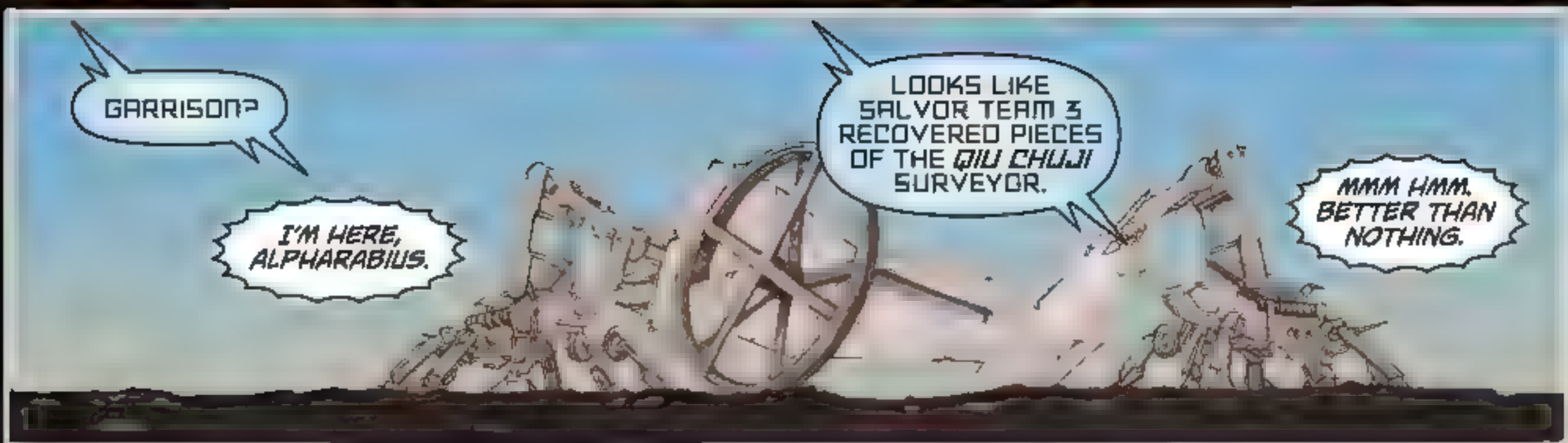
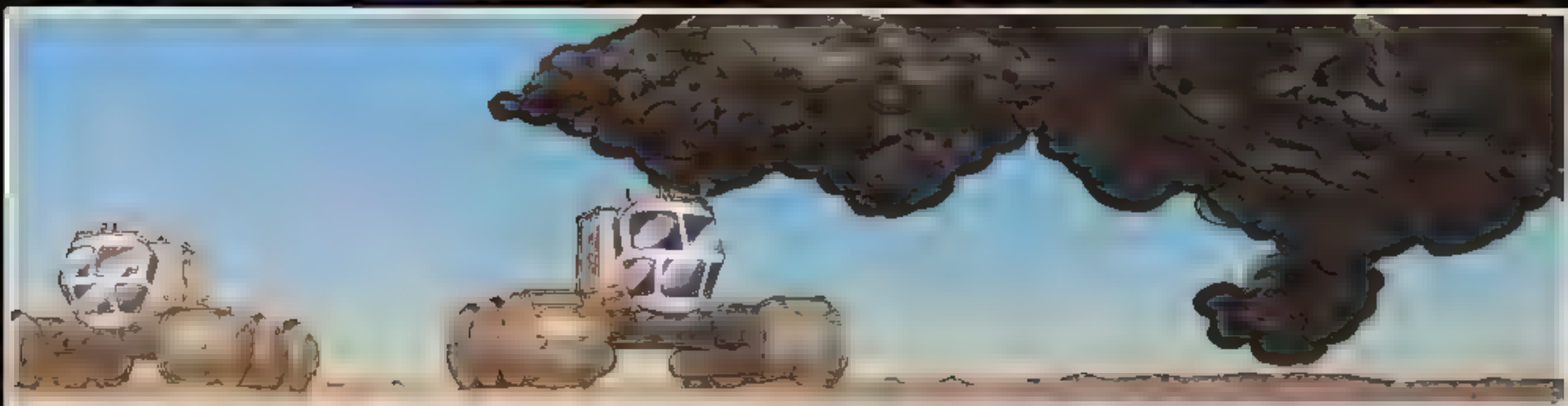
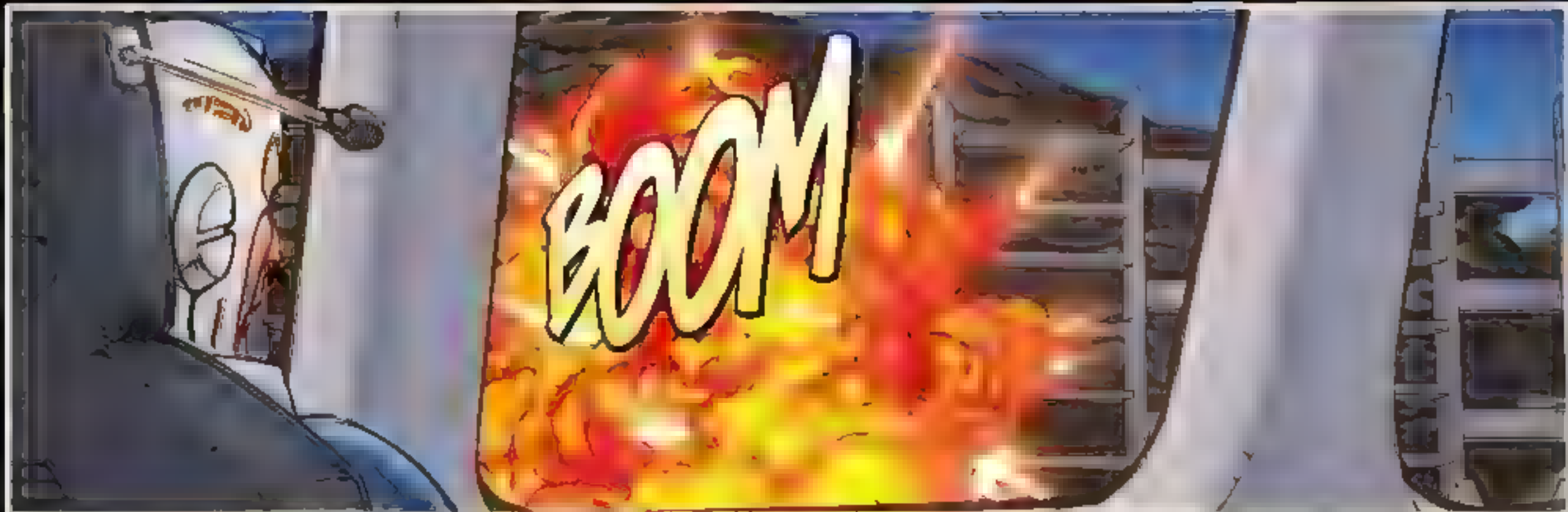
ANY SIGNAL
FROM THE TEAM
OF SALVOR
UNITS?

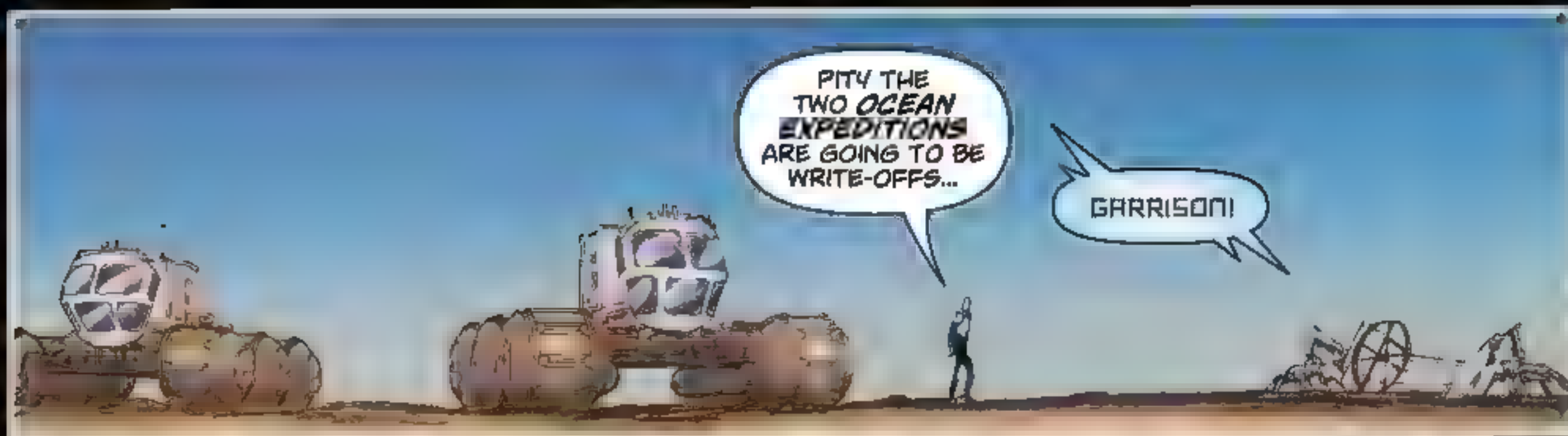
THE BLIPS
WE DETECTED
SHOW A BIT MORE
PROMISE NOW.
COMMENCE UNLOCK
PROCEDURES.



I'D LIKE TO
BELIEVE WE'LL
RECOVER AT LEAST
ONE *SURVEYOR*
DRONE OUT OF THAT
POISONOUS LIMBO
OUT THERE

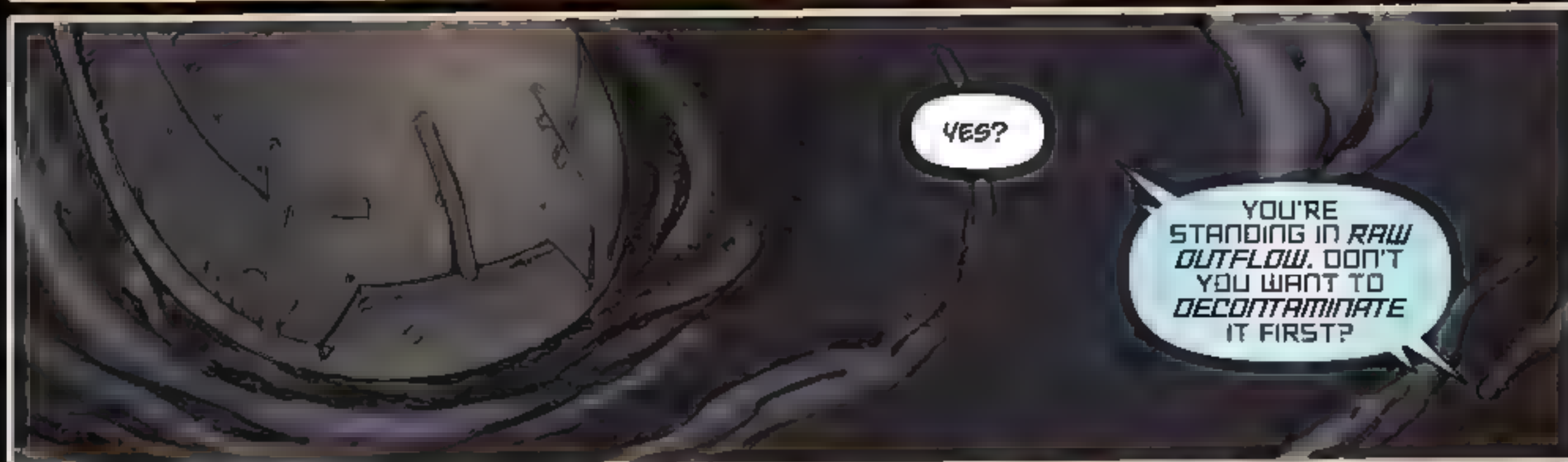
MMM.





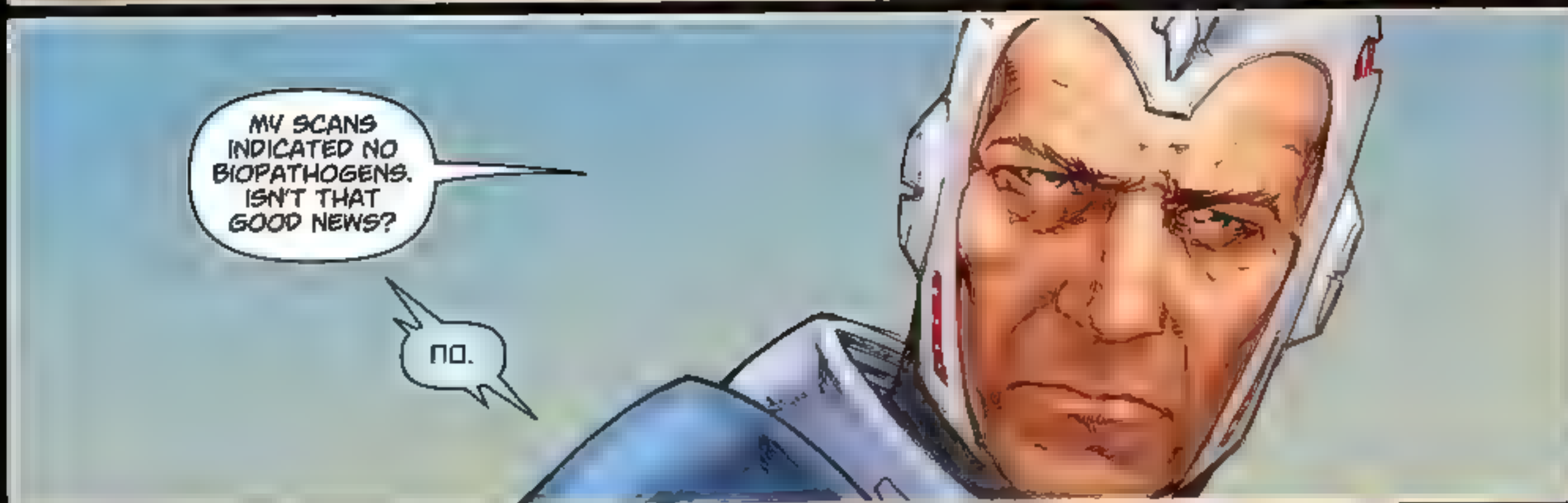
PITY THE
TWO *OCEAN*
EXPEDITIONS
ARE GOING TO BE
WRITE-OFFS...

GARRISON!



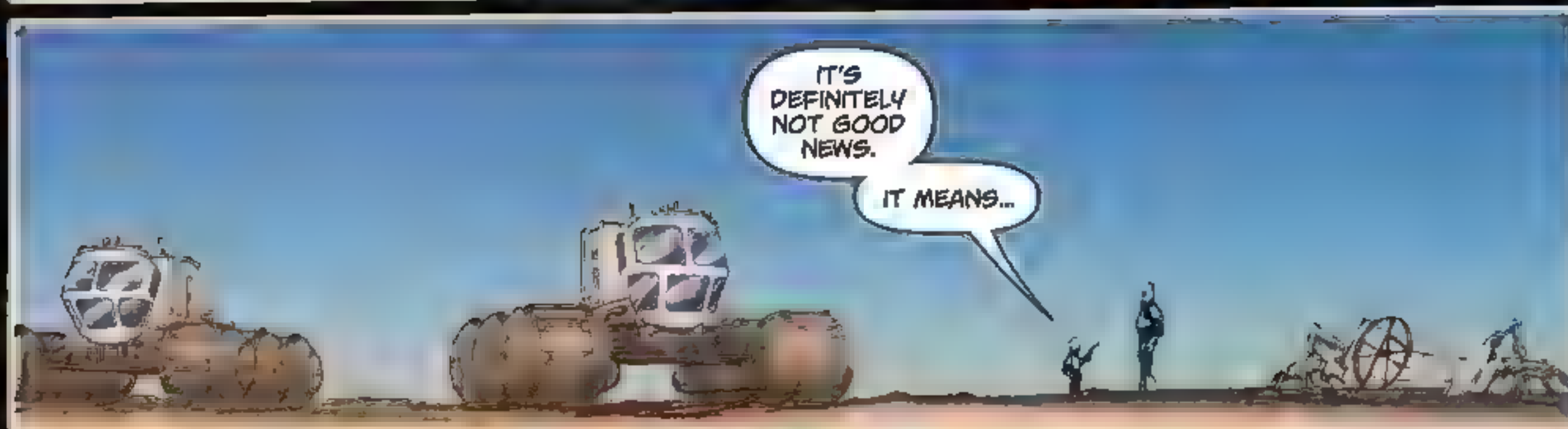
YES?

YOU'RE
STANDING IN *RAW*
OUTFLOW. DON'T
YOU WANT TO
DECONTAMINATE
IT FIRST?



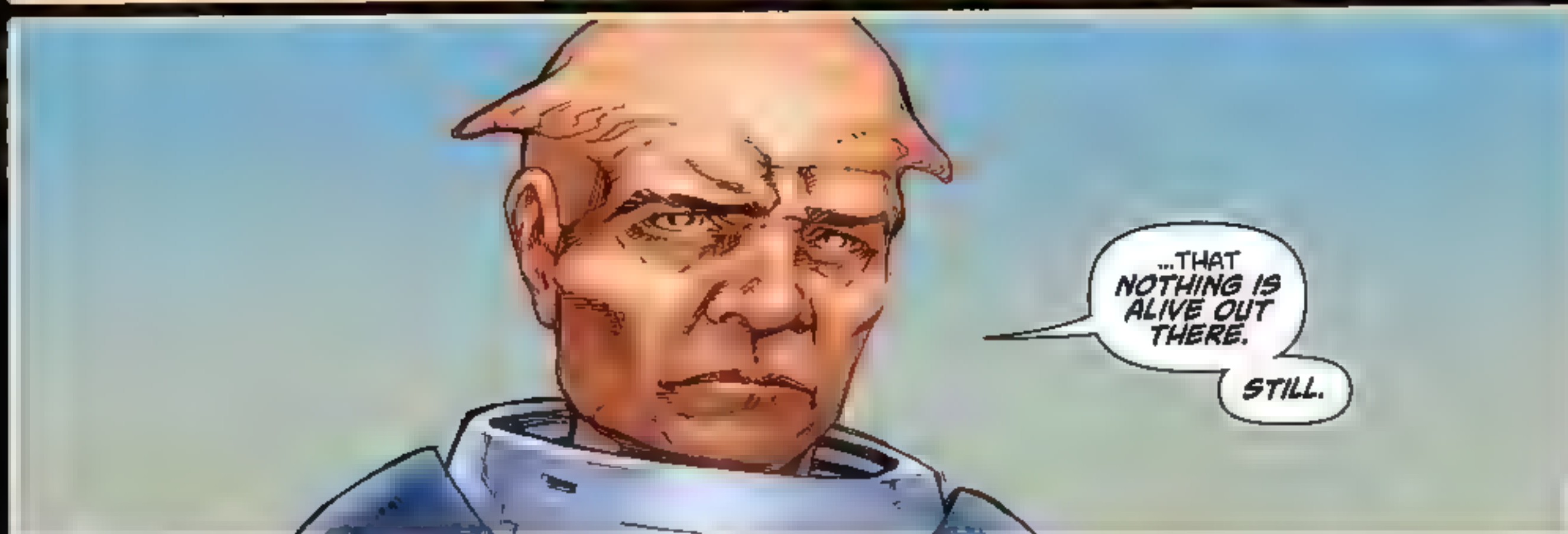
MY SCANS
INDICATED NO
BIOPATHOGENS.
ISN'T THAT
GOOD NEWS?

NO.



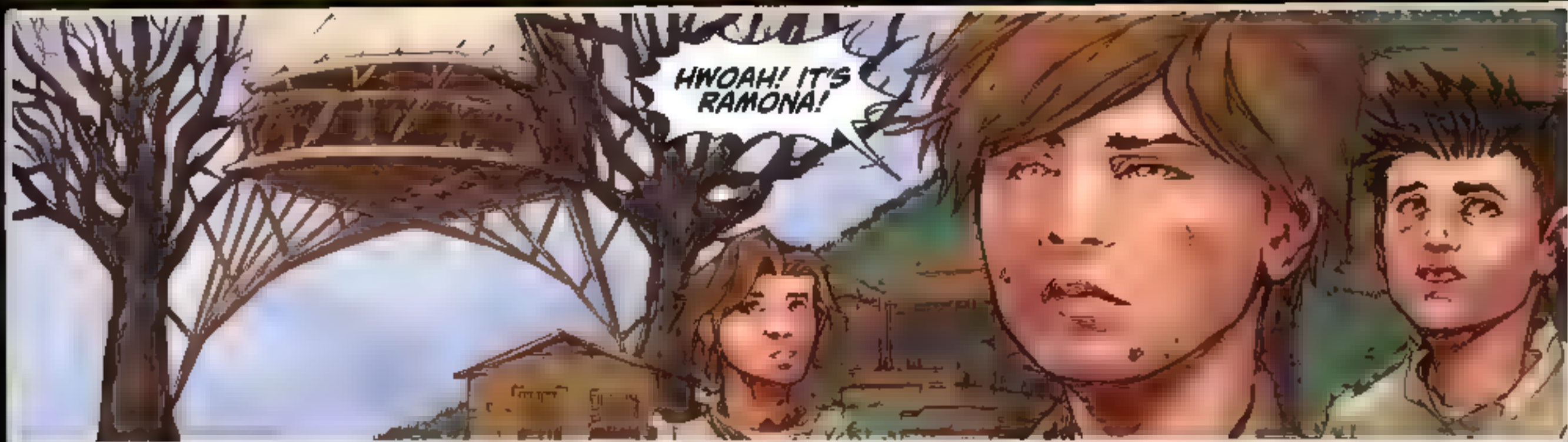
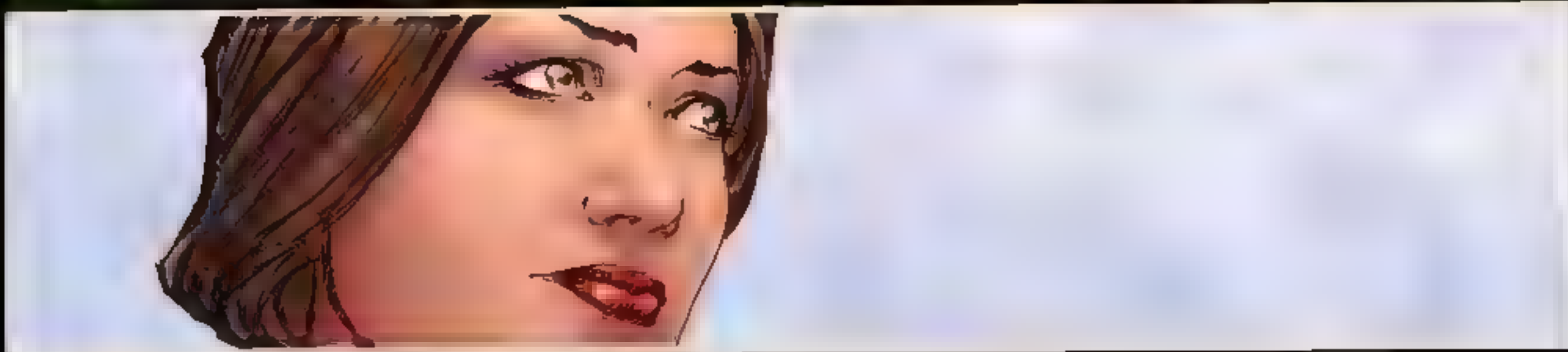
IT'S
DEFINITELY
NOT GOOD
NEWS.

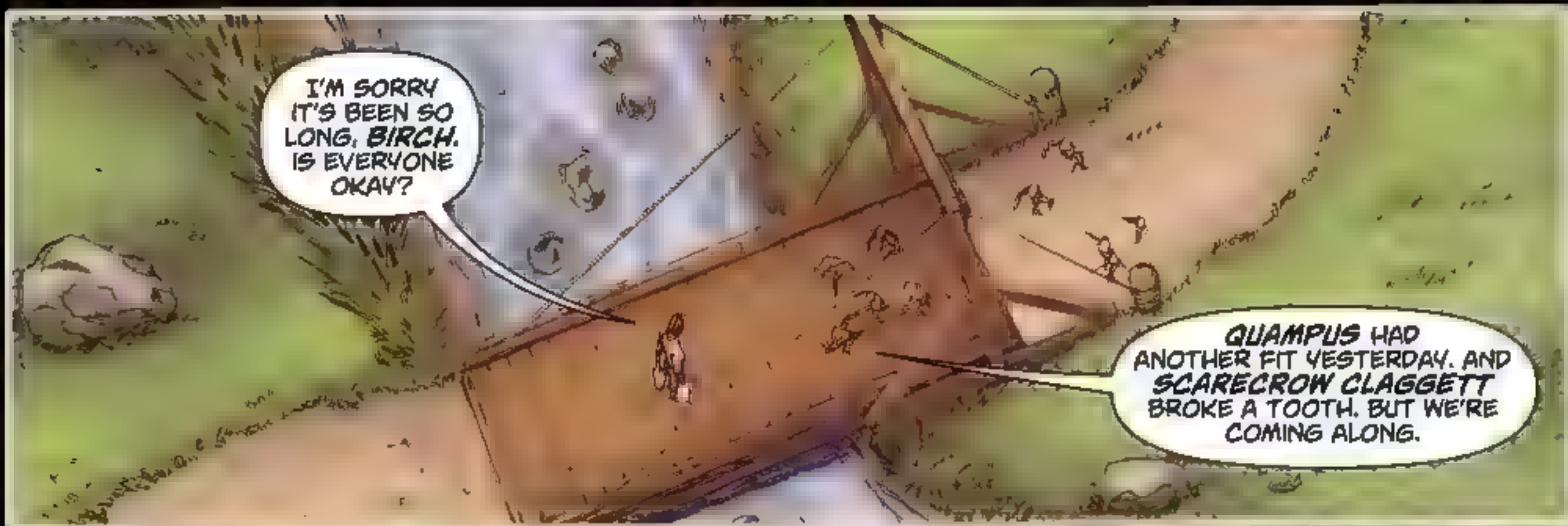
IT MEANS...



...THAT
NOTHING IS
ALIVE OUT
THERE.

STILL.





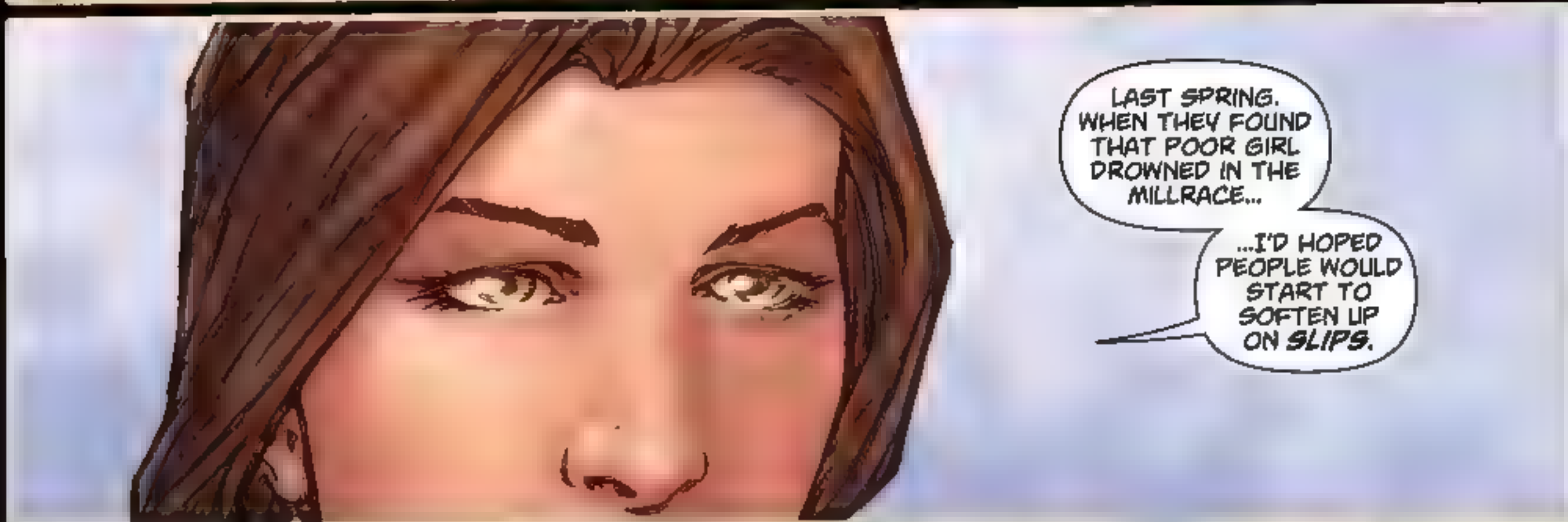
I'M SORRY
IT'S BEEN SO
LONG, BIRCH.
IS EVERYONE
OKAY?

QUAMPUS HAD
ANOTHER FIT YESTERDAY. AND
SCARECROW CLAGGETT
BROKE A TOOTH. BUT WE'RE
COMING ALONG.



THE HIGHER I CLIMB IN
THE LAMIA ORDER, THE
HARDER IT IS FOR ME
TO KEEP SNEAKING
SUPPLIES HERE.

PUMPKIN
BUTTER!



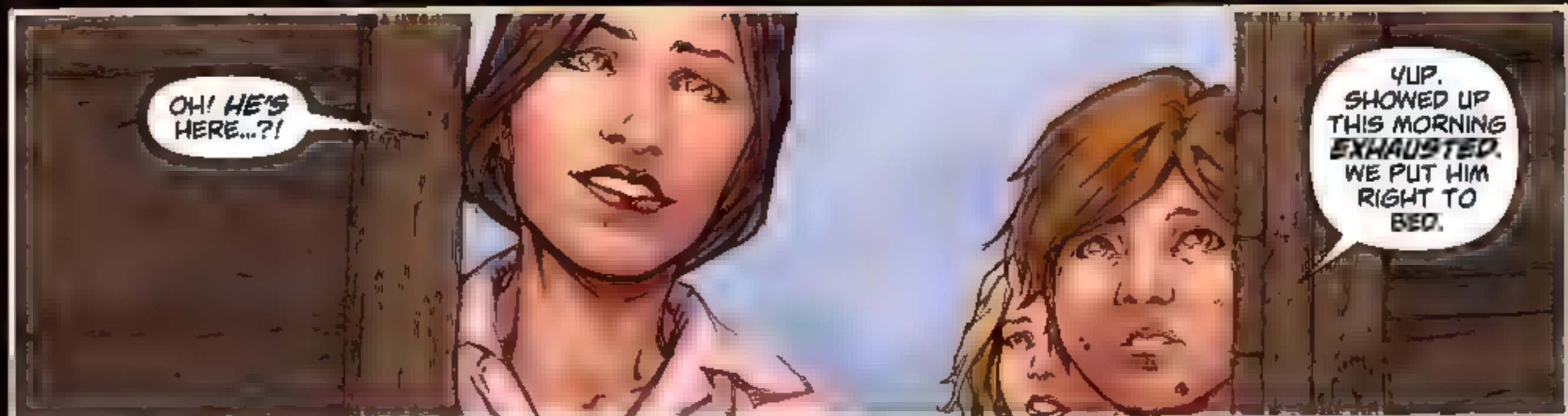
LAST SPRING,
WHEN THEY FOUND
THAT POOR GIRL
DROWNED IN THE
MILLRACE...

...I'D HOPED
PEOPLE WOULD
START TO
SOFTEN UP
ON SLIPS.



BUT
SOMEHOW I
THINK HEARTS
ARE HARDENING
FASTER THAN
EVER.

IF SHE'D
FOUND HER WAY
TO US, SHE'D STILL
BE ALIVE.



OH! HE'S
HERE...?!

YUP.
SHOWED UP
THIS MORNING
EXHAUSTED.
WE PUT HIM
RIGHT TO
BED.

RAMONA...!
HI!

ISN'T
PRIMIDI ONE OF
MY DAYS TO
PLAY "PARENT"
HERE?

MY DAY, YOUR
DAY...THE WHOLE
GRAND SCHEDULE
WE USED TO KEEP IS
SUCH A JOKE
NOW.

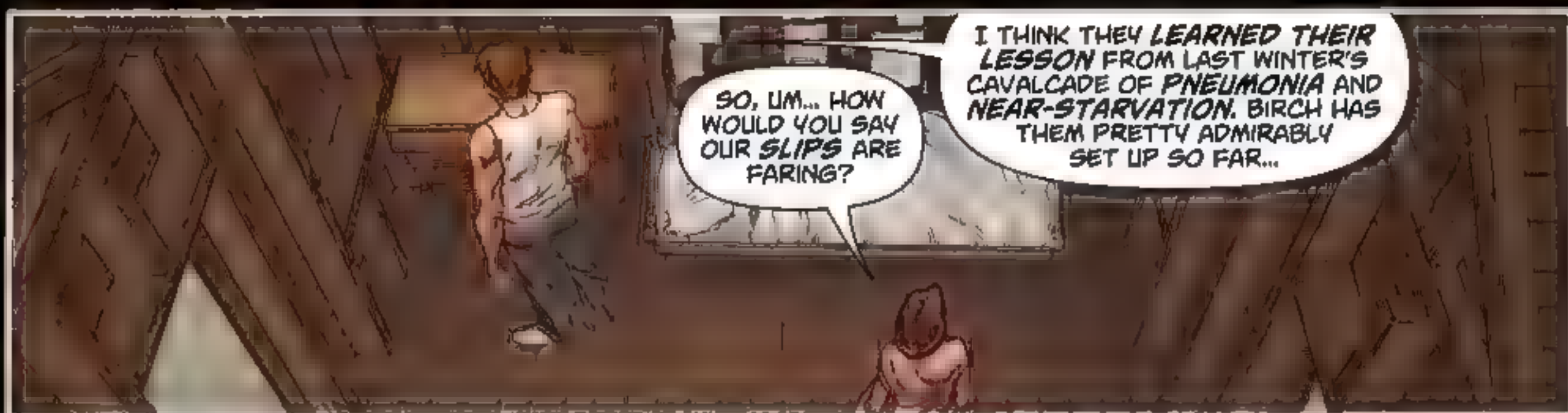
MARY-FRAN'S
GOT ME ON AN
EVER-SHORTENING
LEASH. AND I HEAR
THINGS ARE ROUGH
FOR YOU TOO.

YEAH.
WE'RE TWO
STEPS BEHIND
THE SALESMAN.
AS ALWAYS.
AND I--

I HAD TO
ICE A MAN LAST
WEEK, RAMONA. HE
WAS **RESISTING**
ARREST. BUT
STILL...

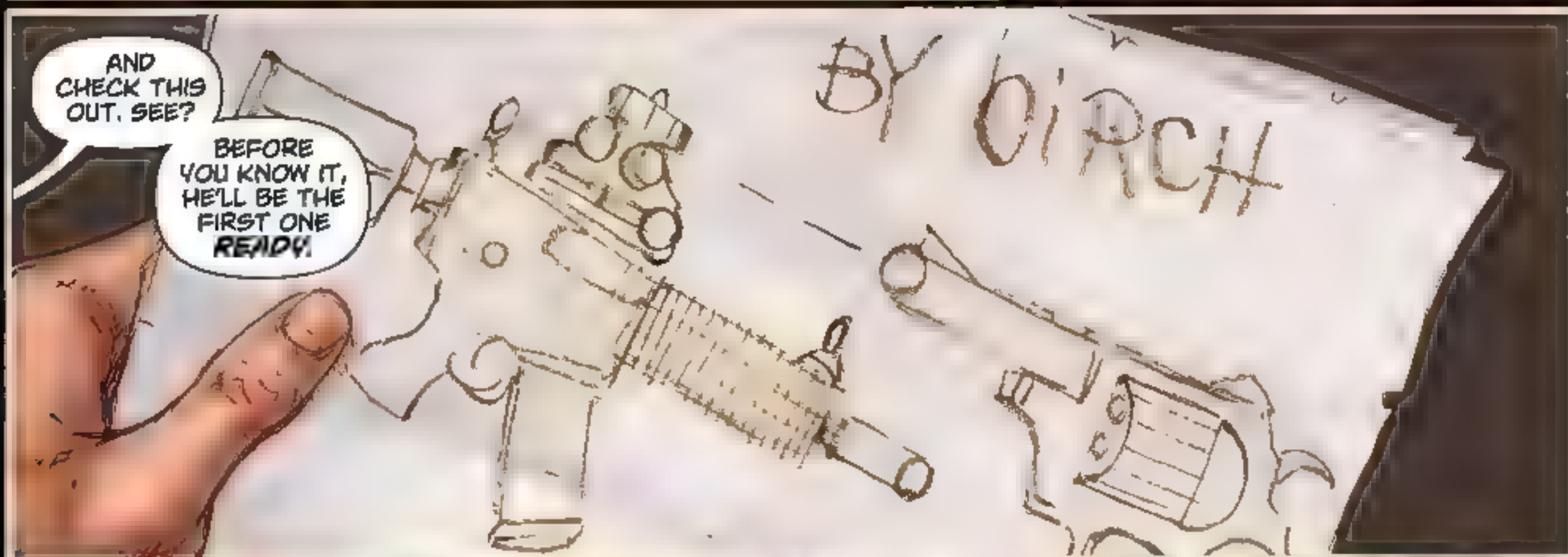
I HEARD
ABOUT IT,
JOHANNES.

I'M
SORRY.



SO, UM... HOW
WOULD YOU SAY
OUR **SLIPS** ARE
FARING?

I THINK THEY **LEARNED THEIR
LESSON** FROM LAST WINTER'S
CAVALCADE OF **PNEUMONIA** AND
NEAR-STARVATION. BIRCH HAS
THEM PRETTY ADMIRABLY
SET UP SO FAR...



AND
CHECK THIS
OUT. SEE?

BEFORE
YOU KNOW IT,
HE'LL BE THE
FIRST ONE
READY.

BY BIRCH

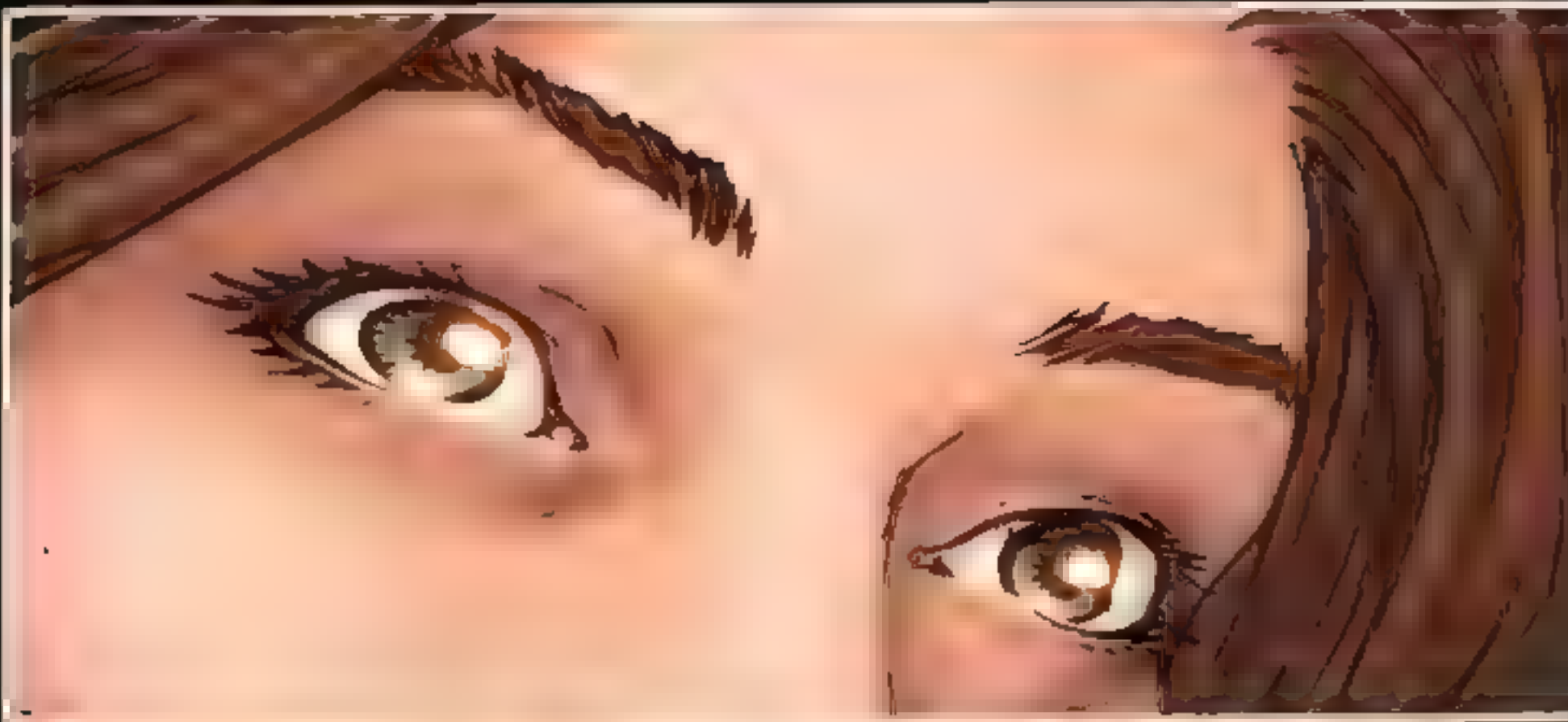


BIRCH IS GOING
TO BE AN ACE
RESYNCHRONIZER.



**MOST OF
THEM** WILL. IF
I CAN KEEP
UP THEIR
TRAINING.

ROOKE WILL
BE **GOBSMACKED**
WHEN I SPRING A
**SECRET CORPS OF
RESERVES** ON HIM
SOMEDAY. BUT HE
WON'T BE ABLE TO
SAY NO.



IT WILL BE SUCH
A BLESSING WHEN
READJUSTMENT
DAY COMES.

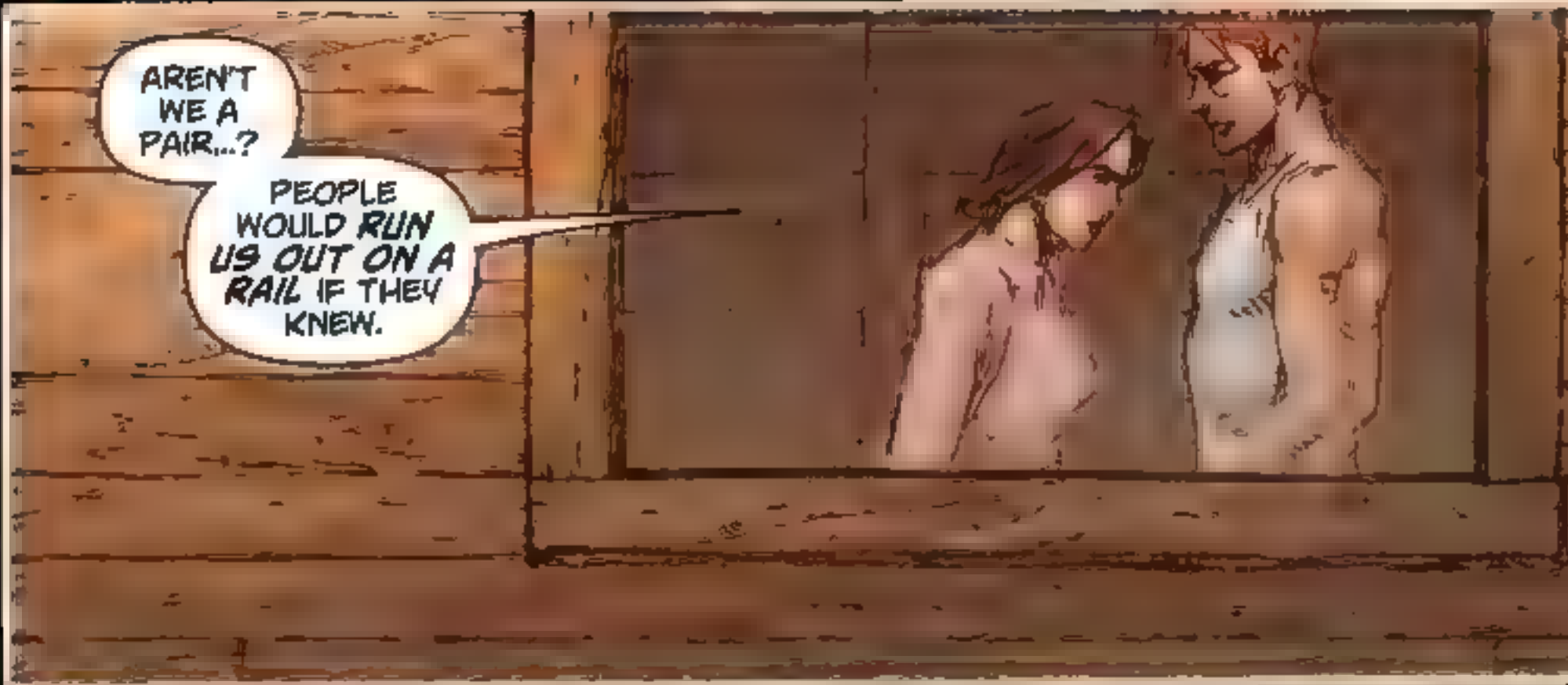
TO KNOW
THAT EVEN WITHOUT
HOME TIMES THEY
WON'T SIMPLY GO
POOF. LIKE ALL THE
OTHER SLIPS.



NOPE.
YOU'LL STAY
IN 1951.

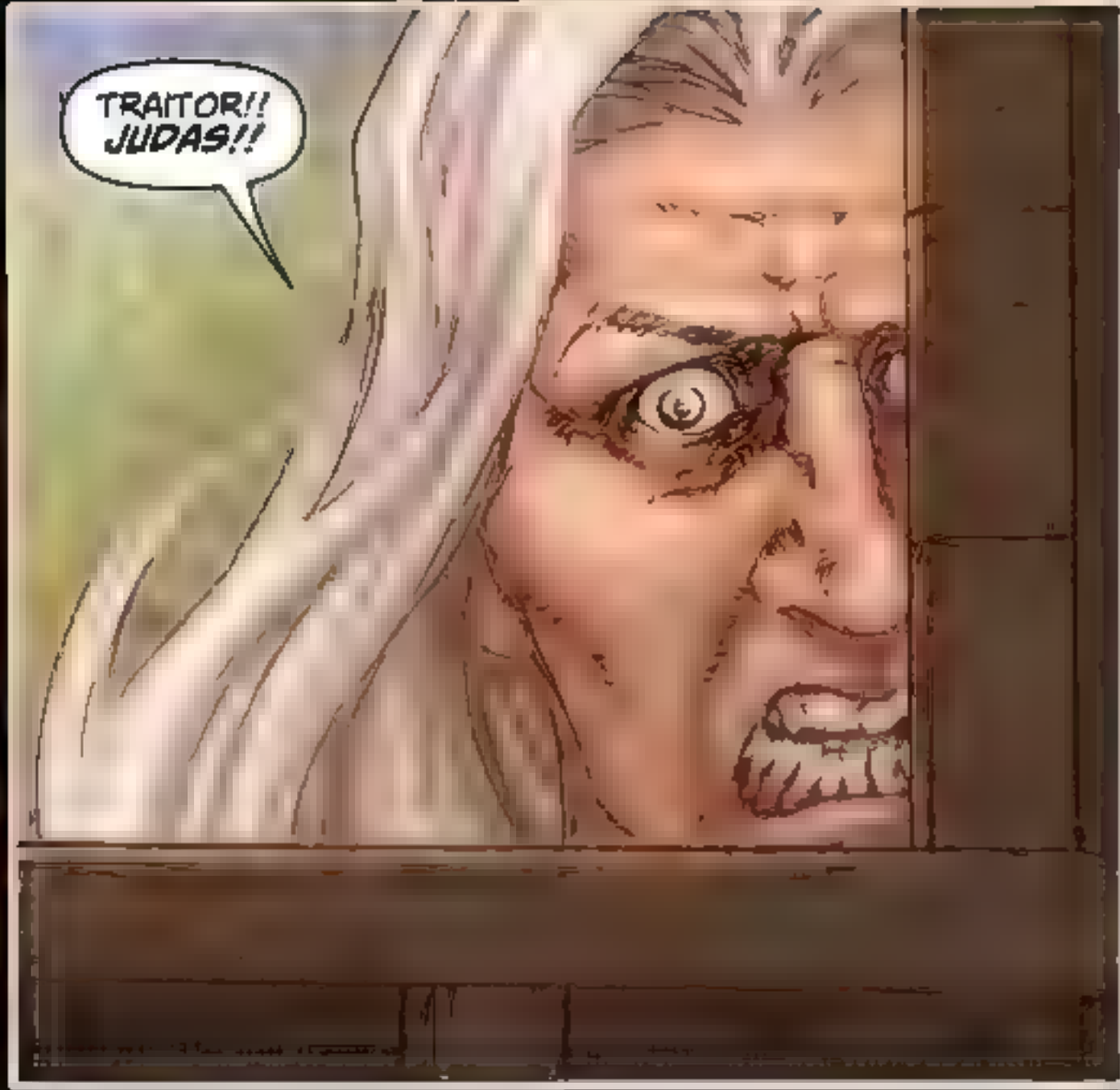
I'LL--YOU
KNOW--GO
WHERE I HAVE
TO GO.

AND OUR
BUNCH WILL GET
TO SETTLE IN
ANY PART OF
HISTORY THEY
CHOOSE.

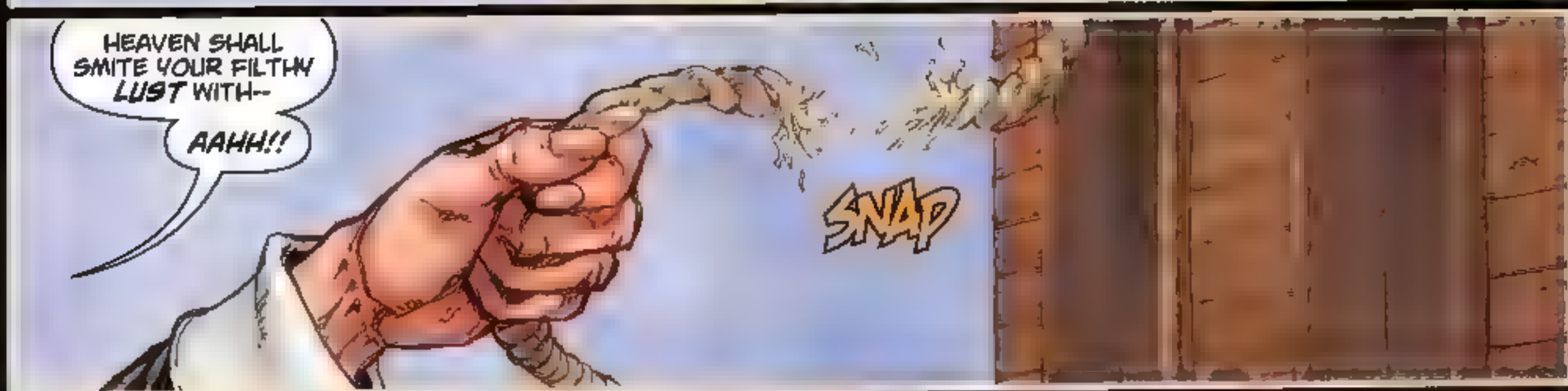


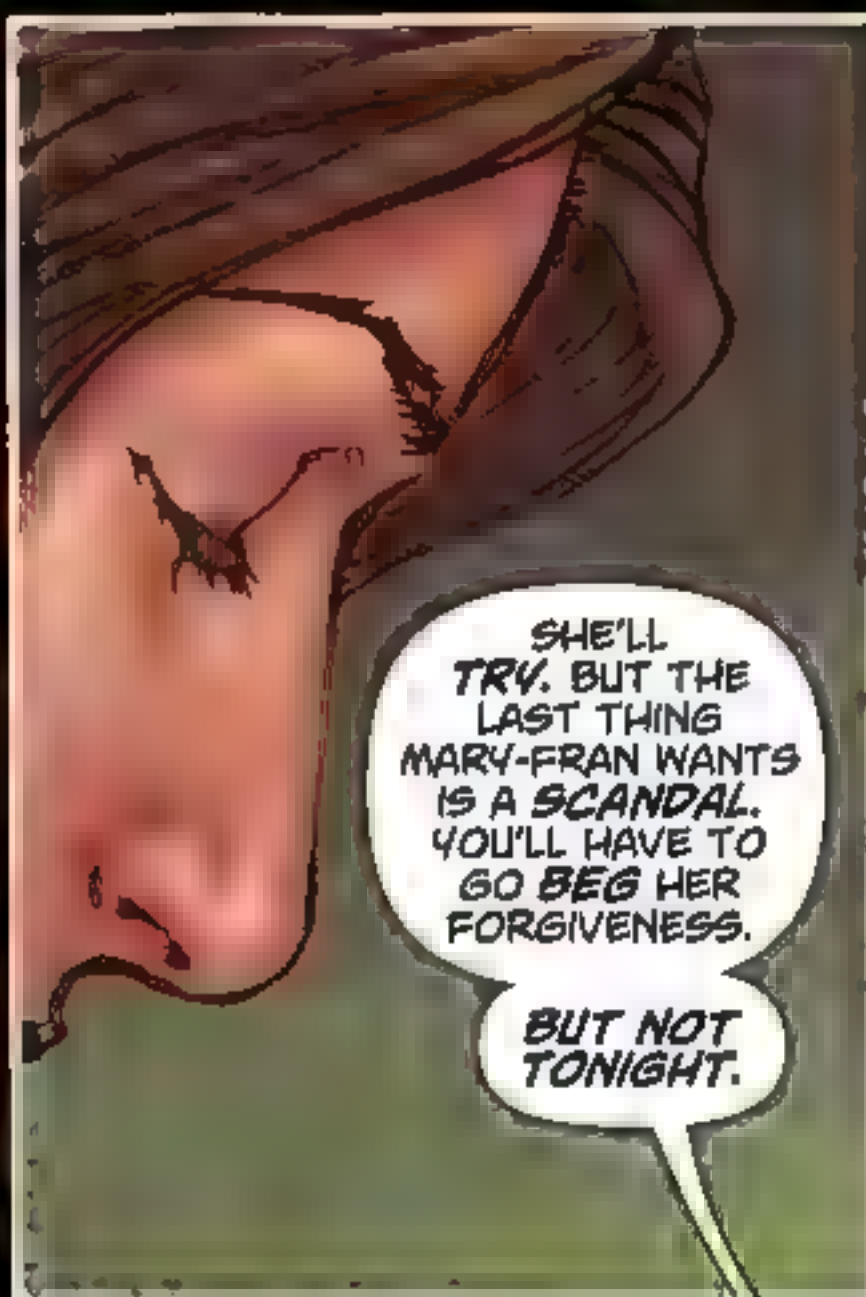
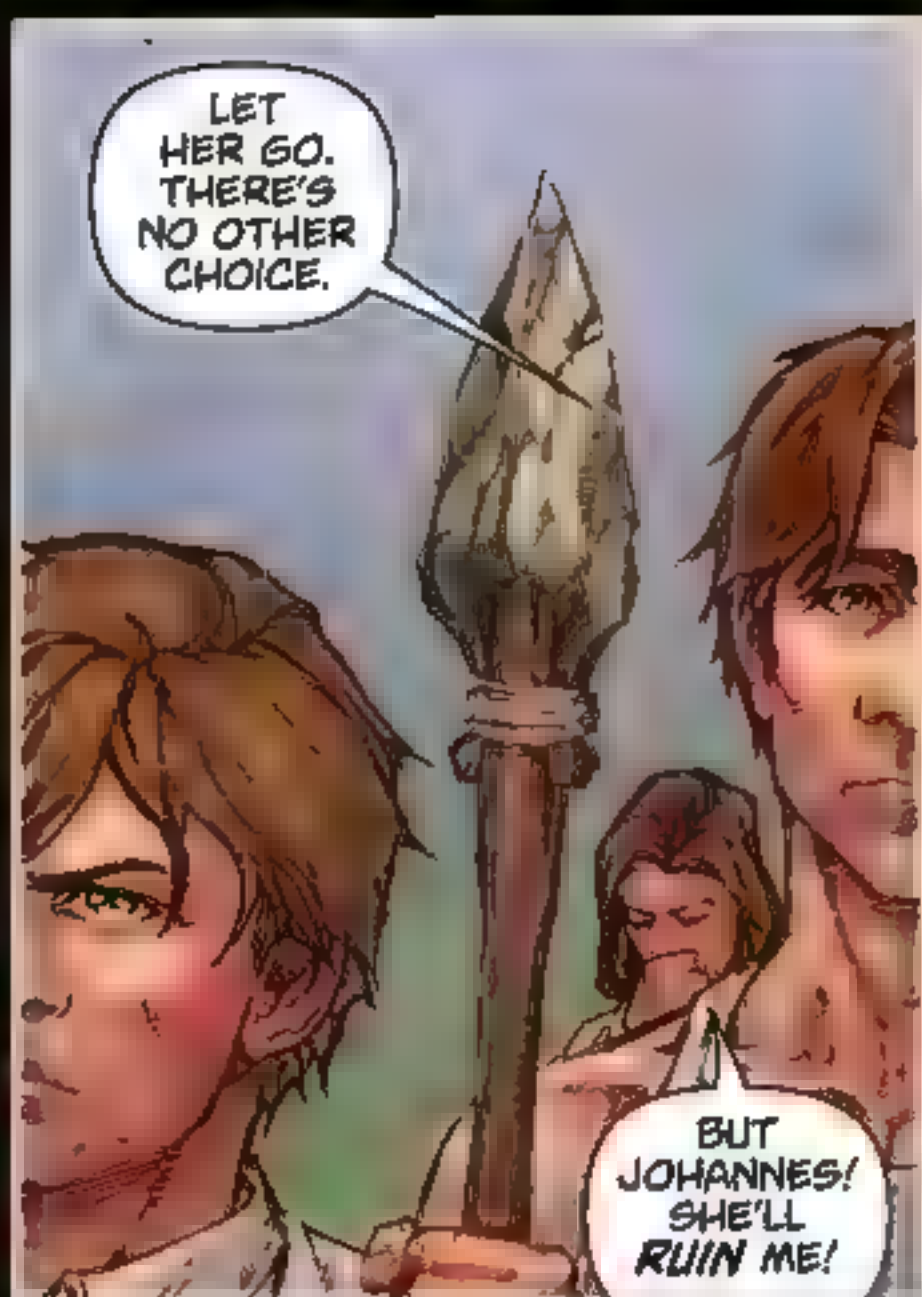
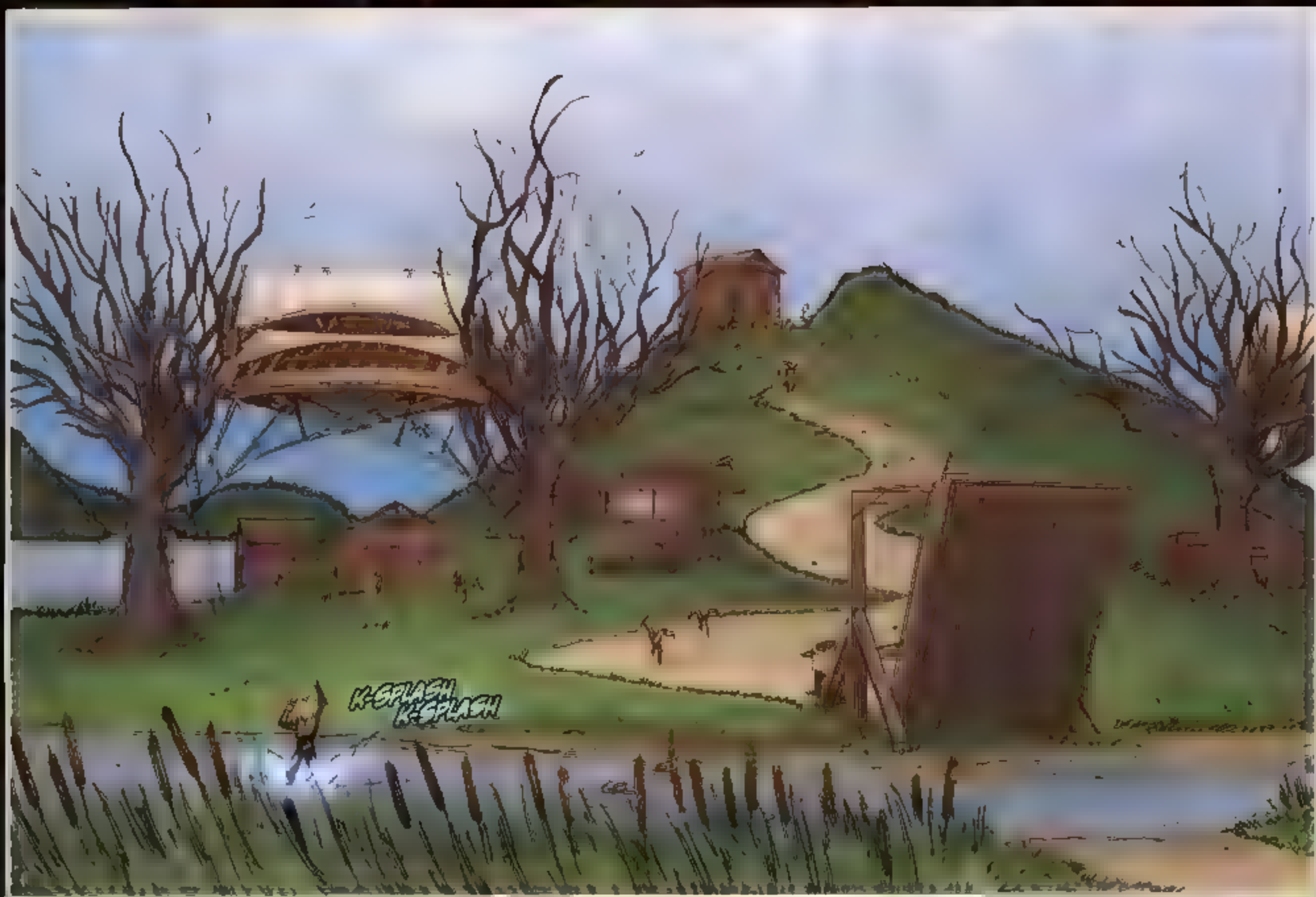
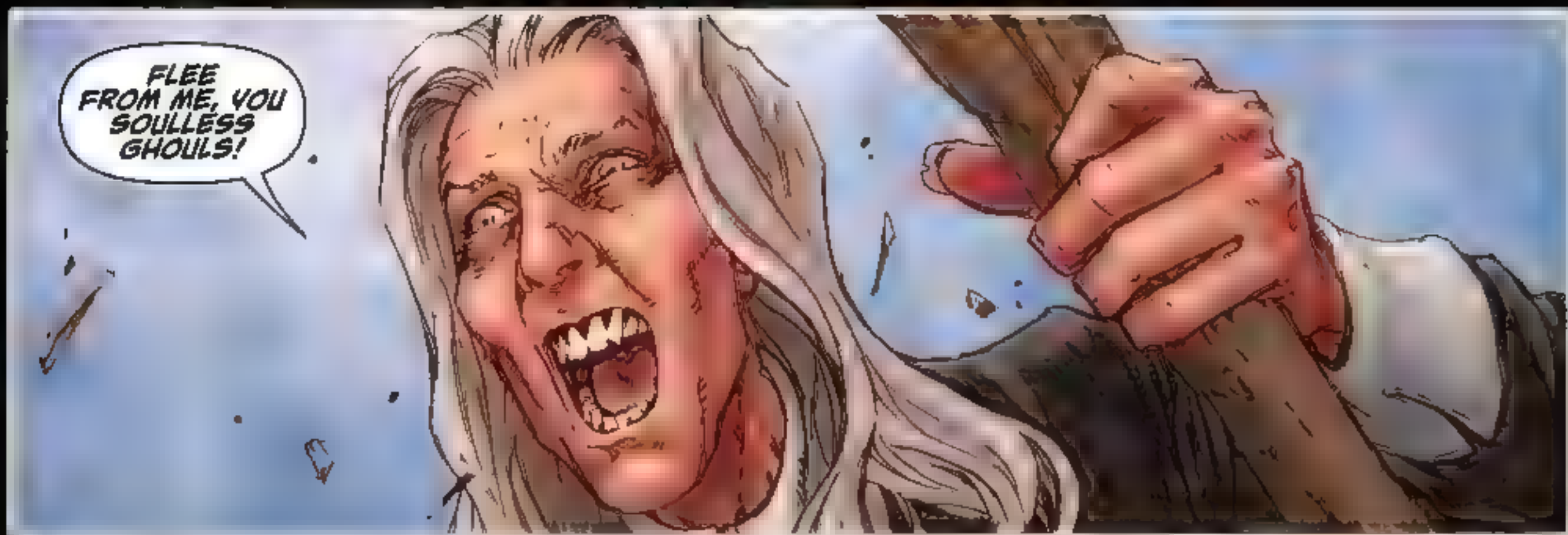
AREN'T
WE A
PAIR...?

PEOPLE
WOULD RUN
US OUT ON A
RAIL IF THEY
KNEW.

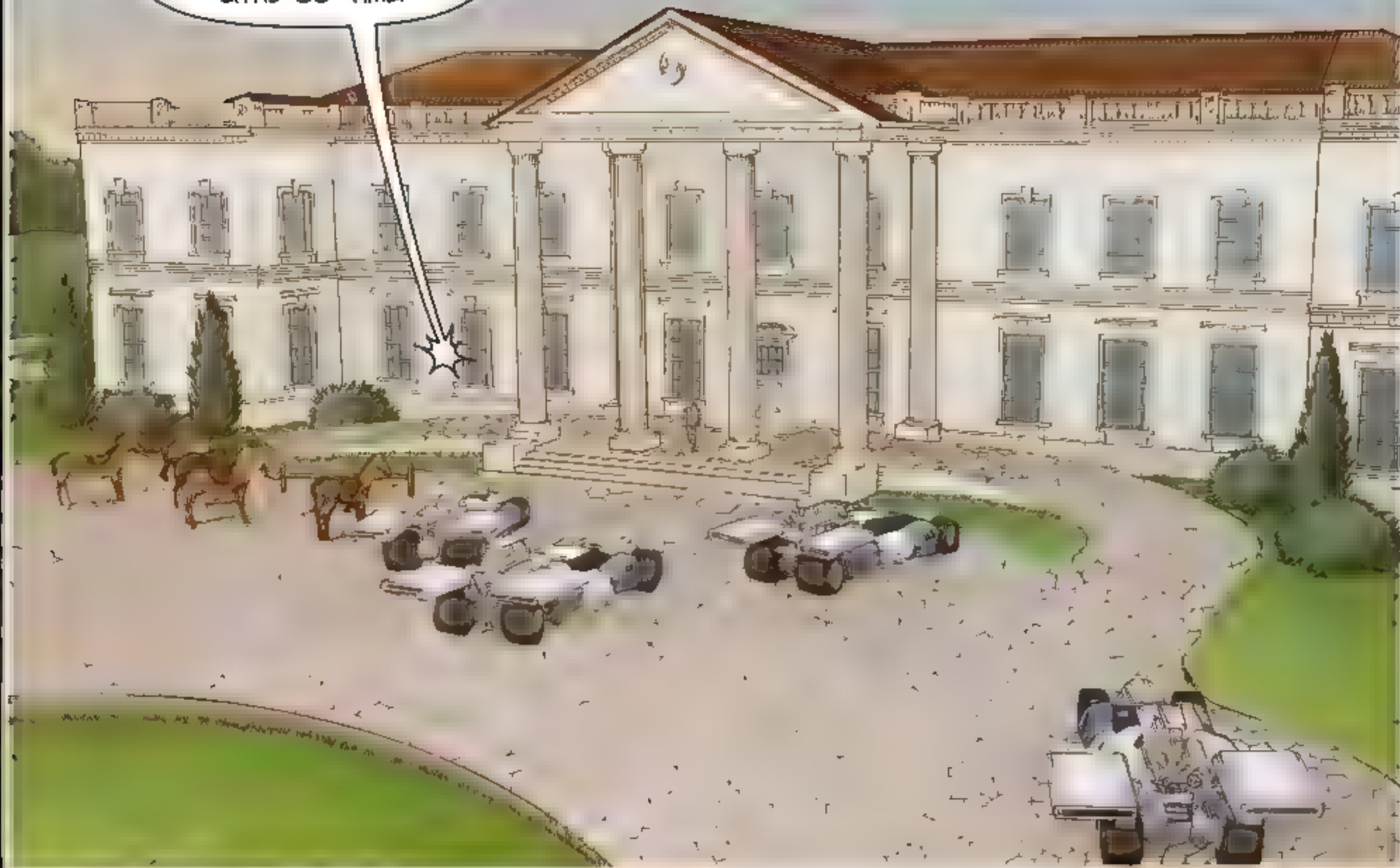


TRAITOR!!
JUDAS!!





...AND SO NOW THAT
ELI'S MEN HAVE ALL BEEN
MUSTERED TO ARMS, NO
ONE LEAVES THIS ROOM
UNTIL "GO" TIME.



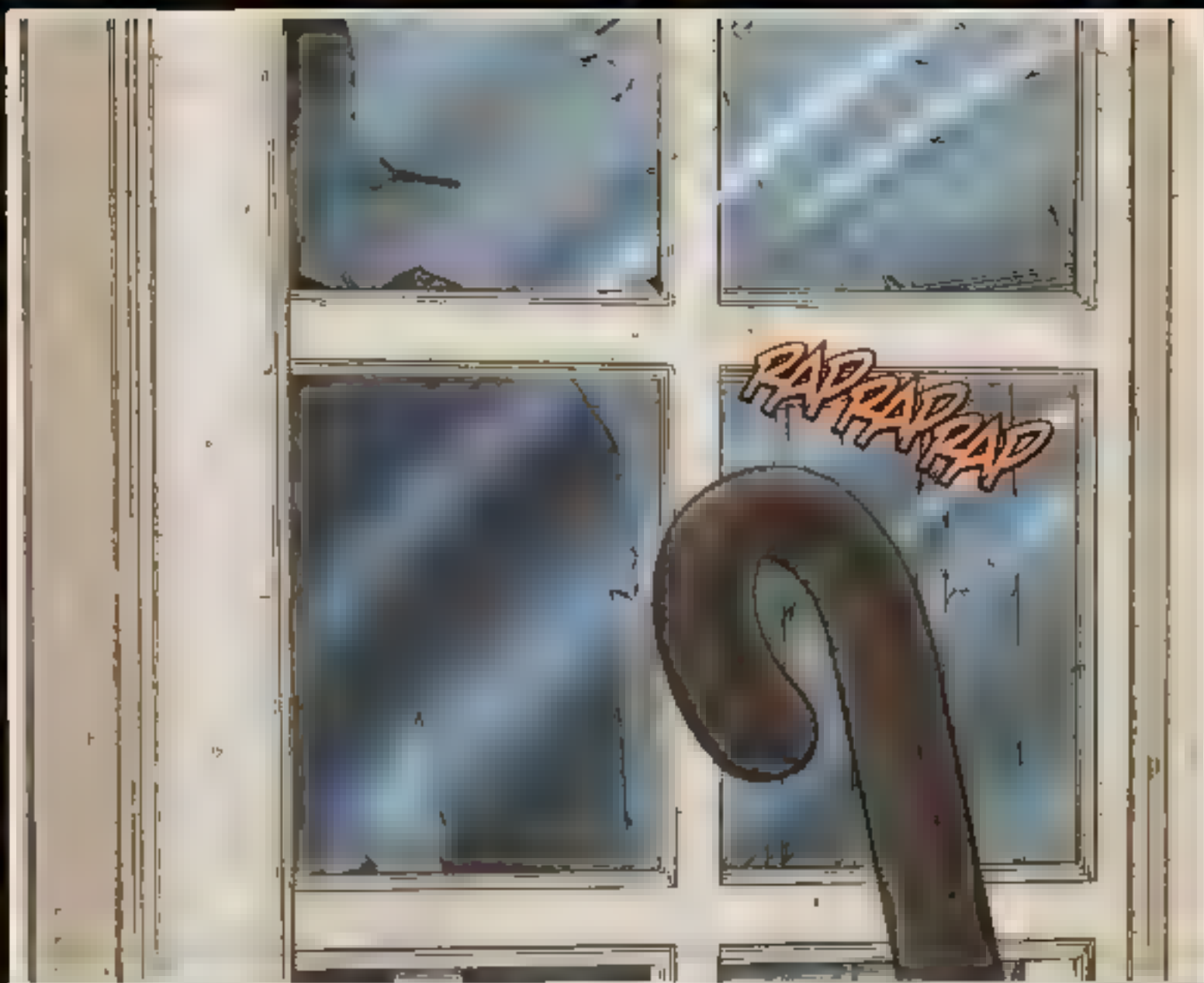
SIR! I CANNOT
TOLERATE THIS INSULT!
THE AGENTS OF THE
MINISTRY INSINUATE MY
MEN ARE CONSPIRING
WITH OUTLAWS!

THE CAPTAIN CLAIMS HE HAS
BEEN RECONNOITERING BLED SOE
FOR WEEKS. SO WHY IS HE
SUDDENLY SO HESITANT
TO ACT?



TELL ME AGAIN,
LIEUTENANT VAN
DER HONING...

...WHY
IS IT YOUR
CONTENTION
THIS RAID
MUST HAPPEN
NOW?

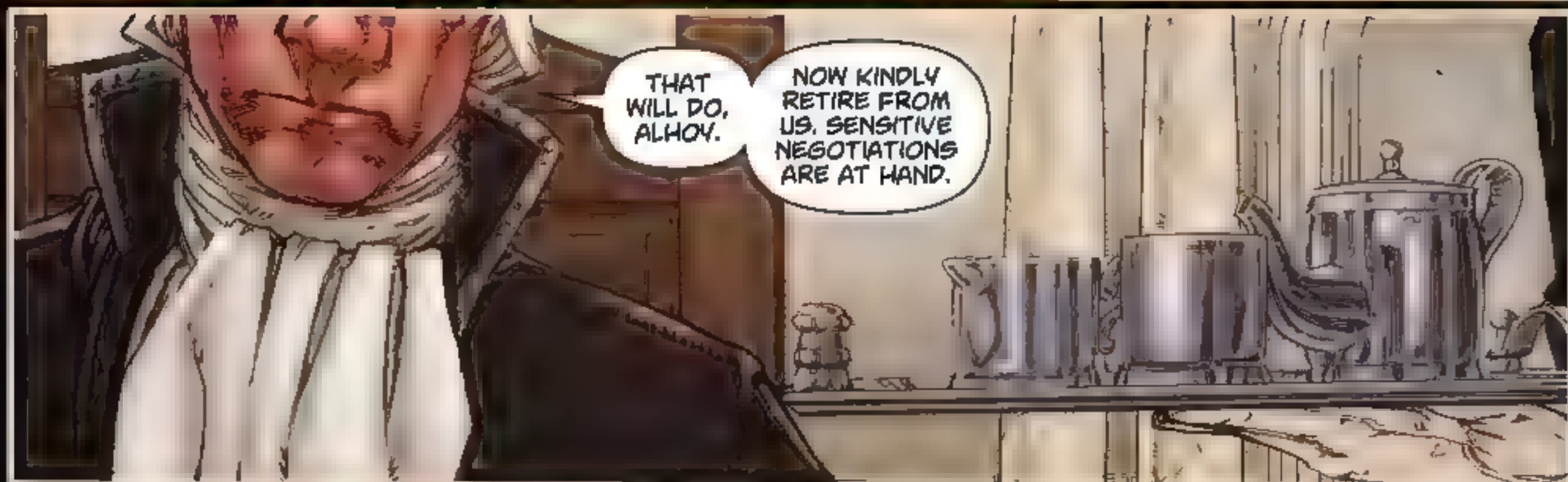




BEG PARDON.
KITCHEN DOOR'S
LOCKED.



I HAVE HIS
EXCELLENCY'S
TEA.



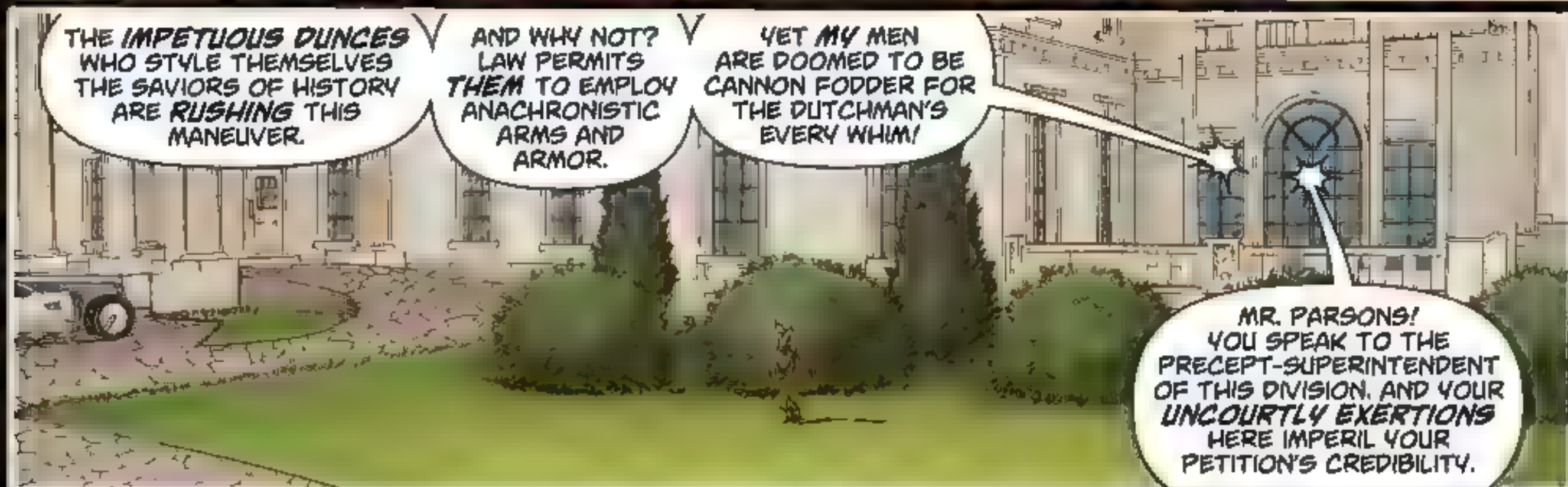
THAT
WILL DO,
ALHOV.

NOW KINDLY
RETIRE FROM
US. SENSITIVE
NEGOTIATIONS
ARE AT HAND.



"ALHOV"?!
DANVERS
MONTGOMERIE
HAS A BLACK
SERVANT?!

HOW DID
I NOT KNOW
ABOUT
THIS?

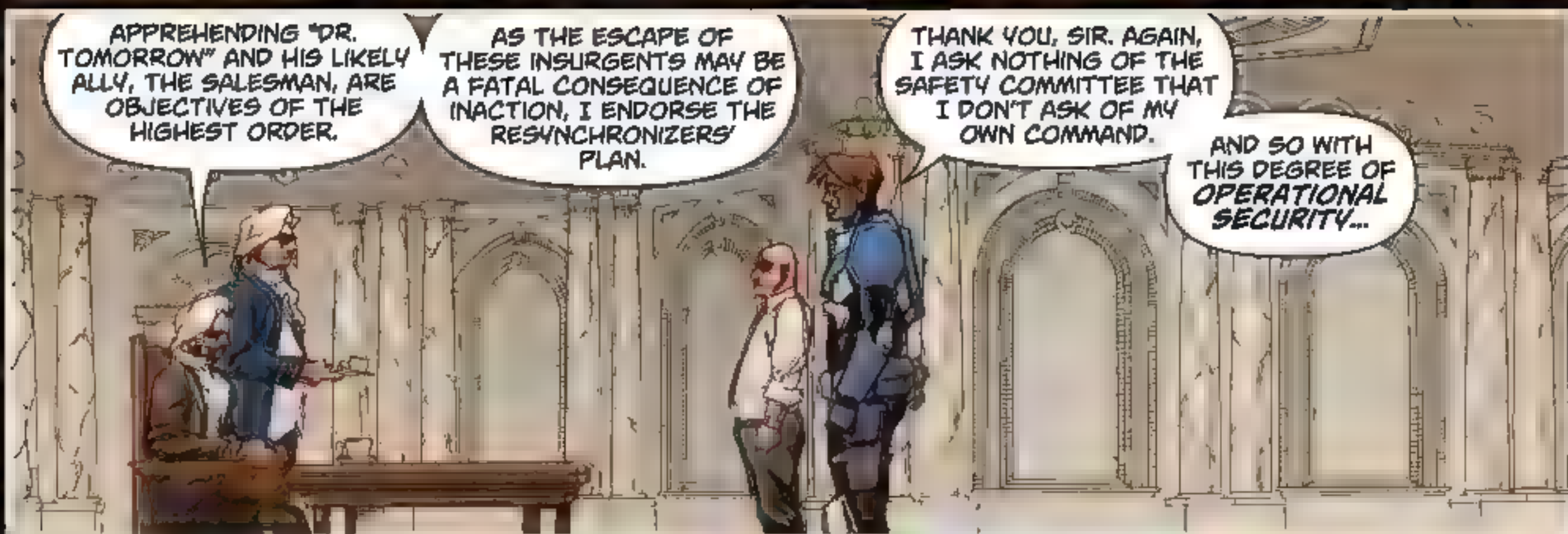


THE IMPETUOUS DUNCES
WHO STYLE THEMSELVES
THE SAVIORS OF HISTORY
ARE RUSHING THIS
MANEUVER.

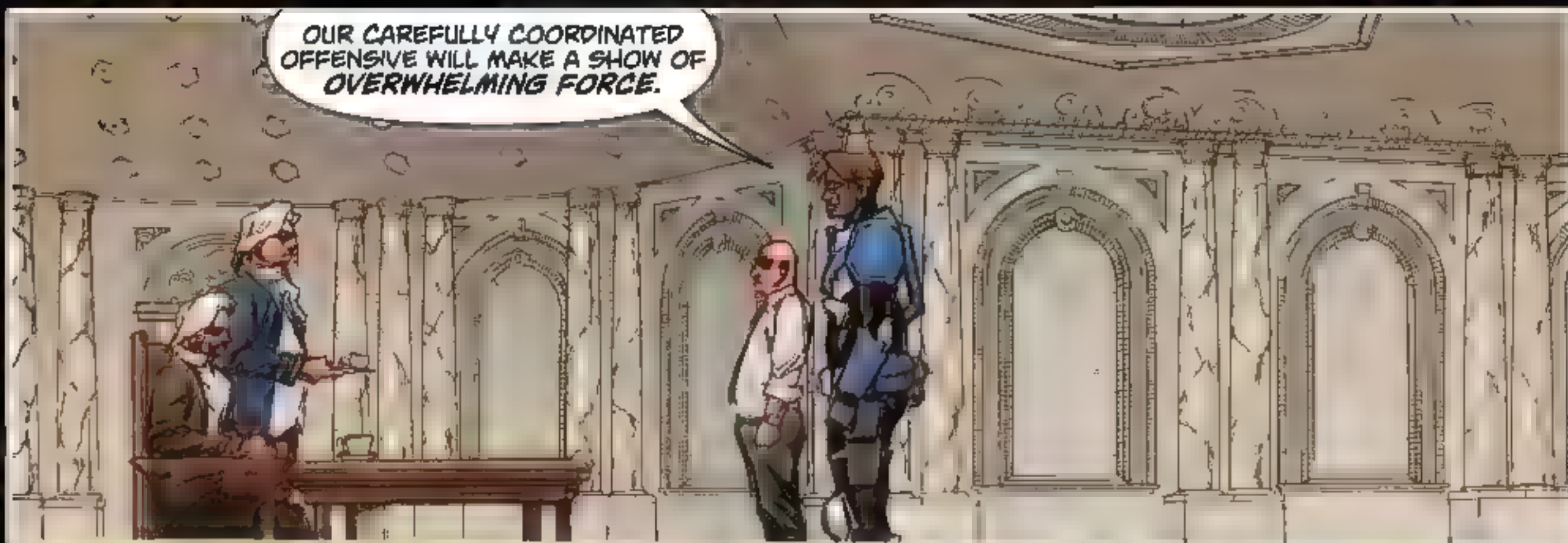
AND WHY NOT?
LAW PERMITS
THEM TO EMPLOY
ANACHRONISTIC
ARMS AND
ARMOR.

YET MY MEN
ARE DOOMED TO BE
CANNON FODDER FOR
THE DUTCHMAN'S
EVERY WHIM!

MR. PARSONS!
YOU SPEAK TO THE
PRECEPT-SUPERINTENDENT
OF THIS DIVISION. AND YOUR
UNCOURTLY EXERTIONS
HERE IMPERIL YOUR
PETITION'S CREDIBILITY.



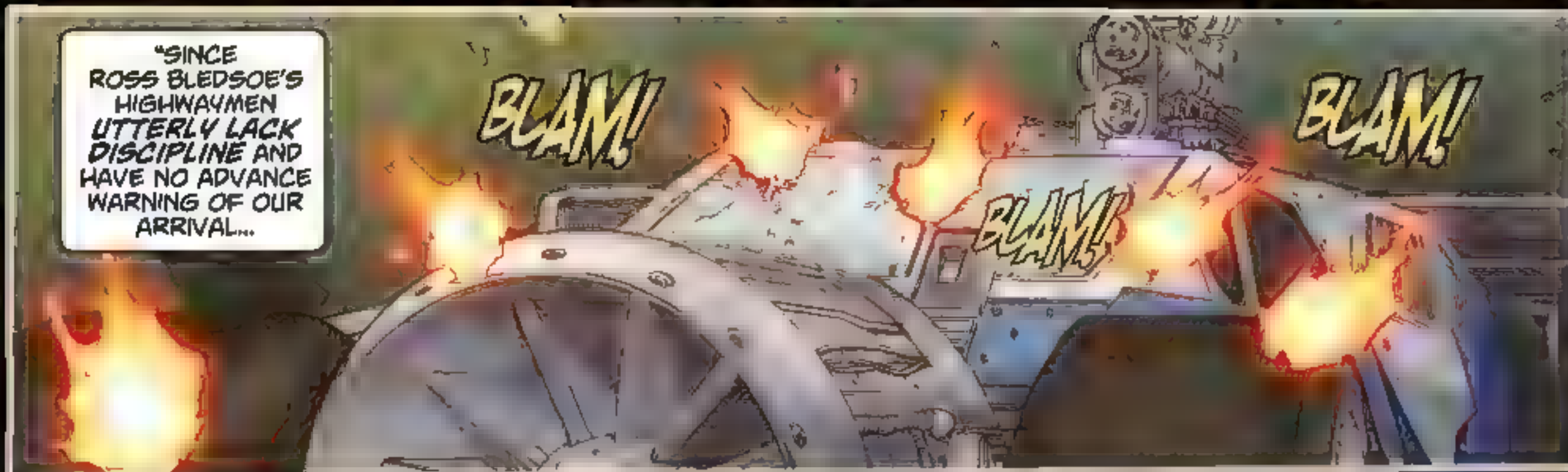
OUR CAREFULLY COORDINATED
OFFENSIVE WILL MAKE A SHOW OF
OVERWHELMING FORCE.



"SINCE
ROSS BLEDSOE'S
HIGHWAYMEN
UTTERLY LACK
DISCIPLINE AND
HAVE NO ADVANCE
WARNING OF OUR
ARRIVAL...

BLAM!

BLAM!



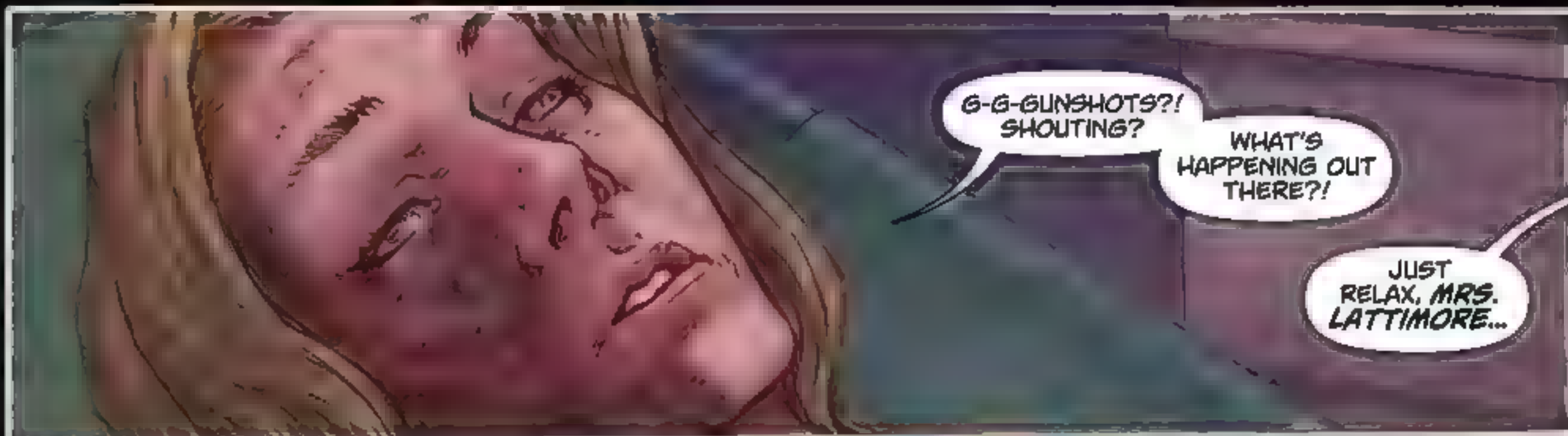
"...I BELIEVE YOUR
EXCELLENCY MAY
REASONABLY EXPECT
NO LOSS OF LIFE
ON EITHER SIDE.



"MARK MY
WORDS.

"WE'RE ALL GOING
TO REMEMBER THIS
AS THE BEGINNING
OF THE END FOR
THE SALESMAN."





G-G-GUNSHOTS?!
SHOUTING?

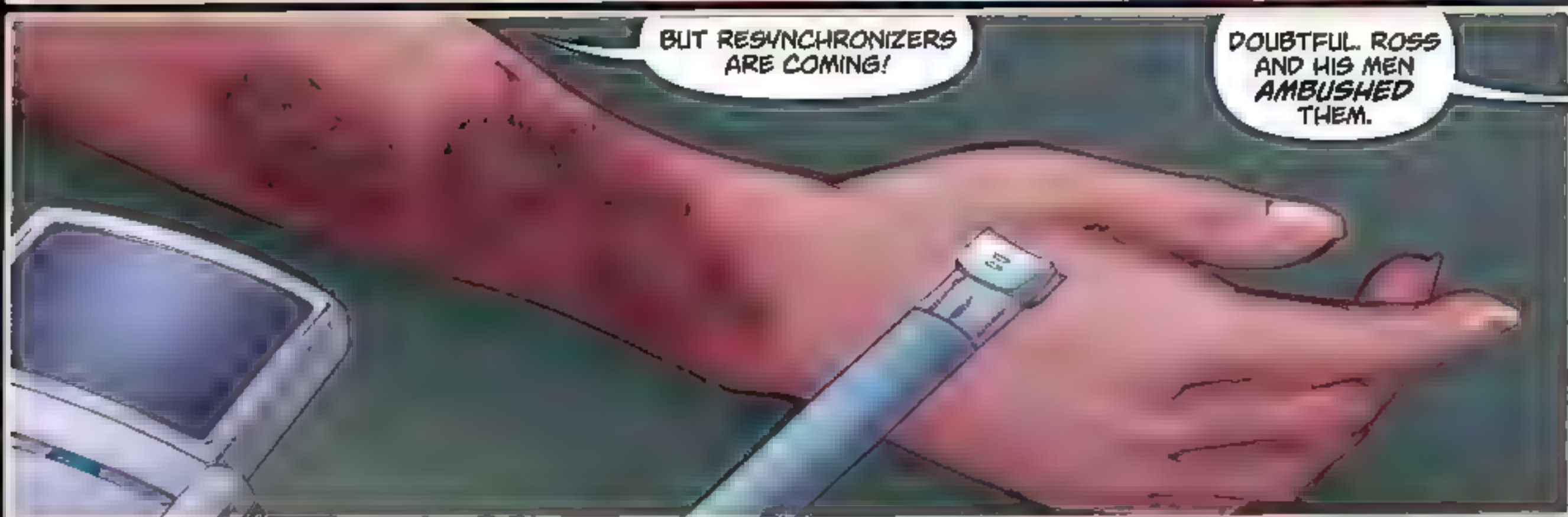
WHAT'S
HAPPENING OUT
THERE?!

JUST
RELAX, MRS.
LATTIMORE...



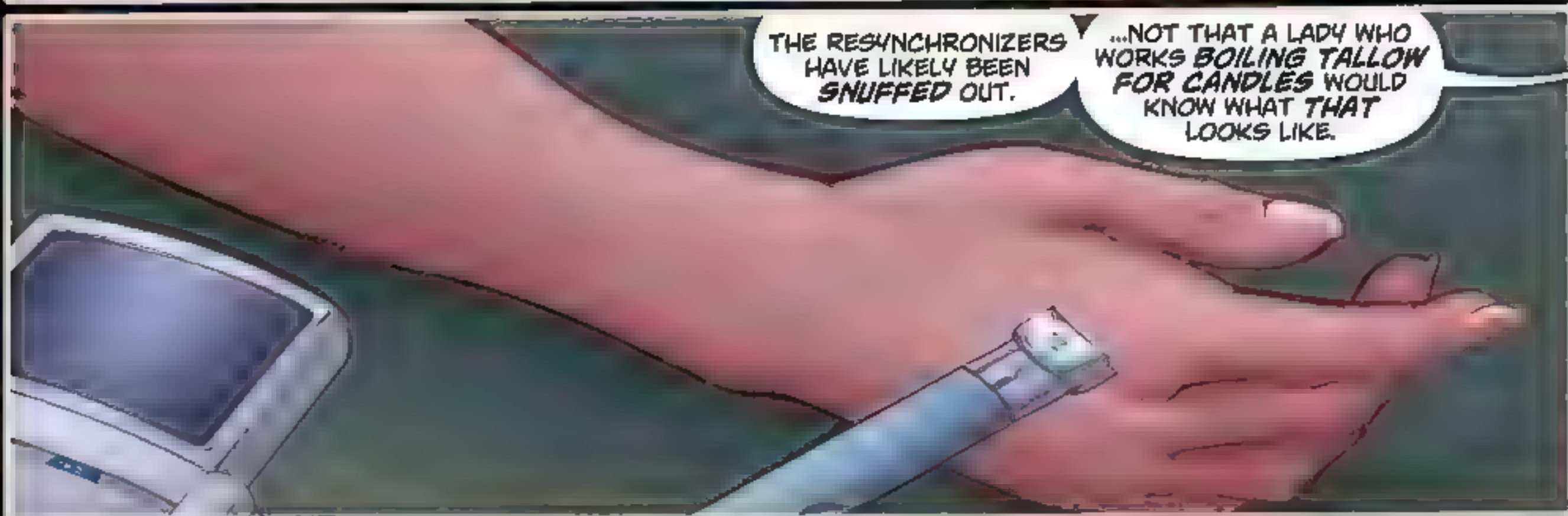
MY MACHINE
HAS JUST
BIOPSIED WHAT WE
EXOTEMPORALS
CALL YOUR STEM
CELLS.

AND NOW, JUST
LIKE A LOOM MAKES
CLOTH, IT'S PREPARING
NEW, HEALTHY SKIN FOR
YOU. THE VERY SAME YOU
WERE BORN WITH.



BUT RESYNCHRONIZERS
ARE COMING!

DOUBTFUL. ROSS
AND HIS MEN
AMBUSHED
THEM.



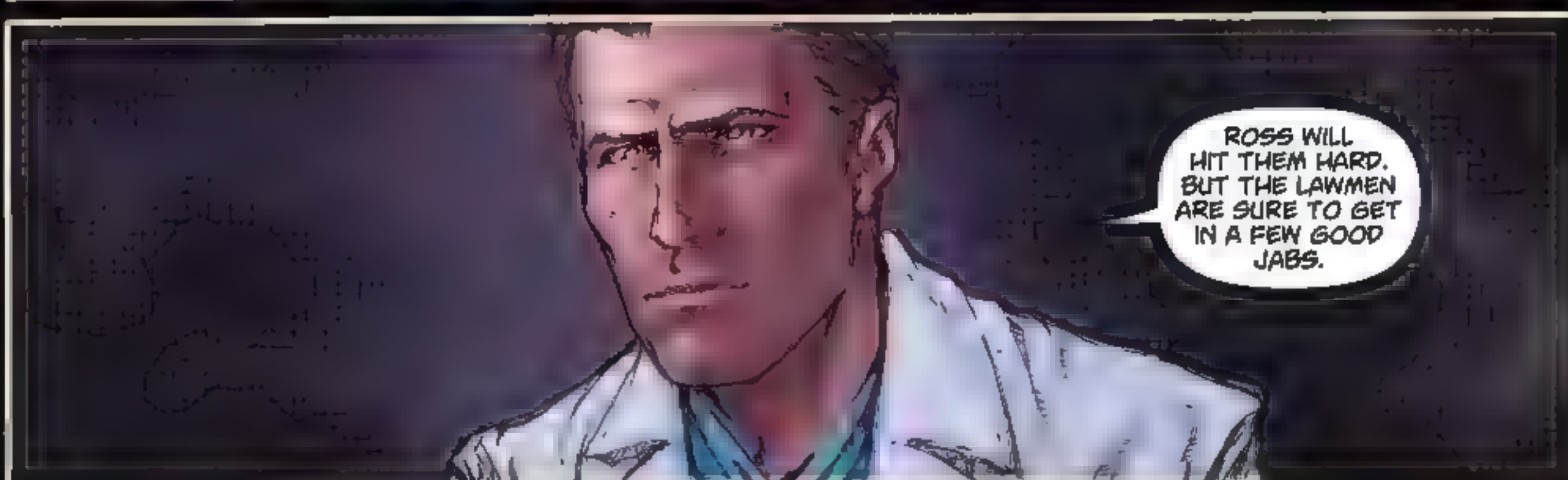
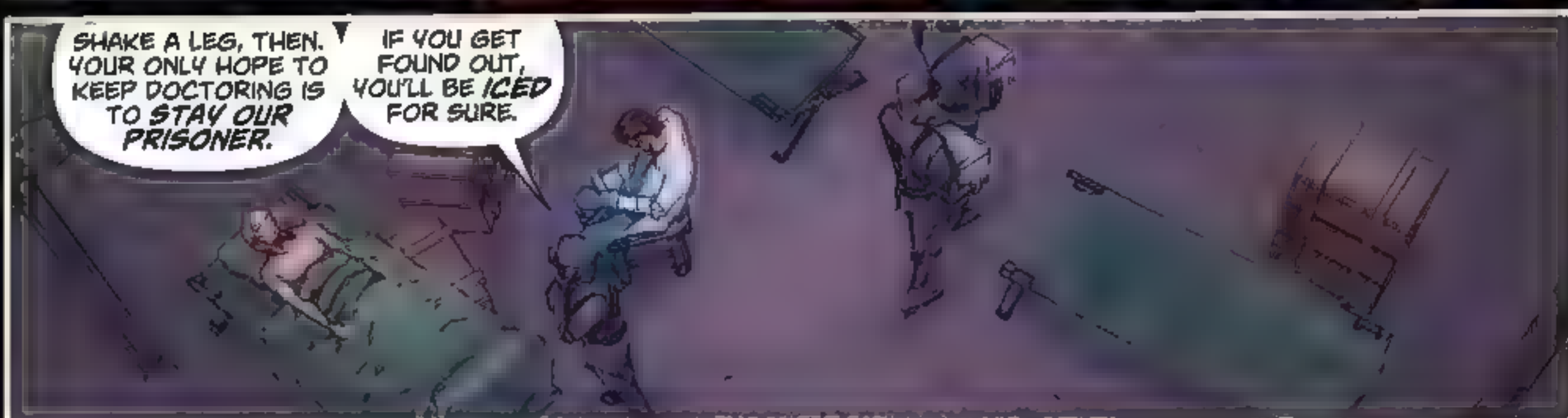
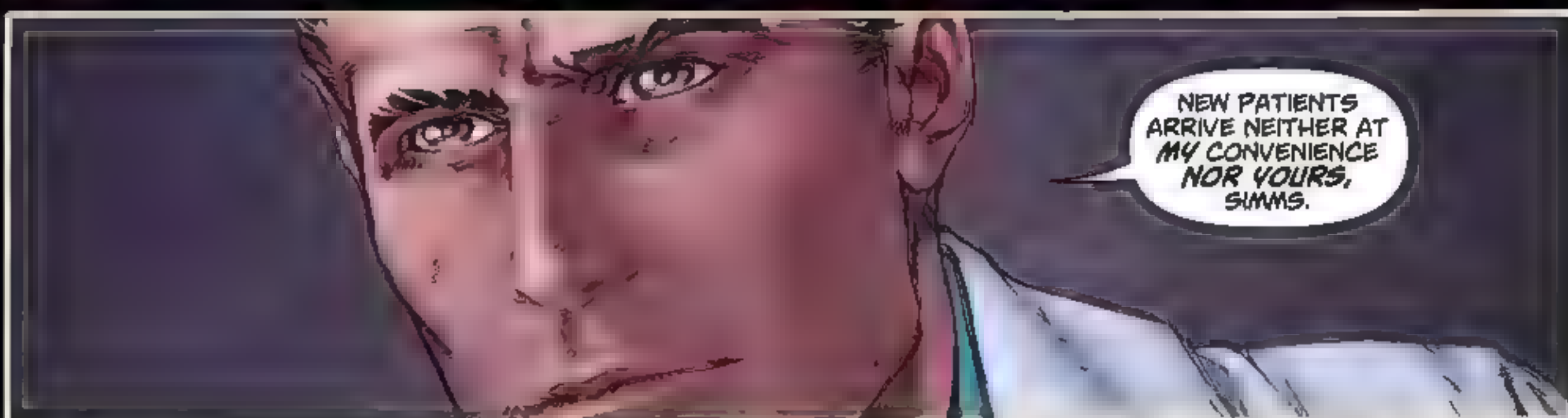
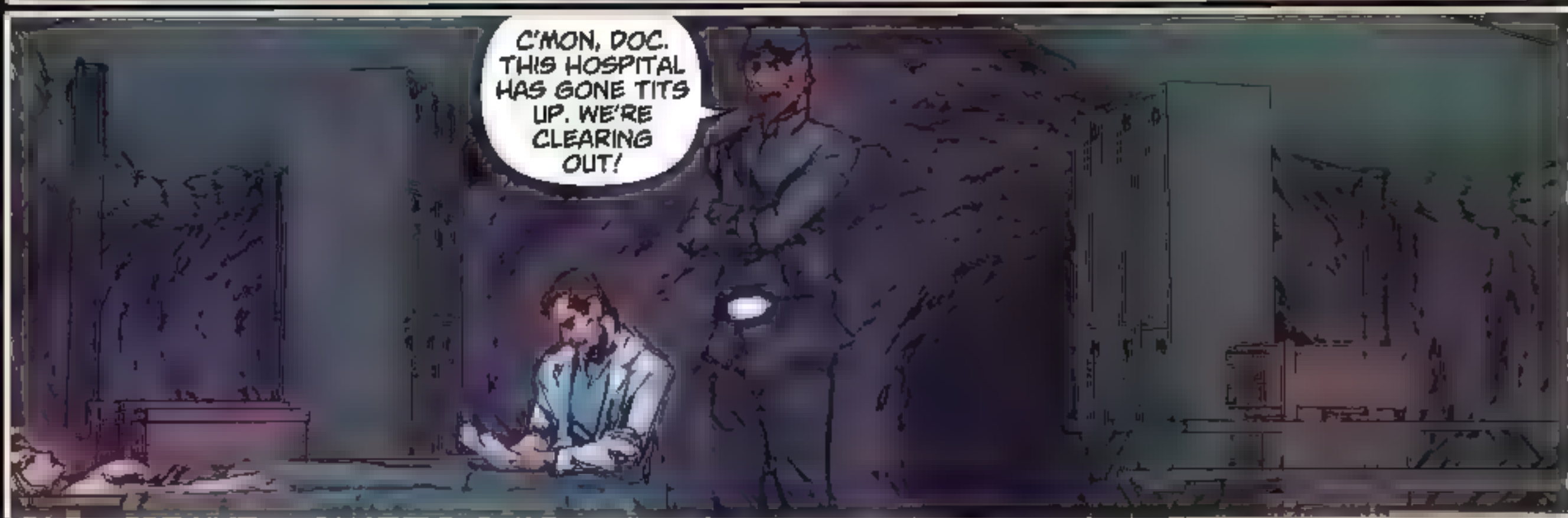
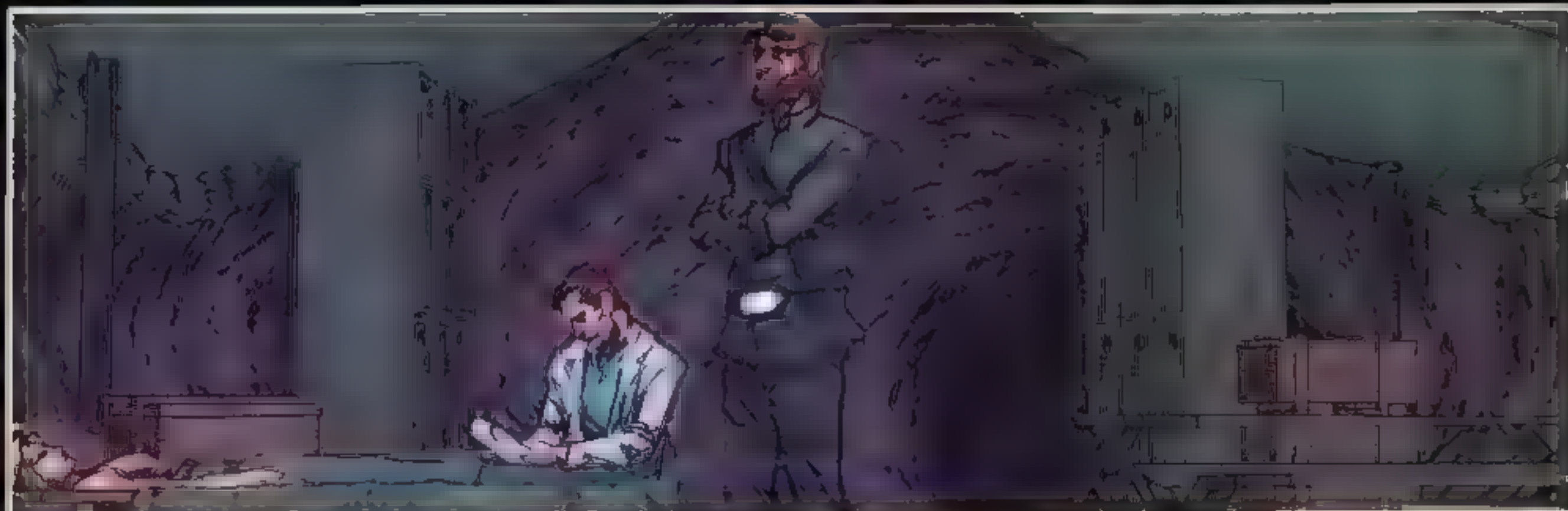
THE RESYNCHRONIZERS
HAVE LIKELY BEEN
SNUFFED OUT.

...NOT THAT A LADY WHO
WORKS BOILING TALLOW
FOR CANDLES WOULD
KNOW WHAT THAT
LOOKS LIKE.

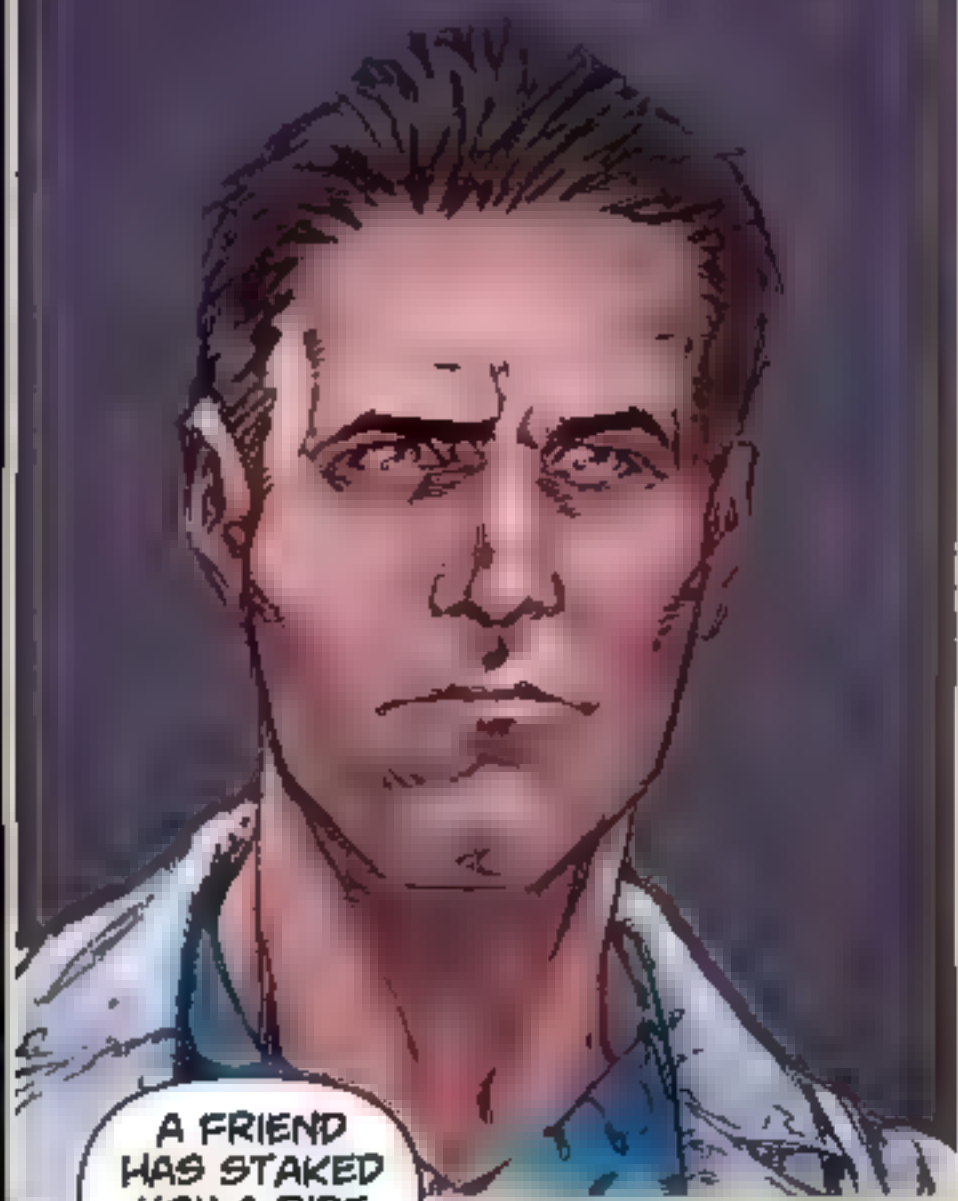


ETERNAL
GOD HAVE MERCY
ON ME. IT'S
WITCHCRAFT!

HUSH,
URSILLA. IT'S
SCIENCE.



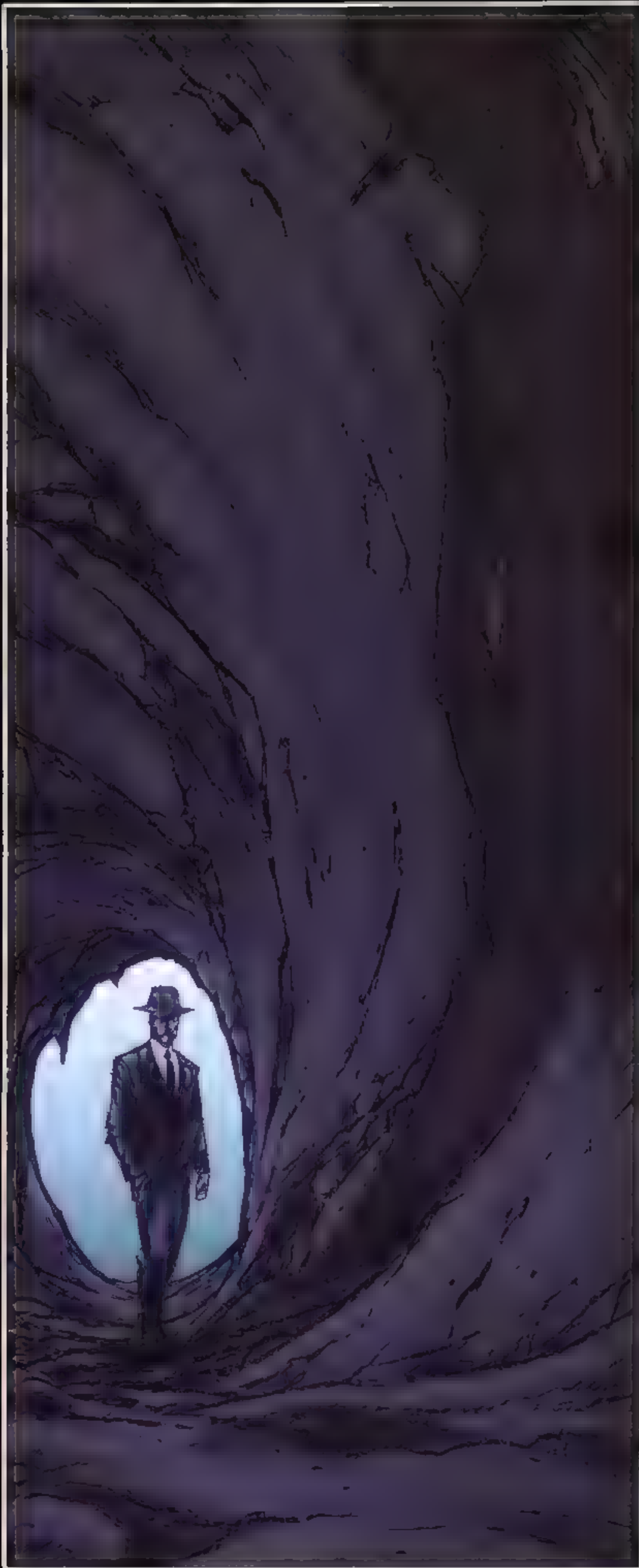
HOW DO YOU
GENIUSES PLAN TO
MOVE ALL THIS GEAR
IN TIME FOR ME TO
TREAT YOUR
WOUNDED?

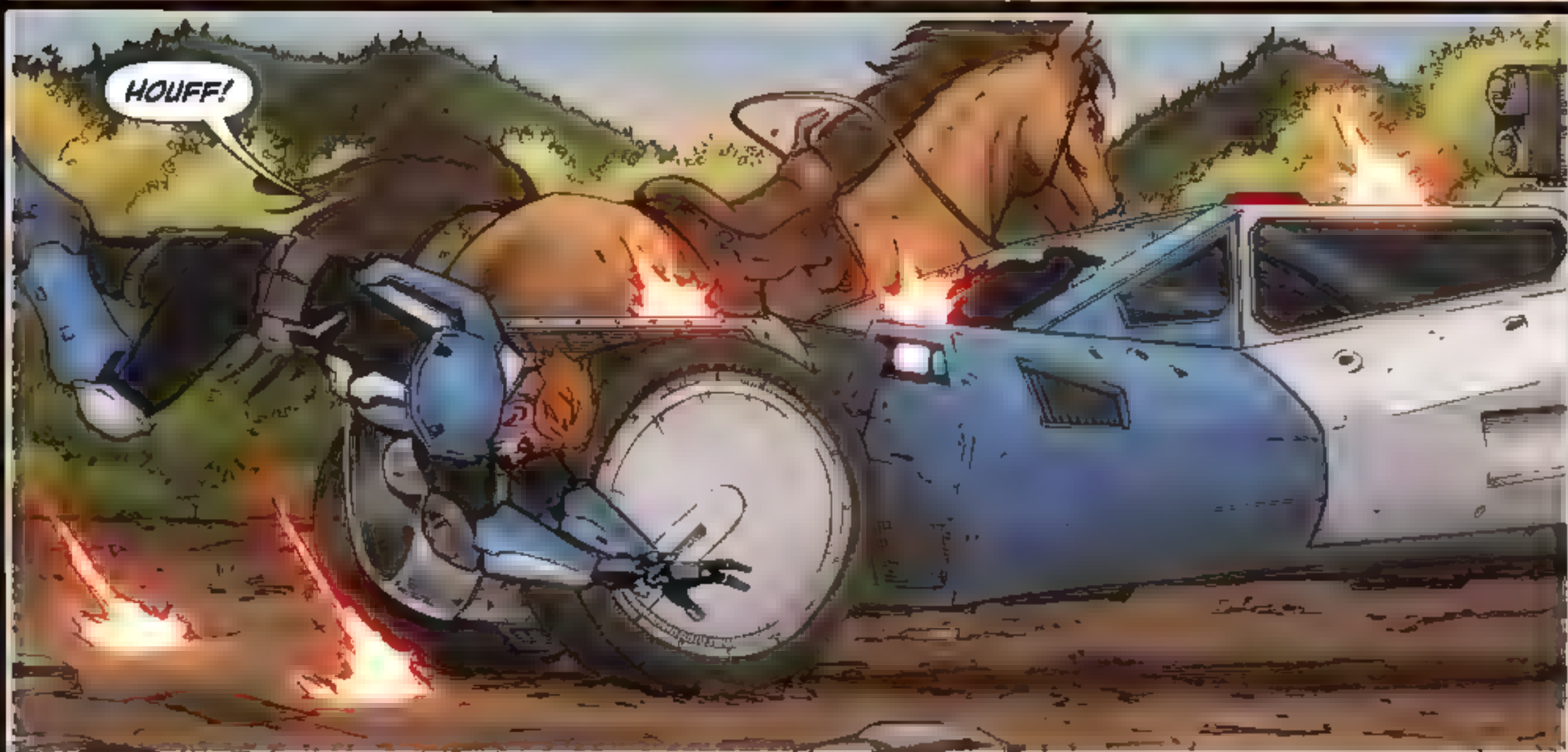
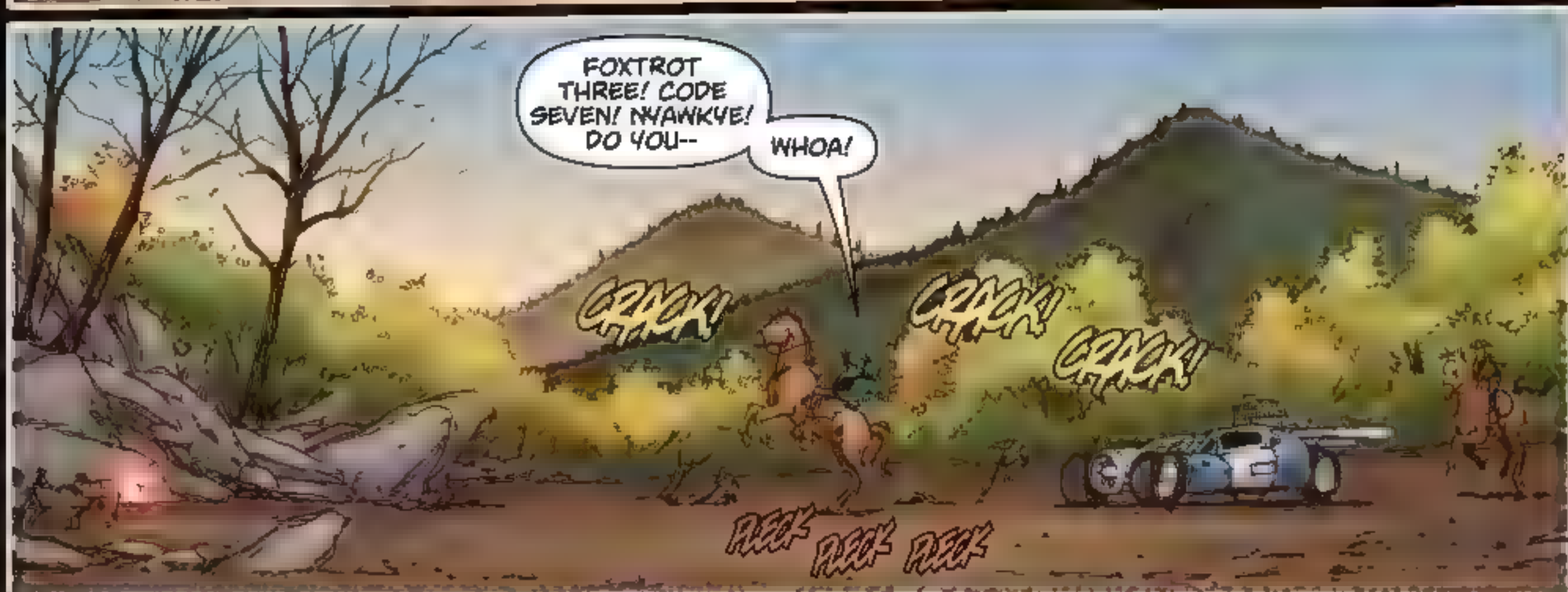


A FRIEND
HAS STAKED
YOU A RIDE
TO OUR NEW
CAMP.



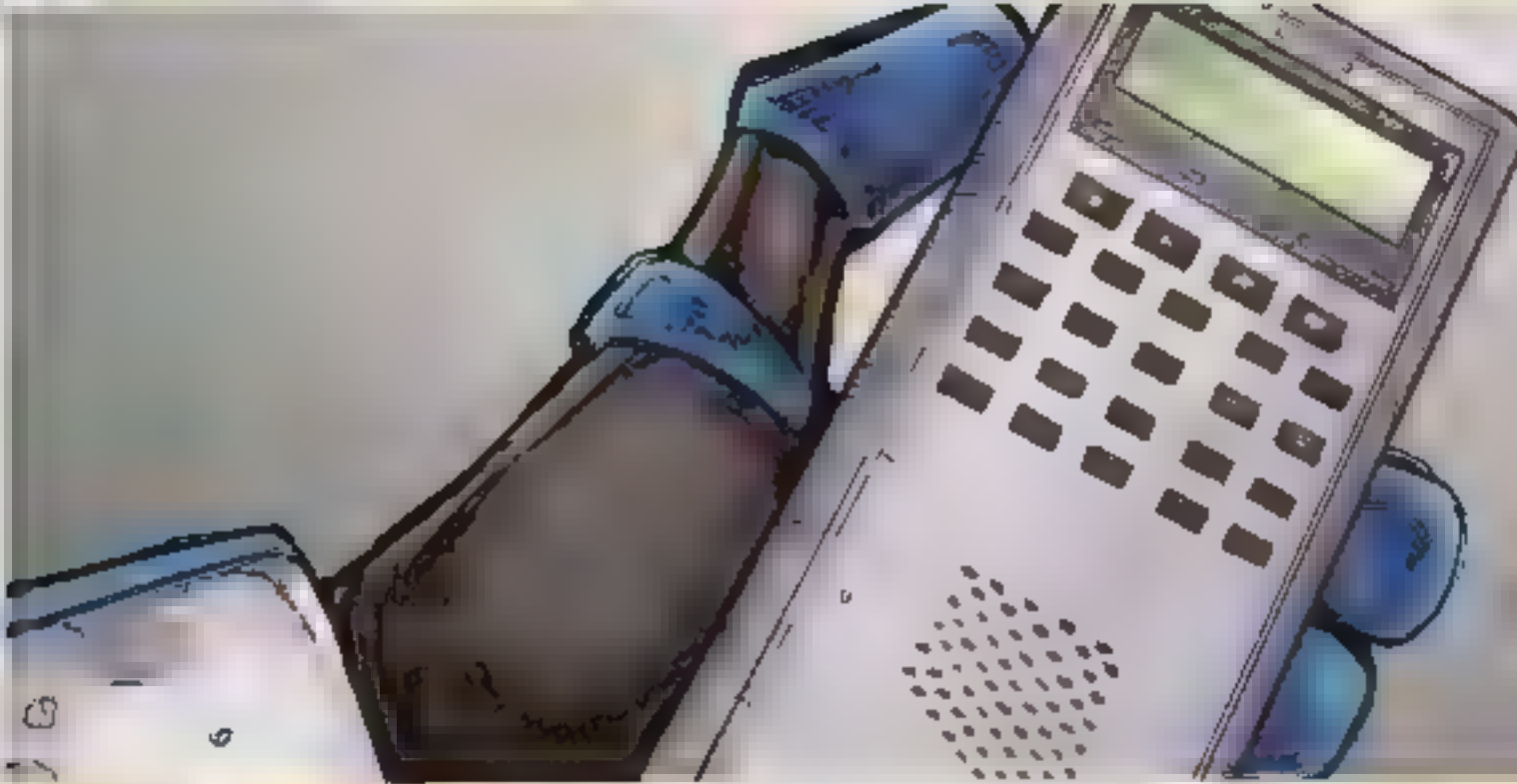
AND
WOULDN'T
YOU KNOW
IT. HERE HE
IS NOW!







LIEUTENANT!
ARE YOU HIT?



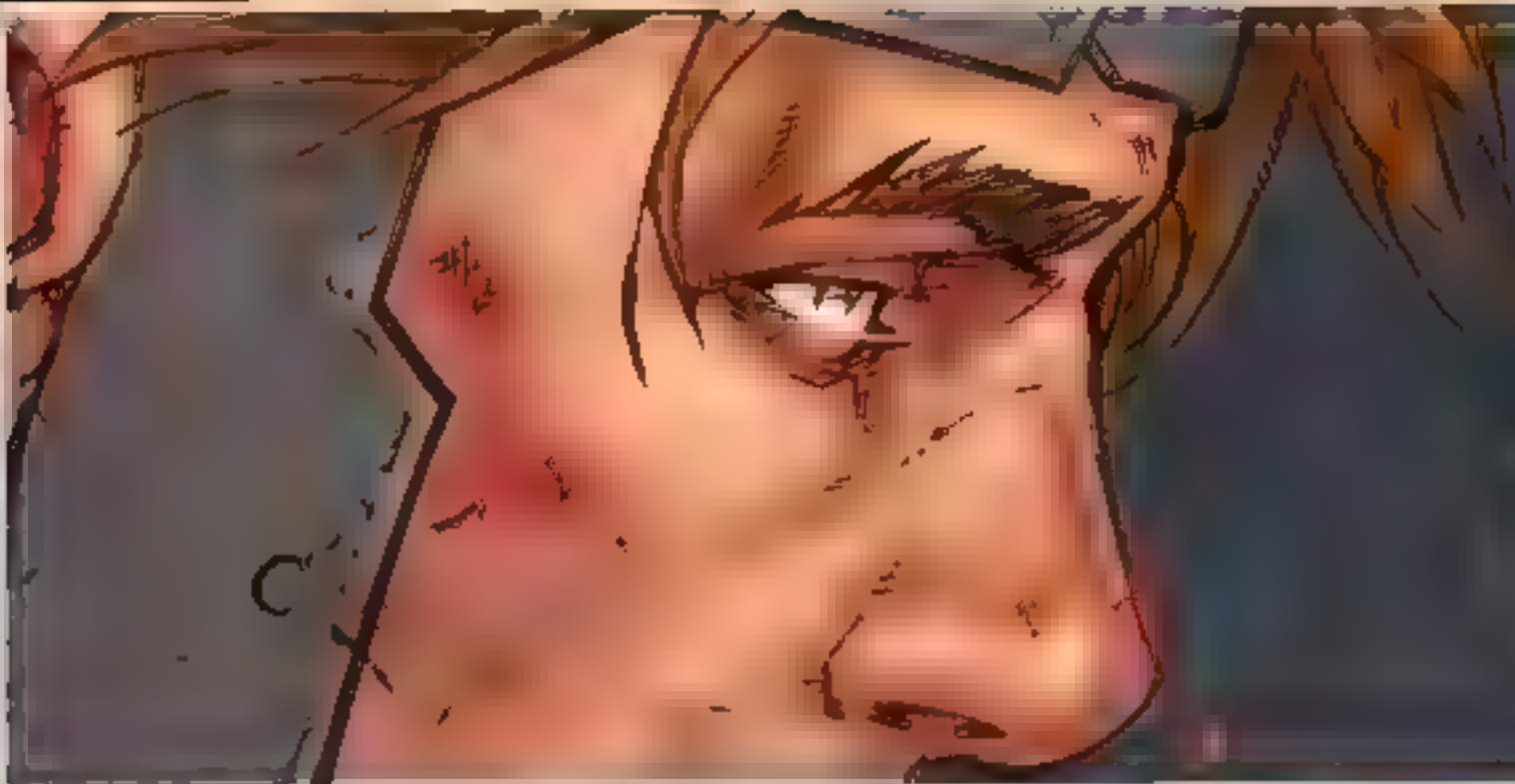
NEGATIVE.

BUT OUR
COMMUNICATORS
HAVE BEEN
JAMMED!

SKREE-
VEET SKREEE



THE HIGHWAYMEN KNEW OUR
EVERY MOVE. PARSONS MUST
BE SPYING FOR THEM!
YOU WERE RIGHT.



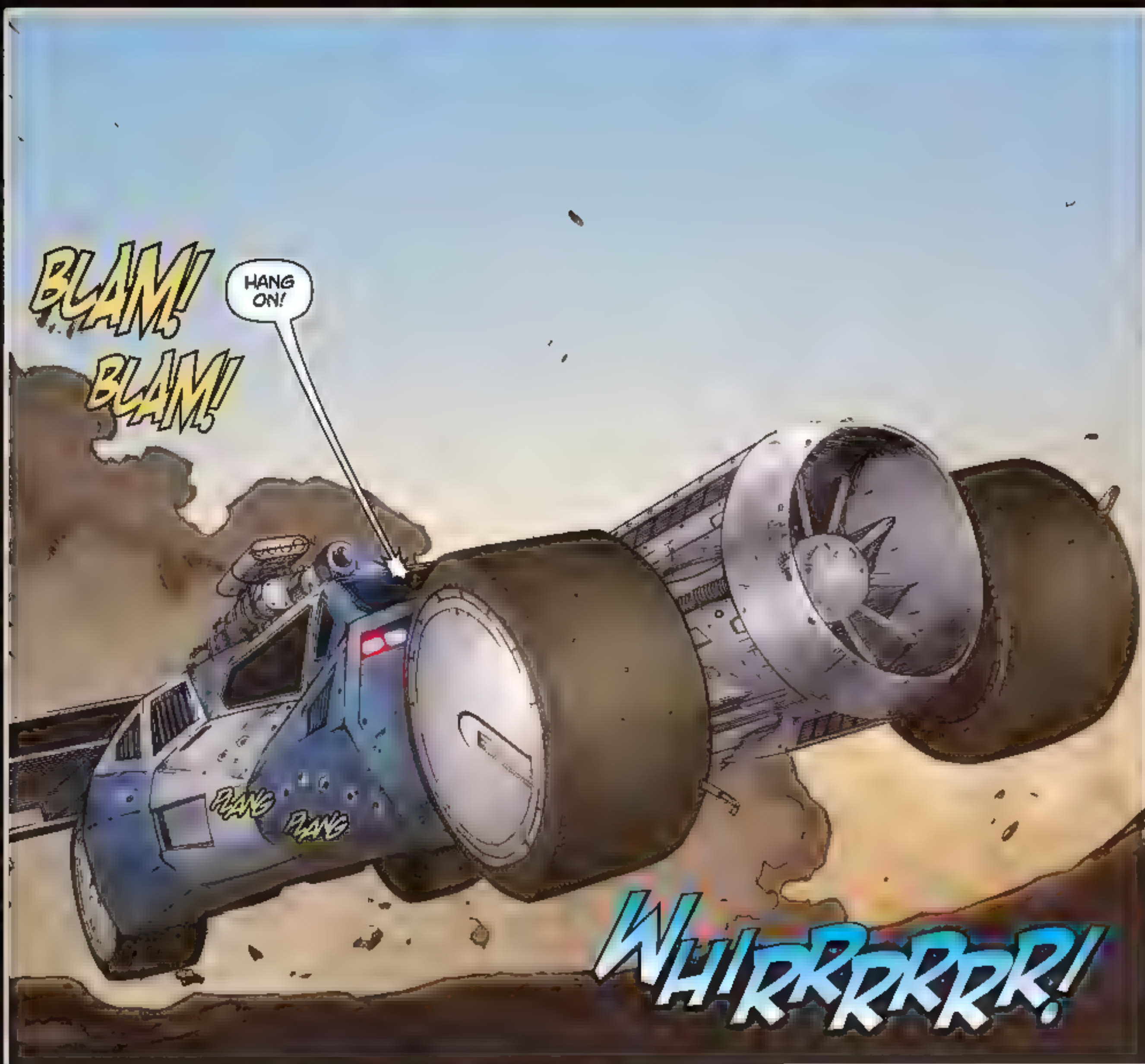
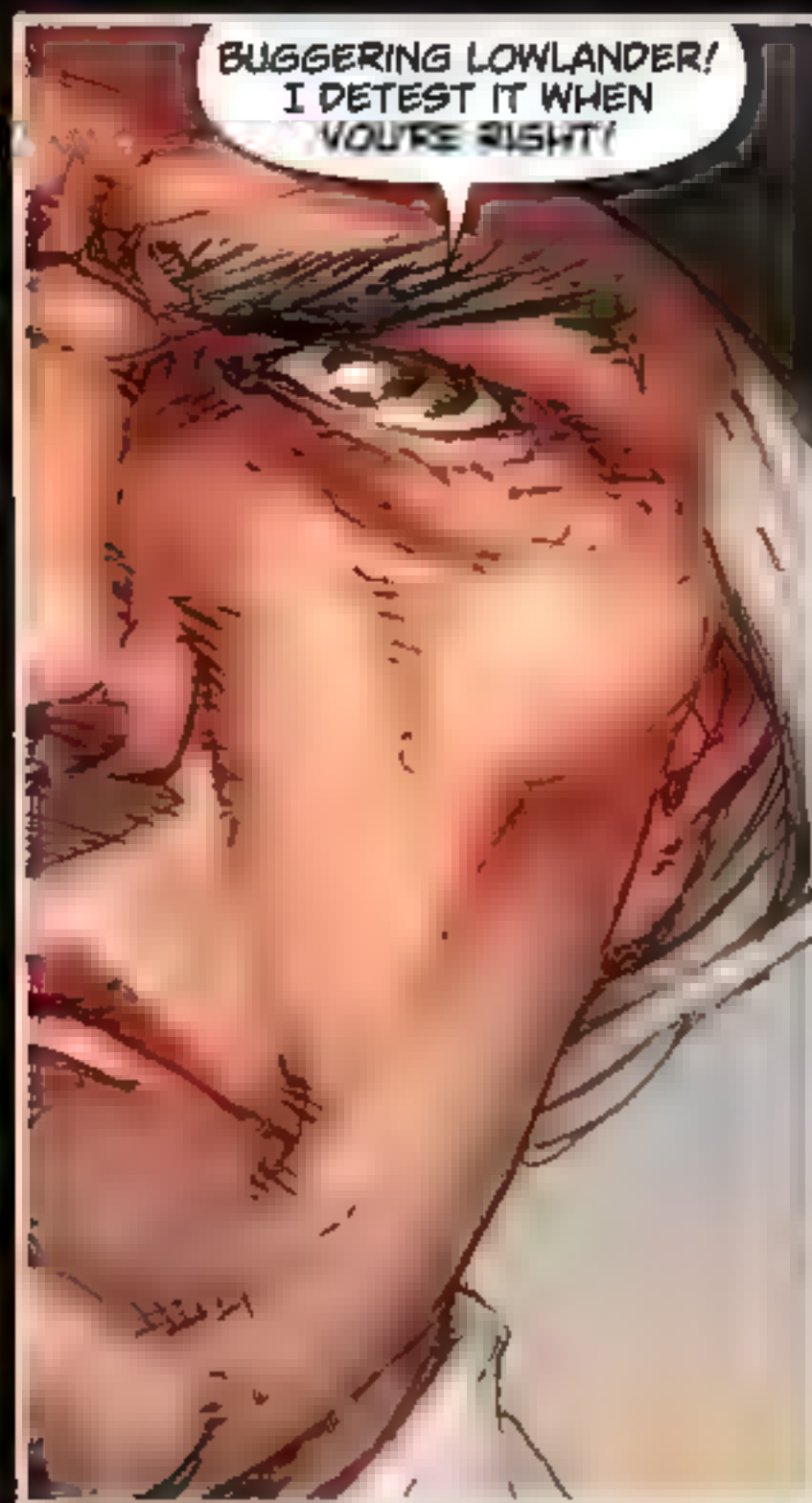
I'M
HALF-RIGHT
AT BEST.

PARSONS
WOULD NEVER SET
UP HIS MEN FOR
SLAUGHTER...



MUZZLES
UP, MEN!
TAKE AIM...

CAPTAIN,
NO!!





FRANK!
WHERE'S
NYAKWYE?

SMACK DAB
IN THE CROSSFIRE.
HE TOOK A FIREARM OFF
ONE OF PARSONS' DEAD...



"...AND IS
TRYING TO KEEP
THE MACHINE
GUNNER BUSY."

THUM-UM
THUM-UM



KANKER!
WE'VE GOT TO
TAKE THAT
POSITION.

AGREED.

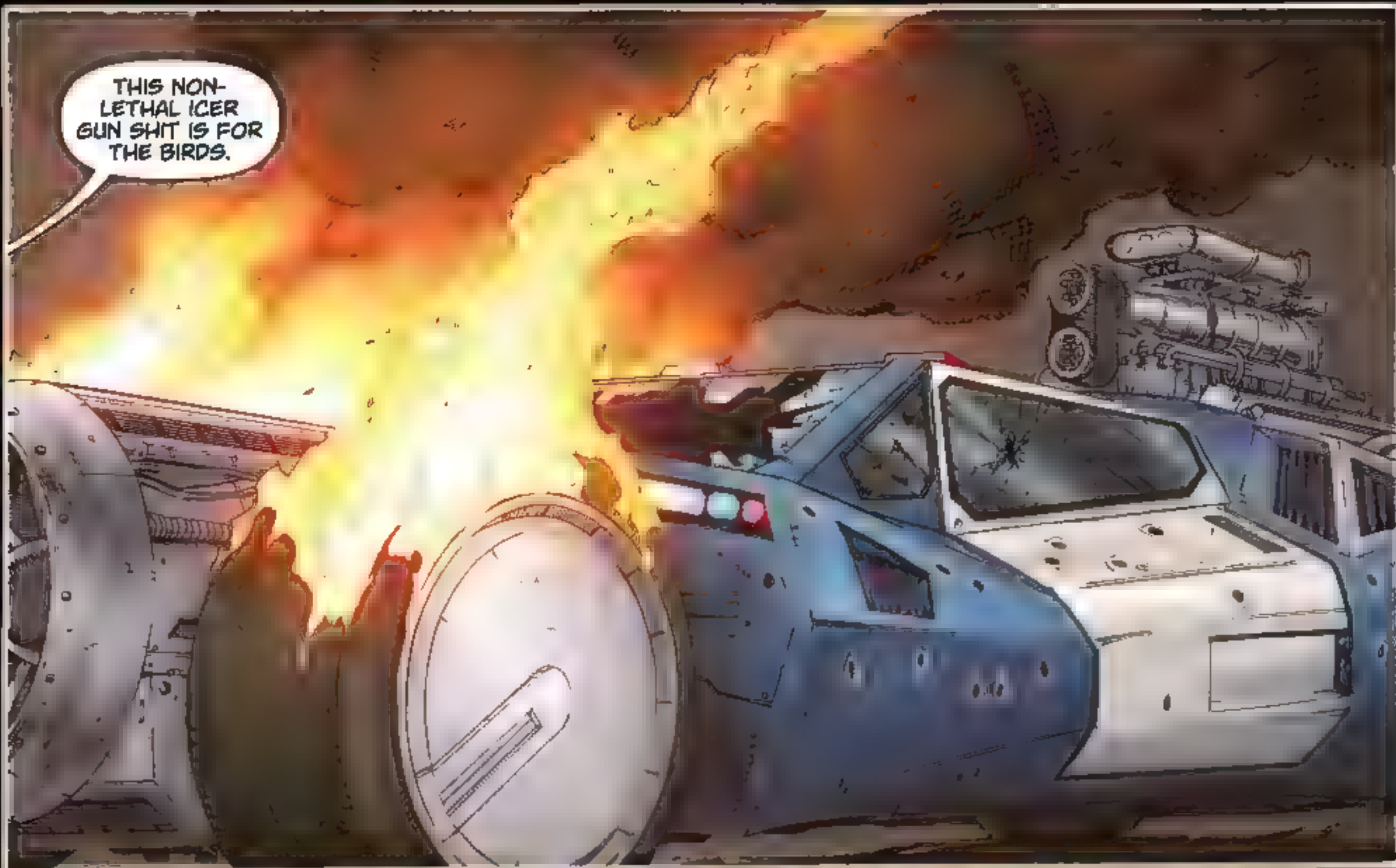


BRINGS
ME BACK TO MY
DAYS IN THE
CORPS.

DRIVING
BACK THE
HEINIES AT SAINT-
MIHIEL AND THE
ARGONNE...



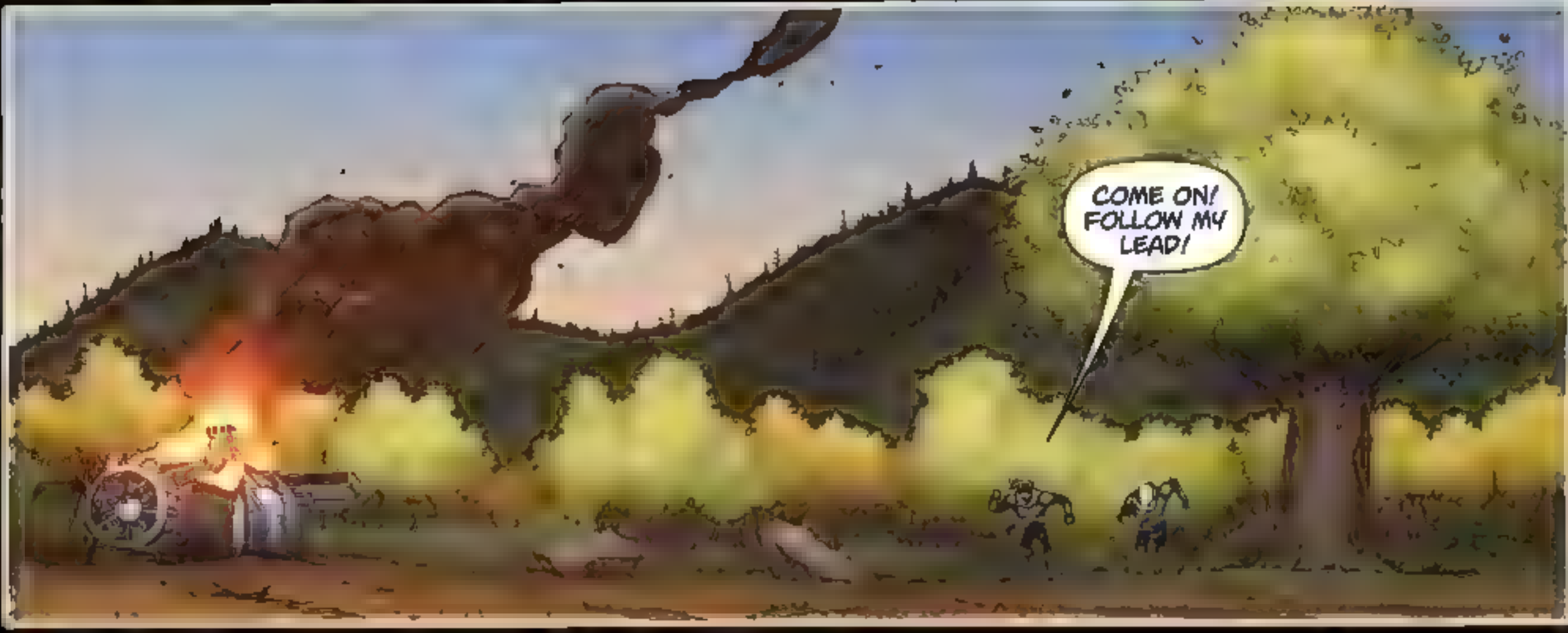
AT LEAST
WE SOMETIMES
HAD HAND
GRENADES
THEN.



THIS NON-LETHAL ICER GUN SHIT IS FOR THE BIRDS.



HAND GRENADES, FRANK. I'VE GOT IT!



COME ON! FOLLOW MY LEAD!



DOES *THAT* GET
YOUR ATTENTION,
TRUSTEE
BOOTLICKERS?

KEEP TO
YOUR PUNY
TOWNS AND
FARMS!



THESE
WOODS
BELONG
TO--

HYUNH!!



AAAAUGH!!

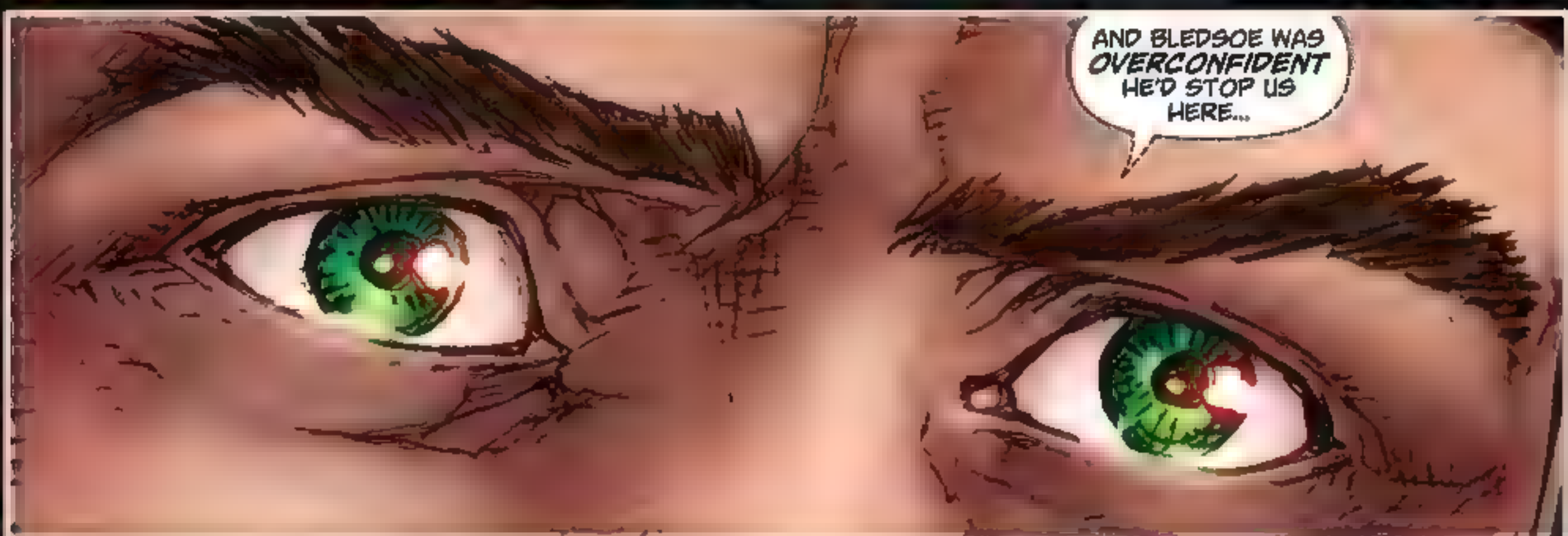
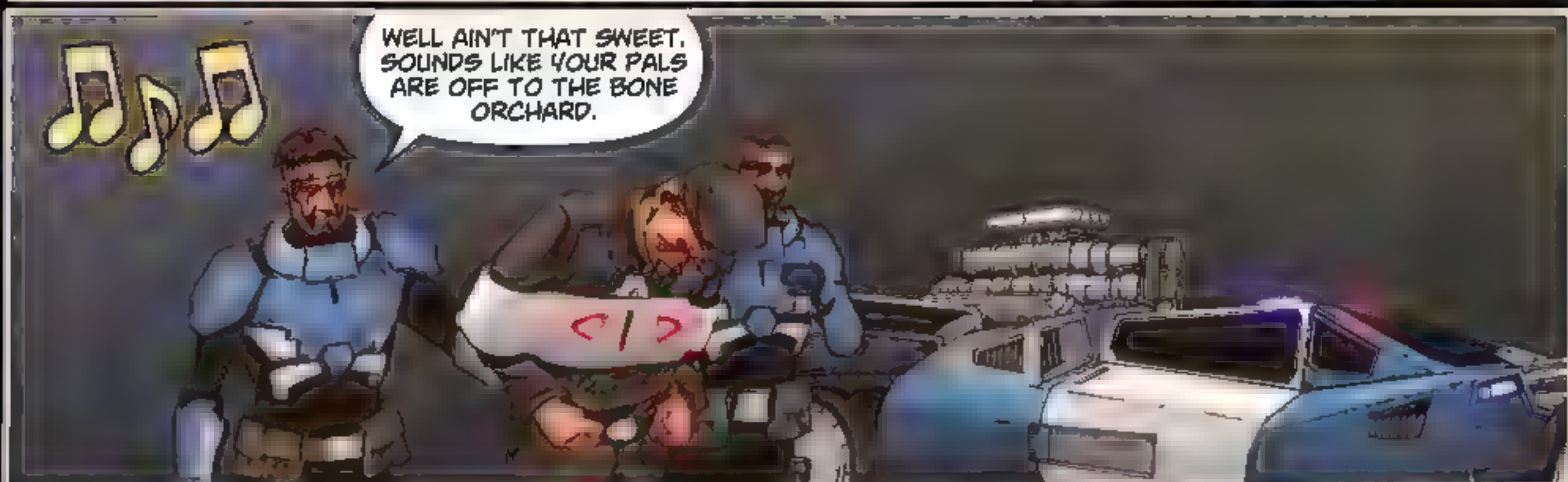


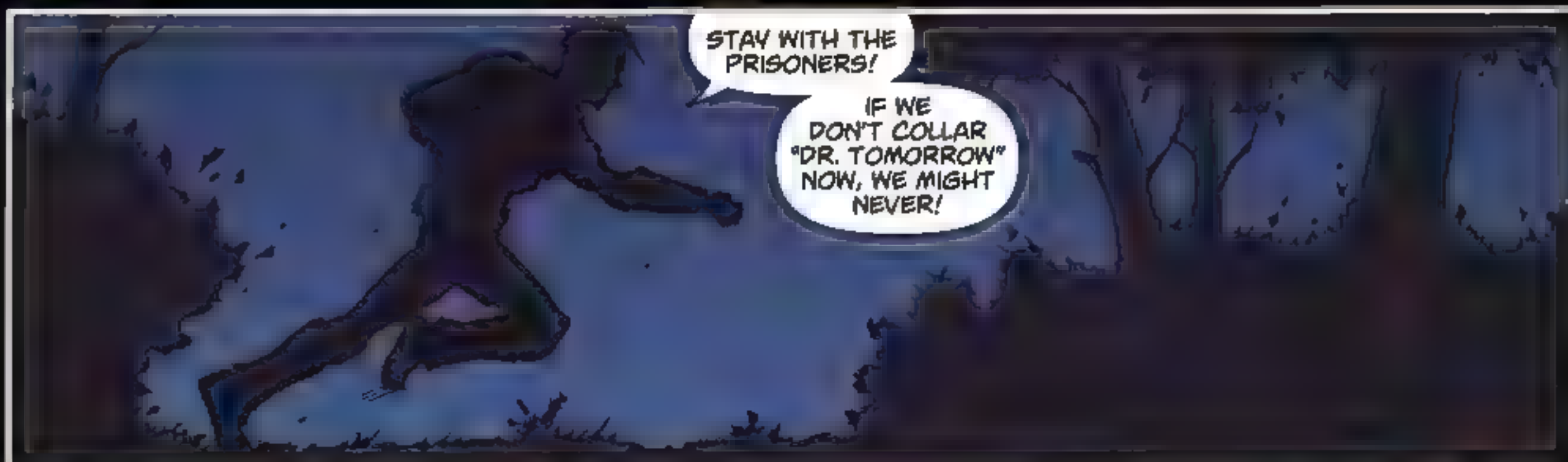
NICE,
FRANK.

LET'S GET
NYAKWYE. AND
FLUSH THOSE
SNIPERS INTO
OUR REAR
GUNS.

MINUTES LATER...







STAY WITH THE PRISONERS!

IF WE DON'T COLLAR "DR. TOMORROW" NOW, WE MIGHT NEVER!



SKREEE
TWEEEE

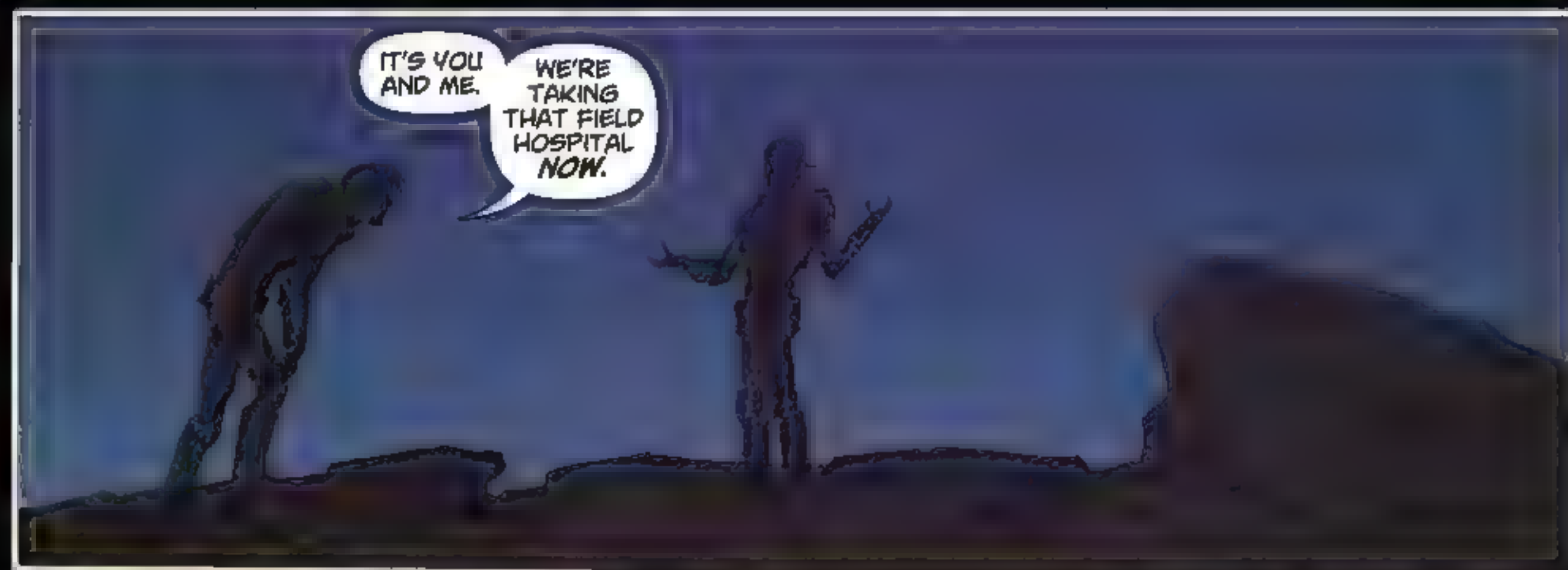


FOXTROT EIGHT!
REPORT YOUR POSITION!



LIEUTENANT!
I DIDN'T KNOW
WHETHER OR NOT TO
LEAVE MY POST. MY
COMMUNICATOR
HAS BEEN—

FORGET IT.
PANT PANT
THEY'RE ALL
JAMMED.



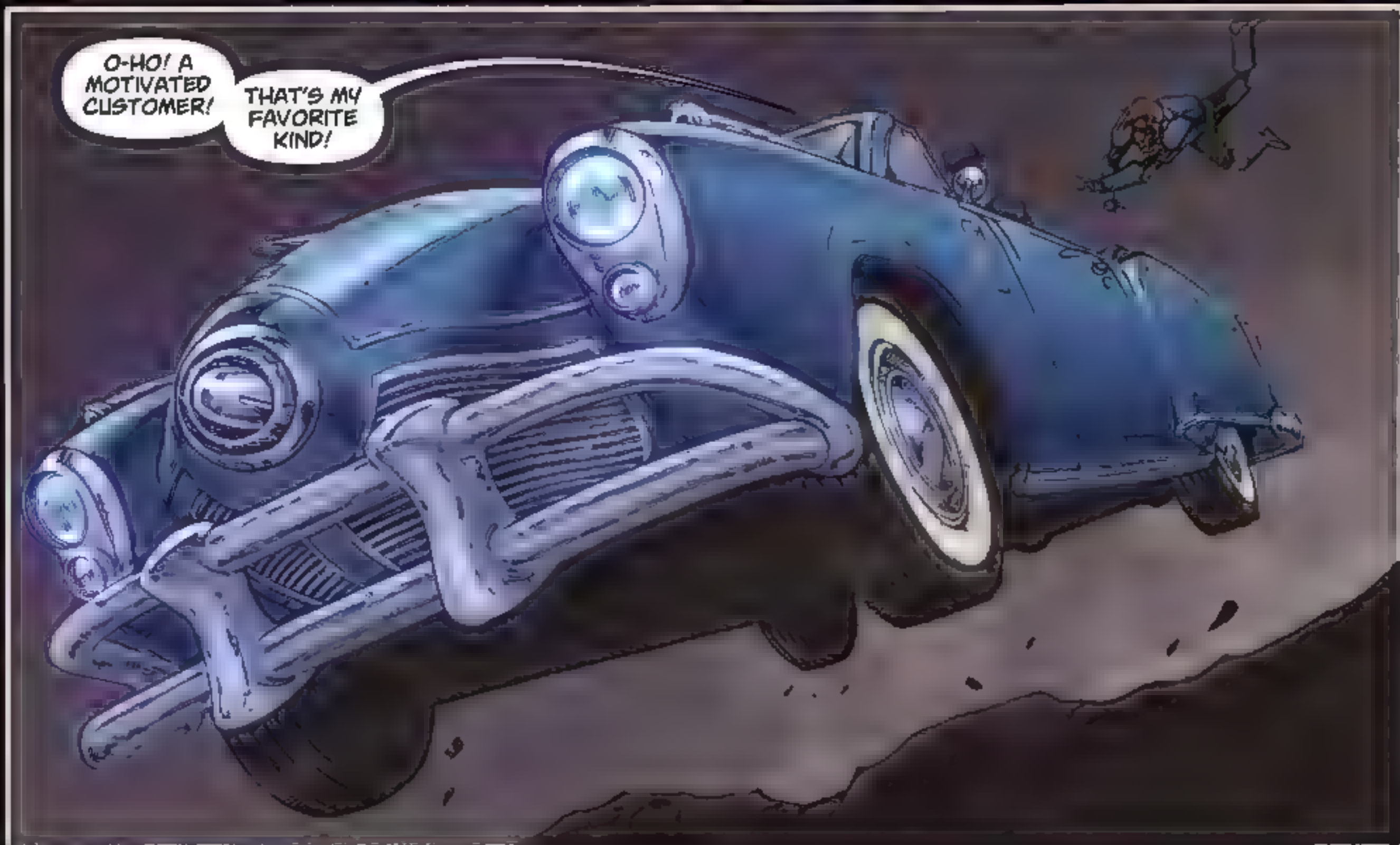
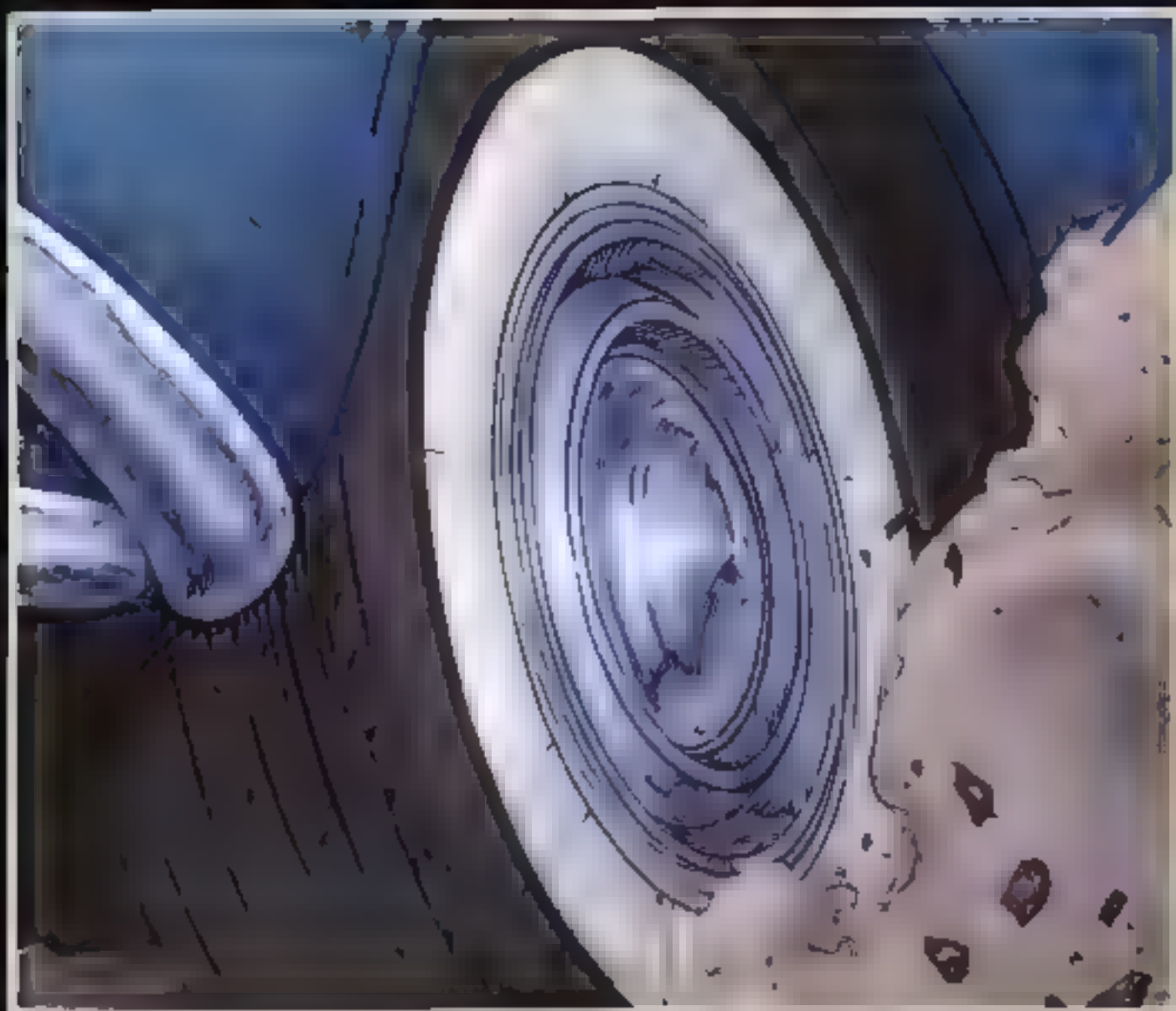
ROAR-RR!

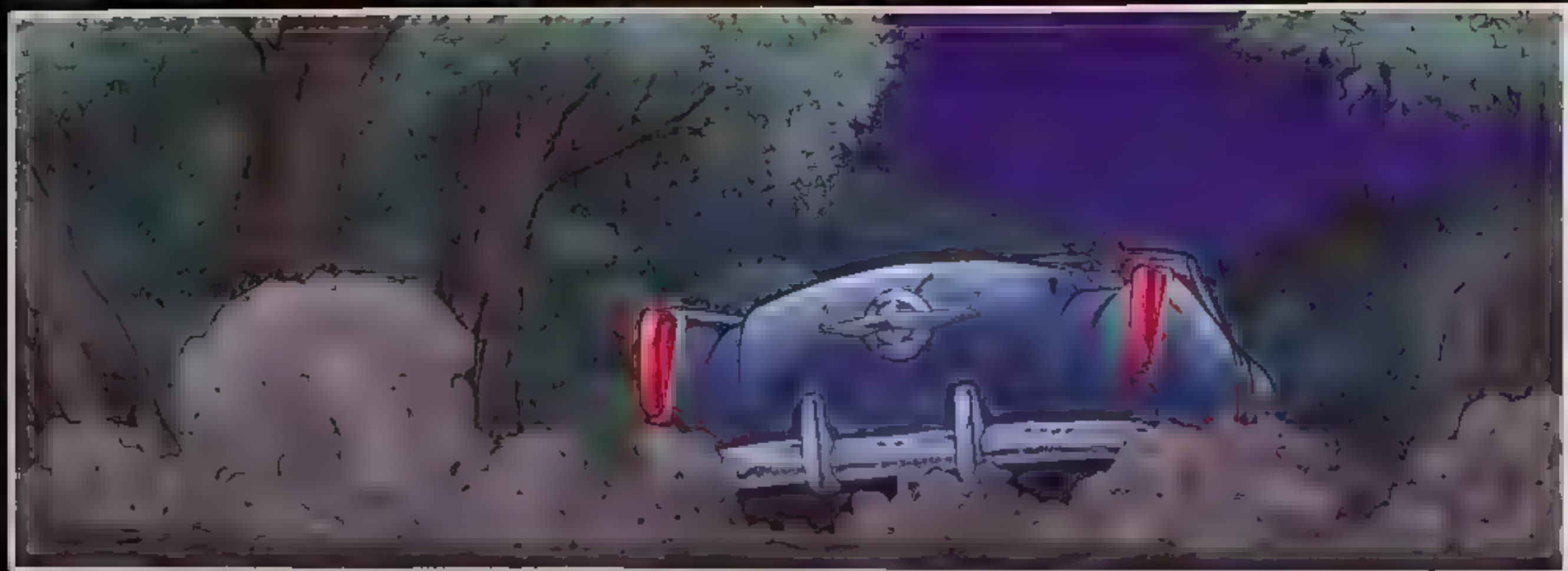
SORRY
WE MISSED
YOU!

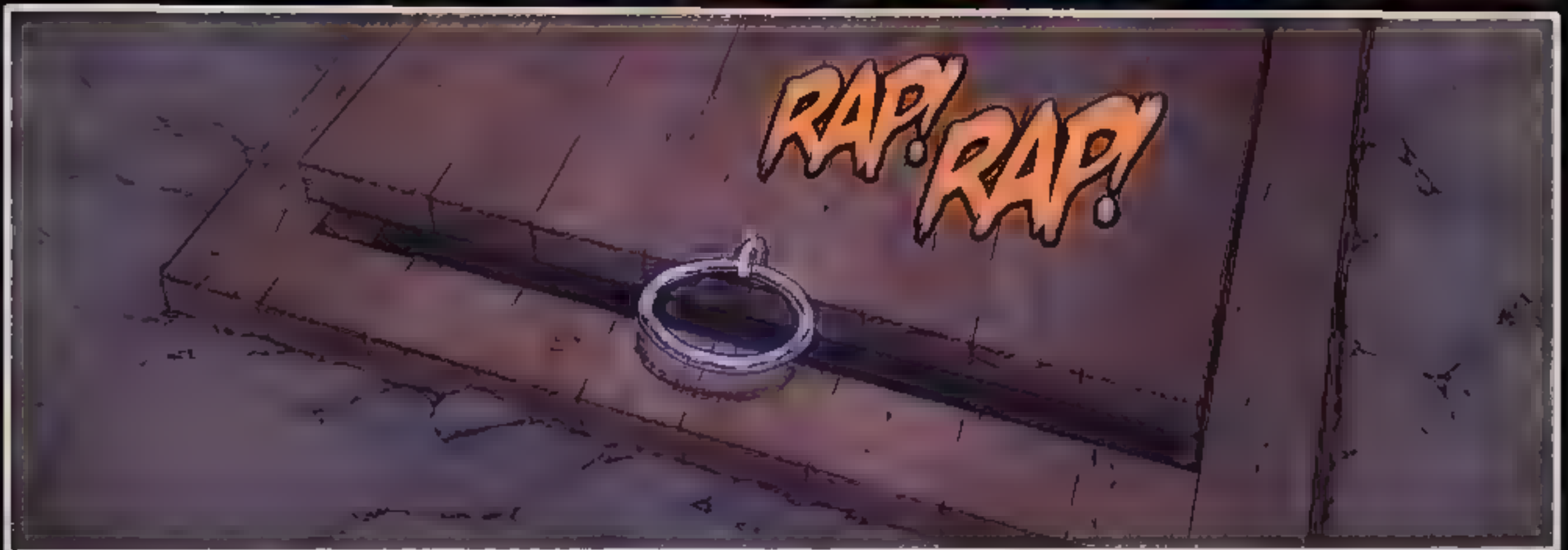
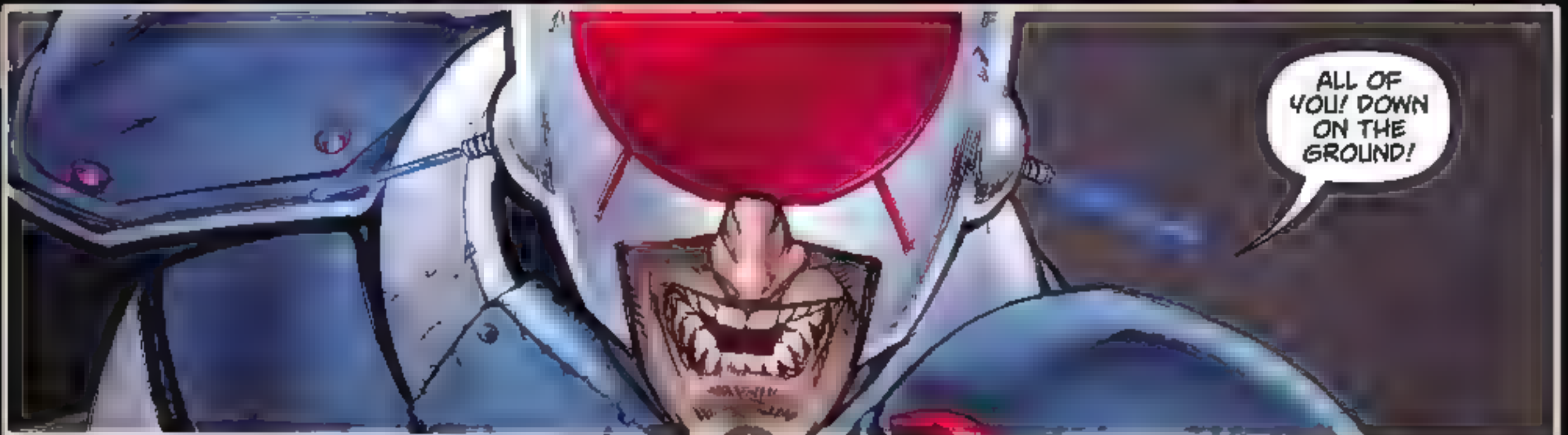
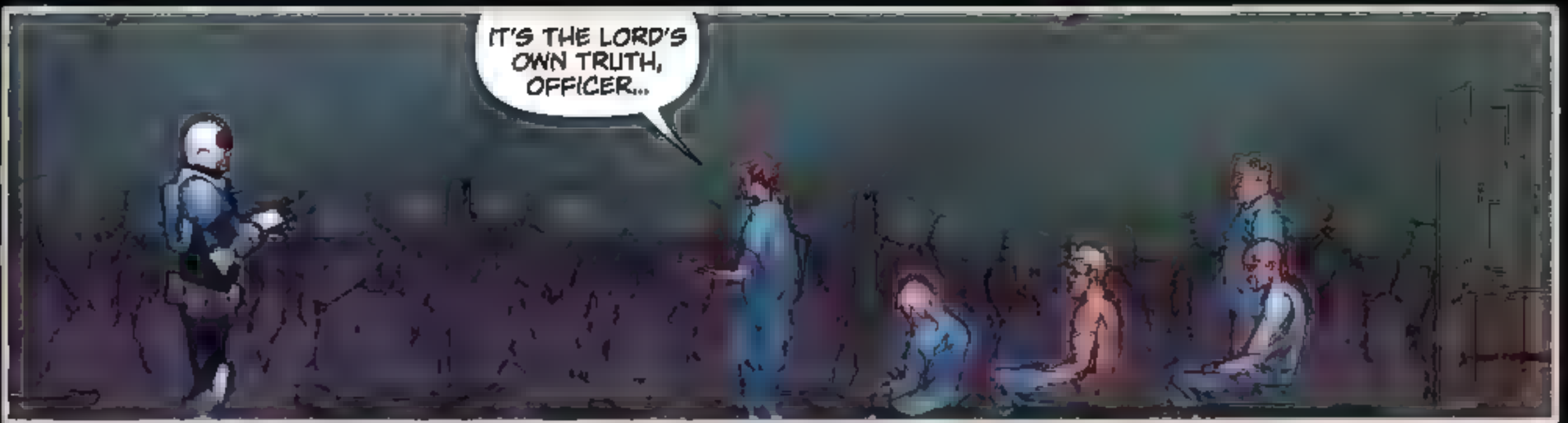
YOU'RE WELCOME
TO WRITE THE HOME
OFFICE. A SAMPLE KIT
WILL BE FORWARDED
TO YOU WITH OUR
COMPLIMENTS!

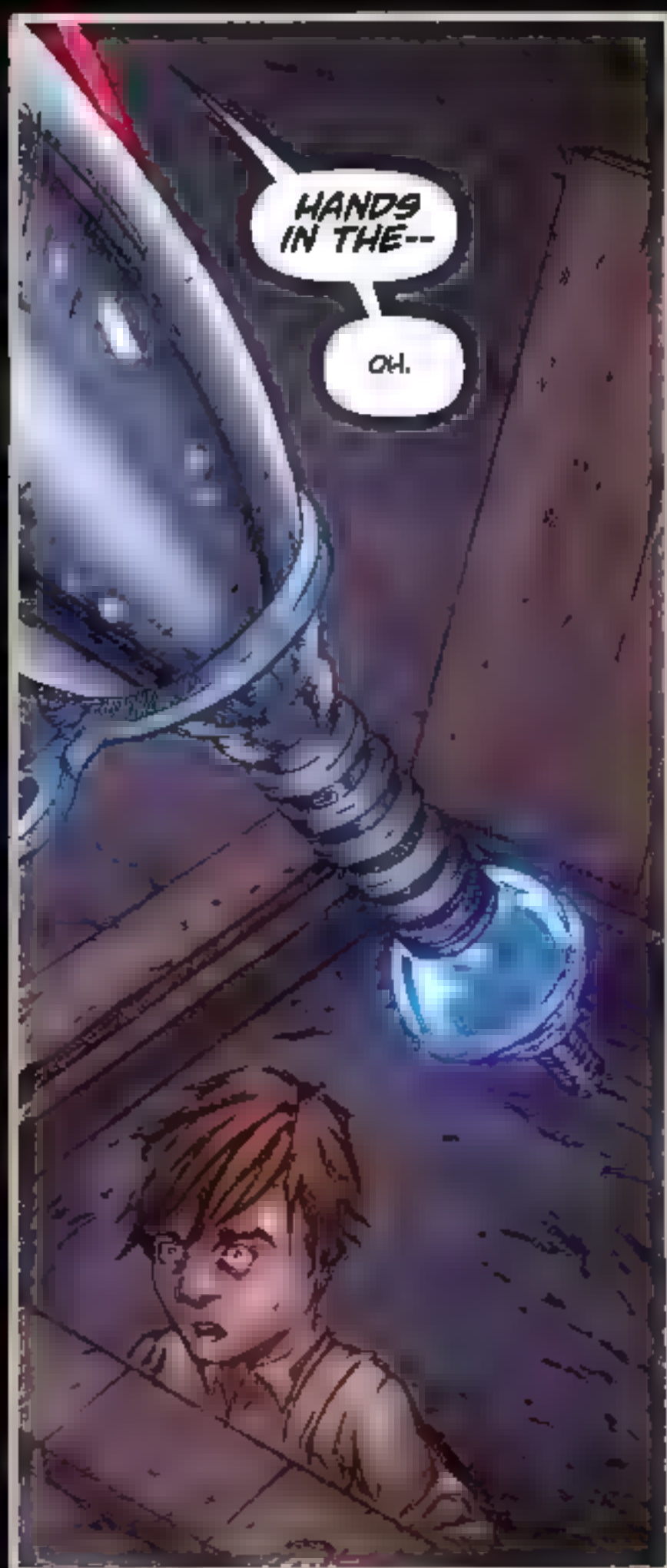
THERE'S NO
OBLIGATION
TO BUY!

THE
SALESMAN!!



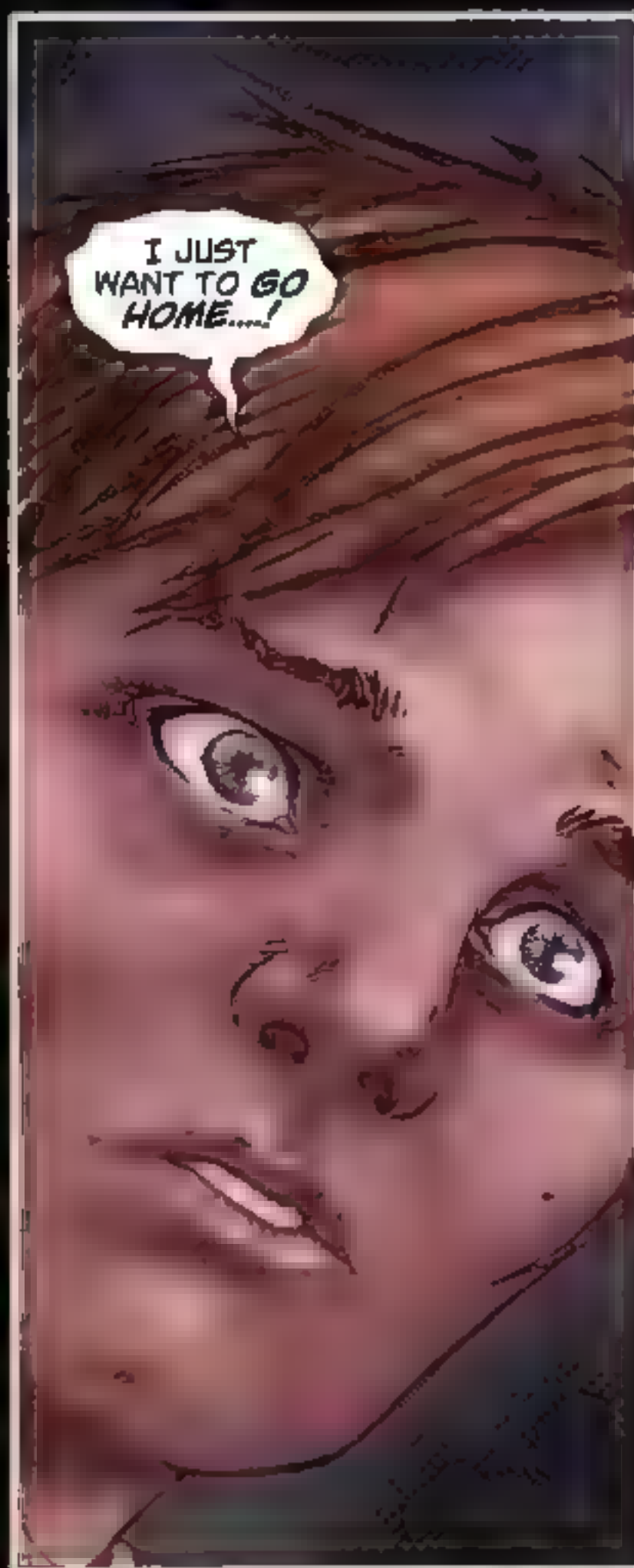




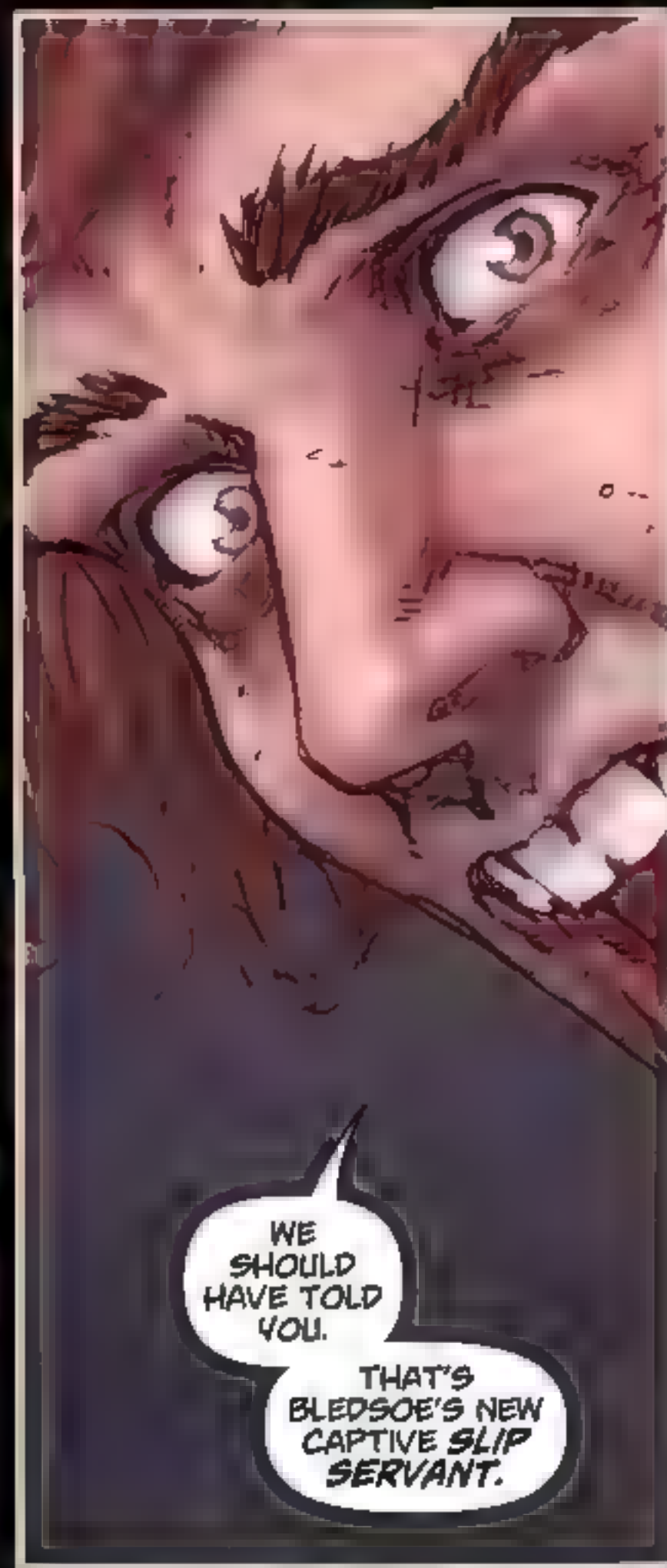


HANDS
IN THE--

OH.

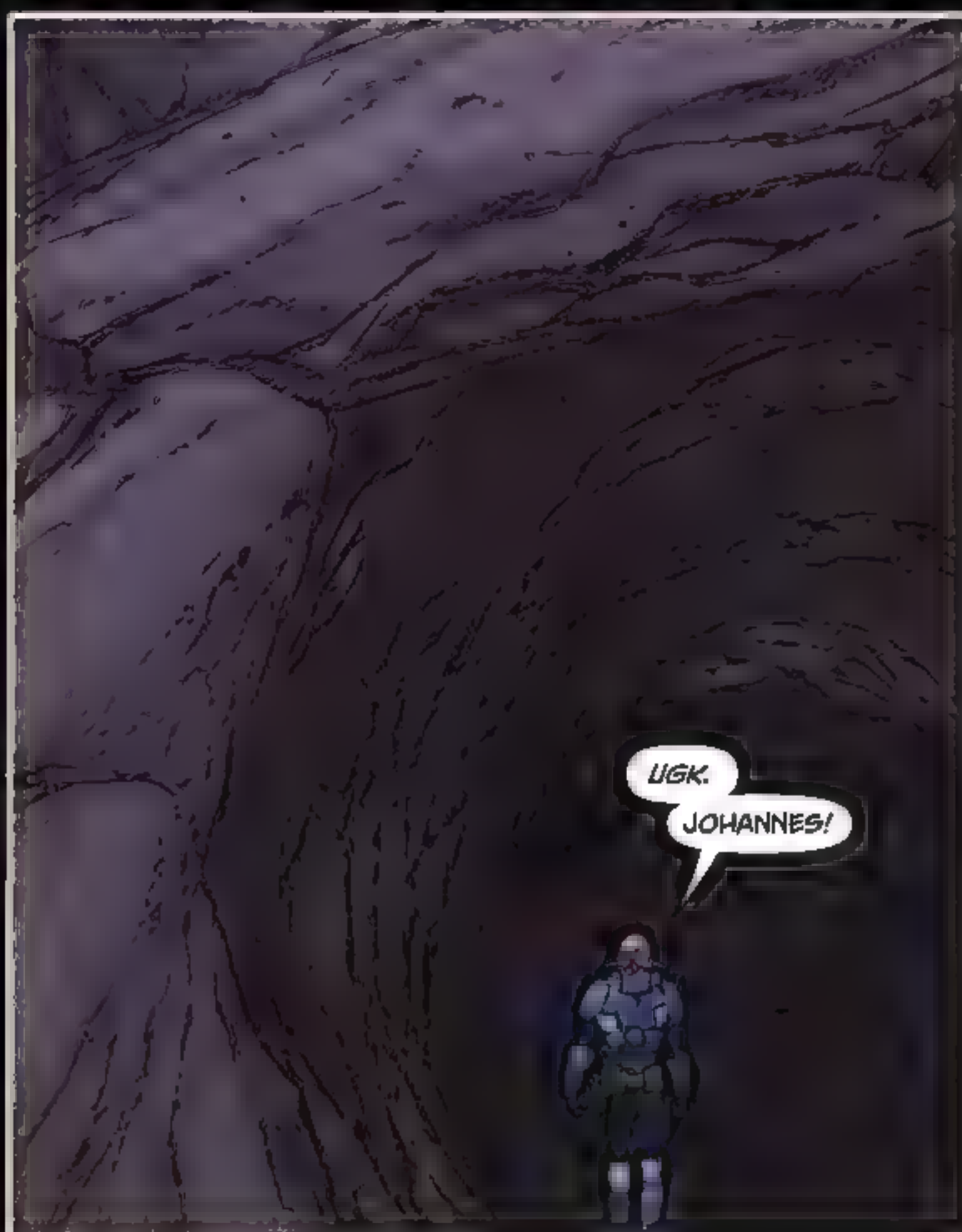


I JUST
WANT TO GO
HOME....!



WE
SHOULD
HAVE TOLD
YOU.

THAT'S
BLED SOE'S NEW
CAPTIVE SLIP
SERVANT.

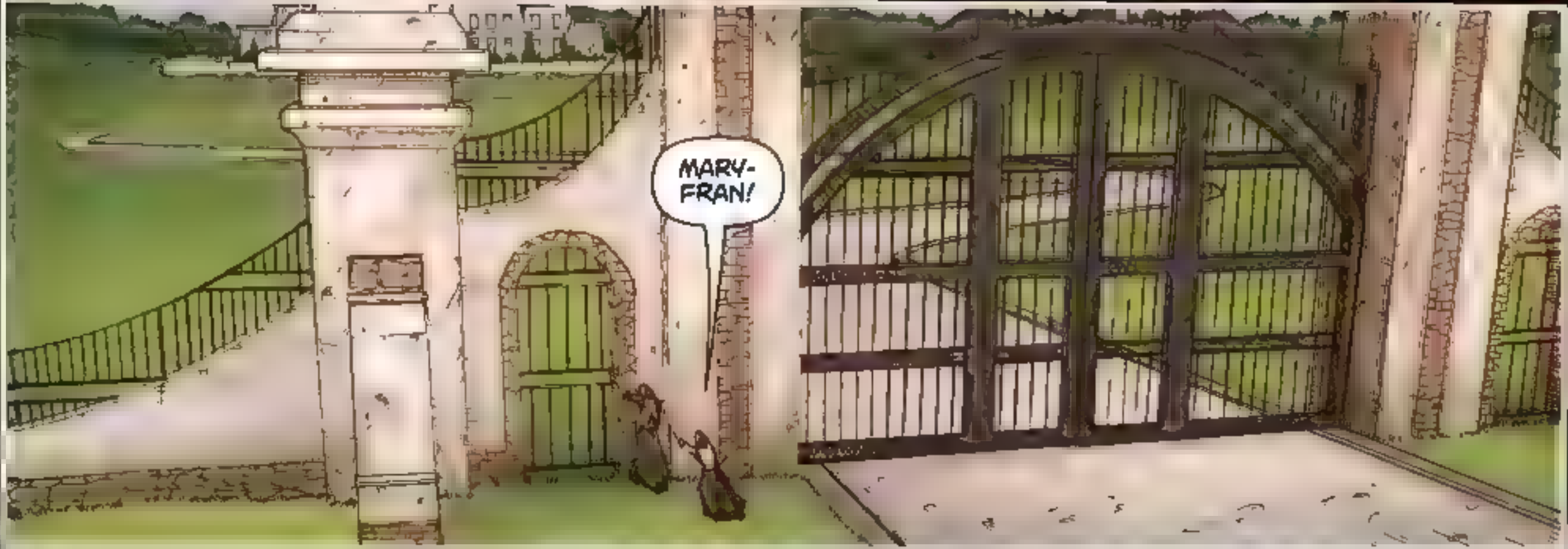
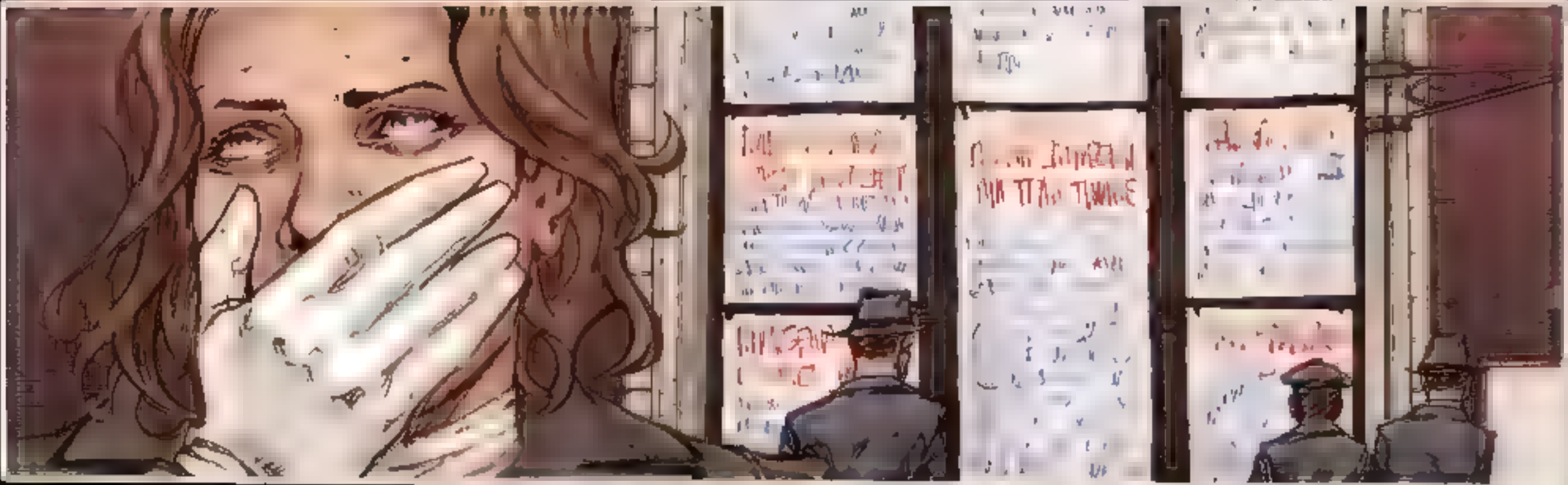
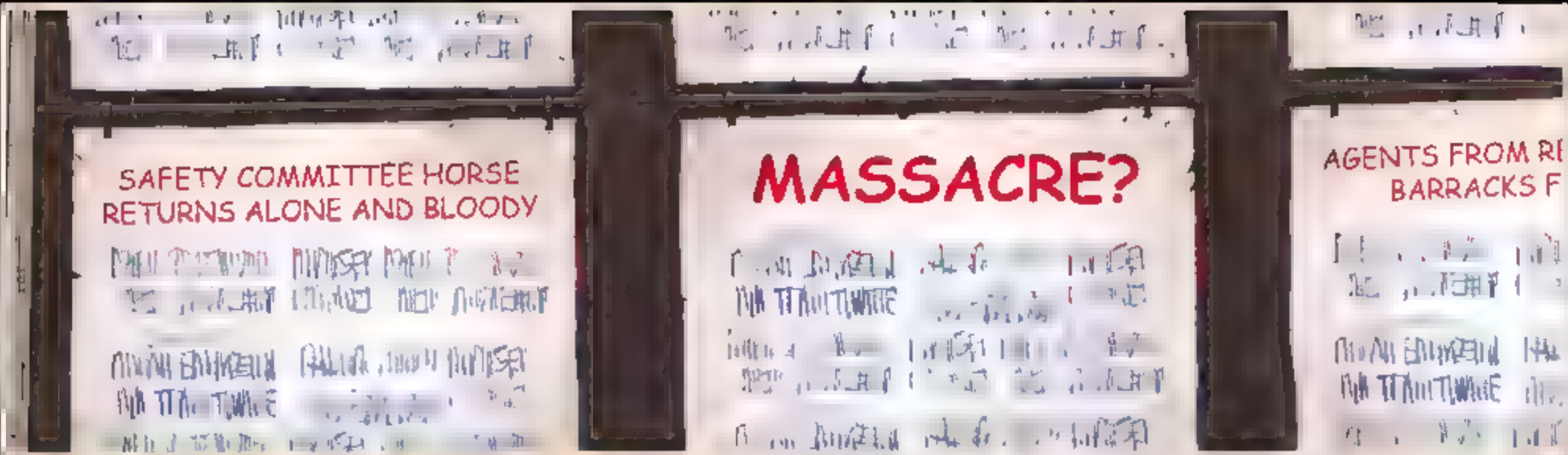


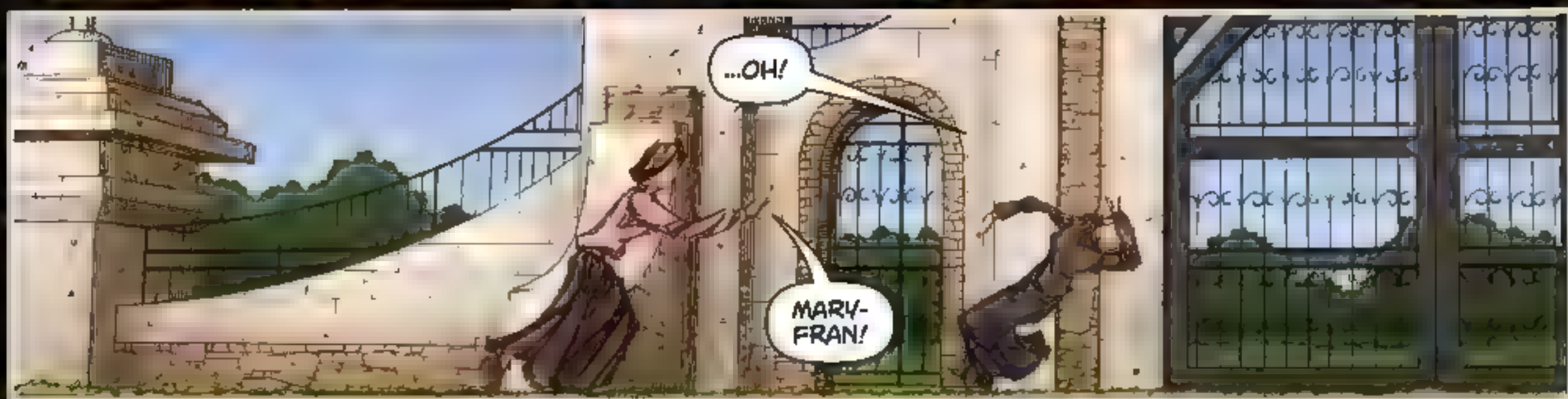
UGK.

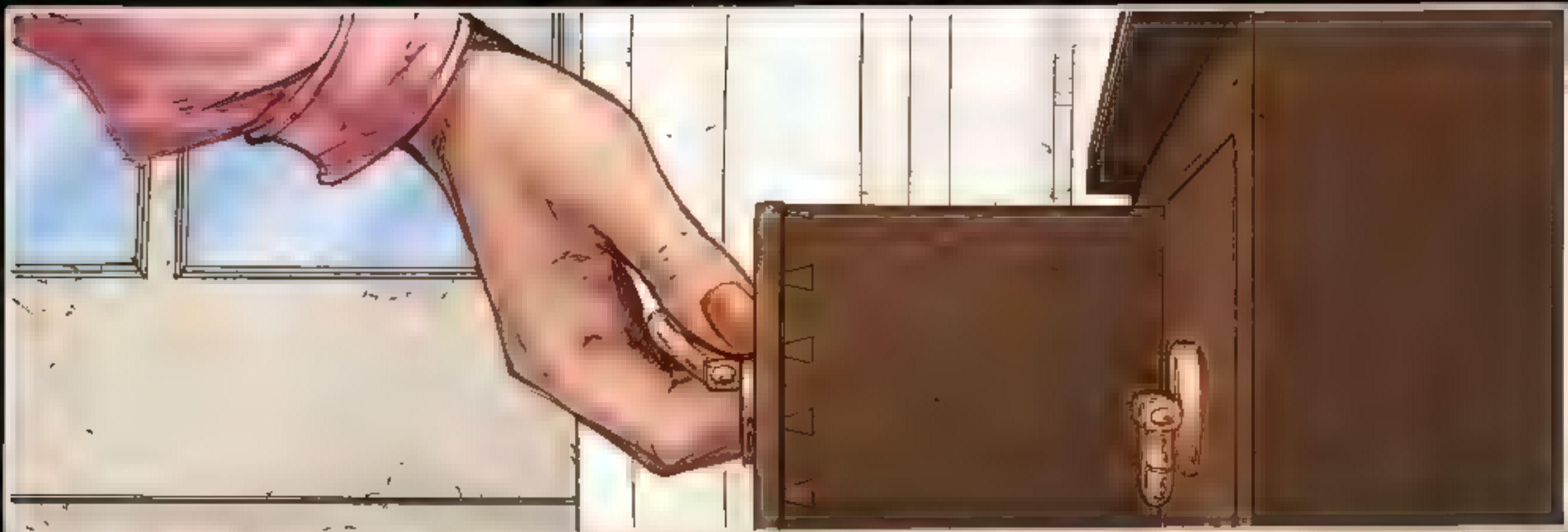
JOHANNES!

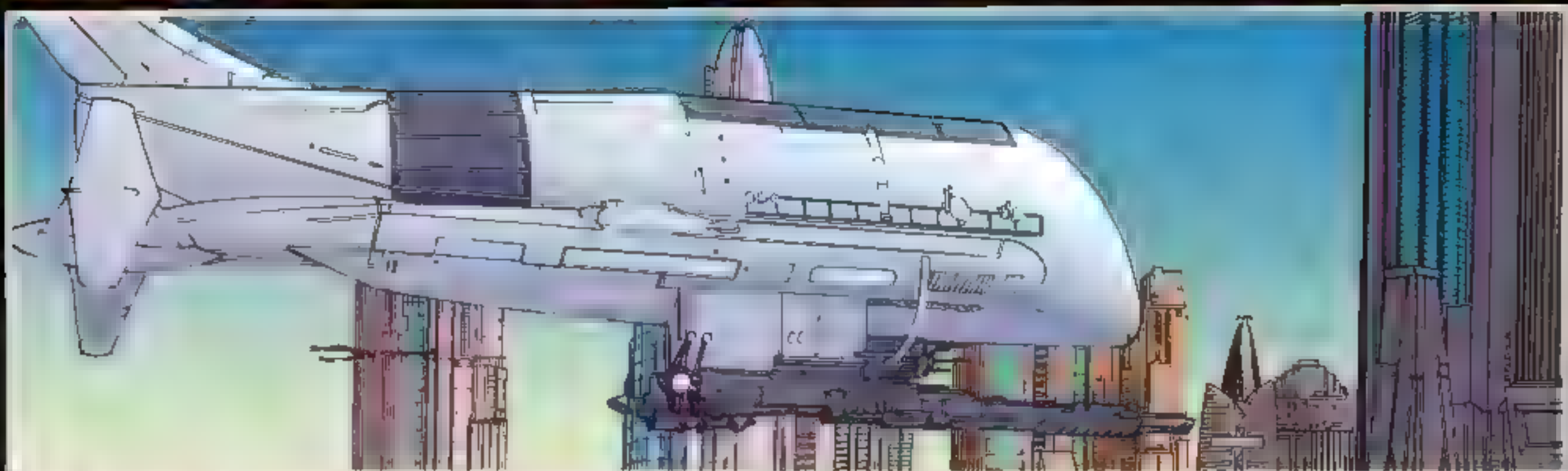
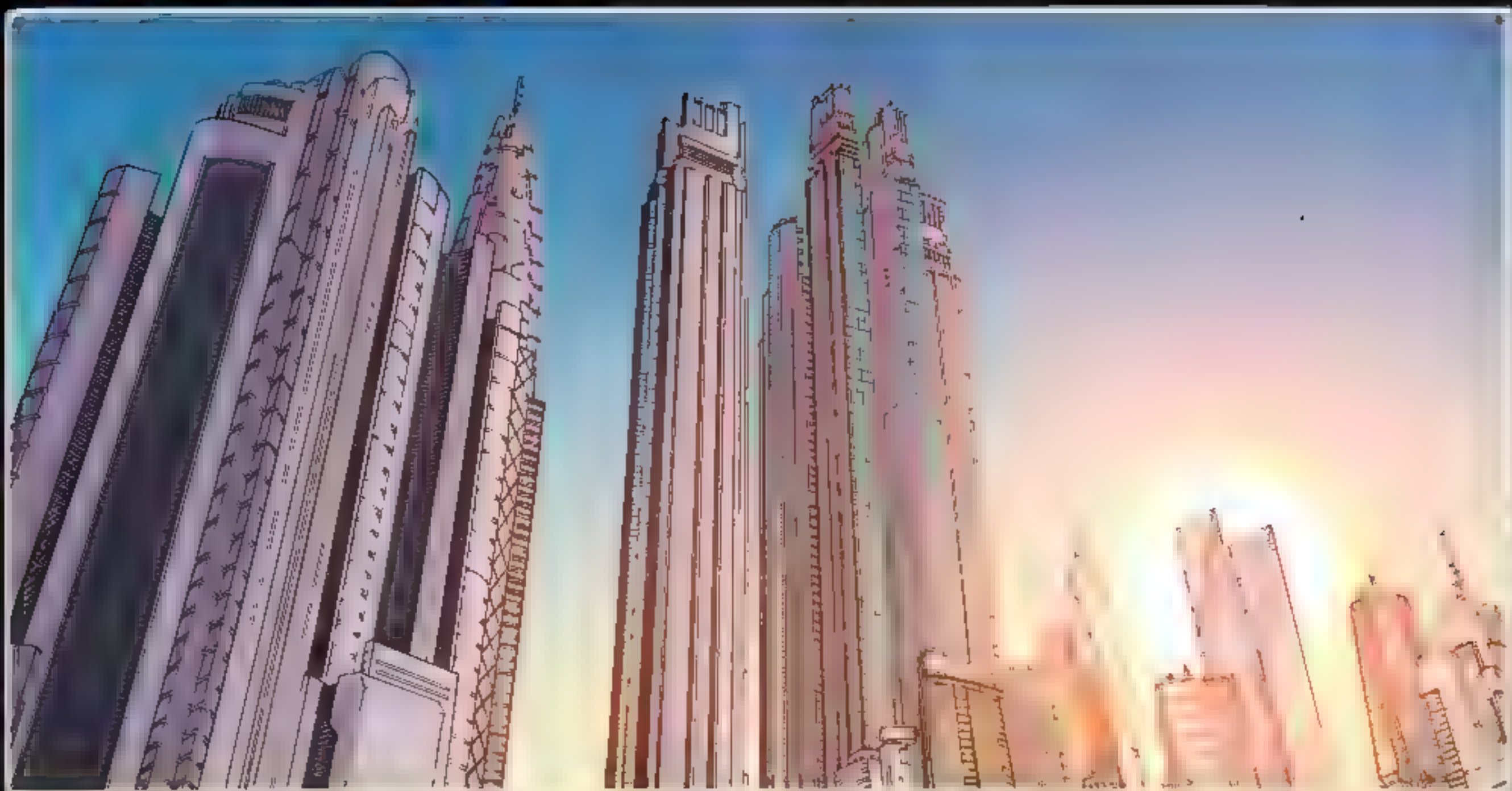


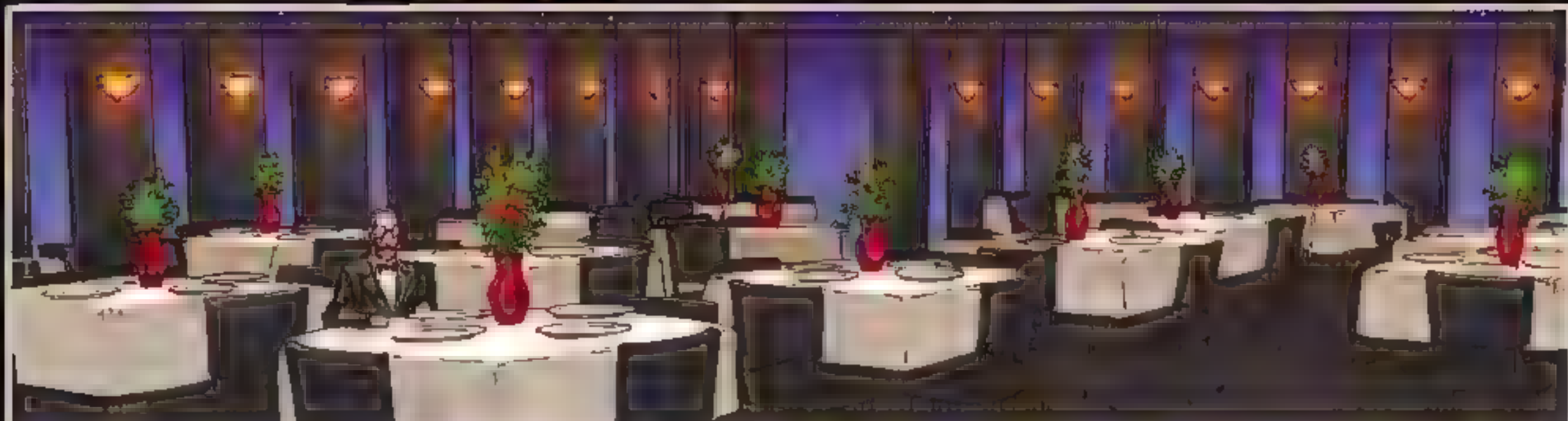
JOHANNES...!











PROFESSOR...?

DO YOU
RECALL ME? I'M
GARRISON EVERS.
MAY I SIT?

I HATE
IMPOSING ON
YOUR ALONE
TIME.

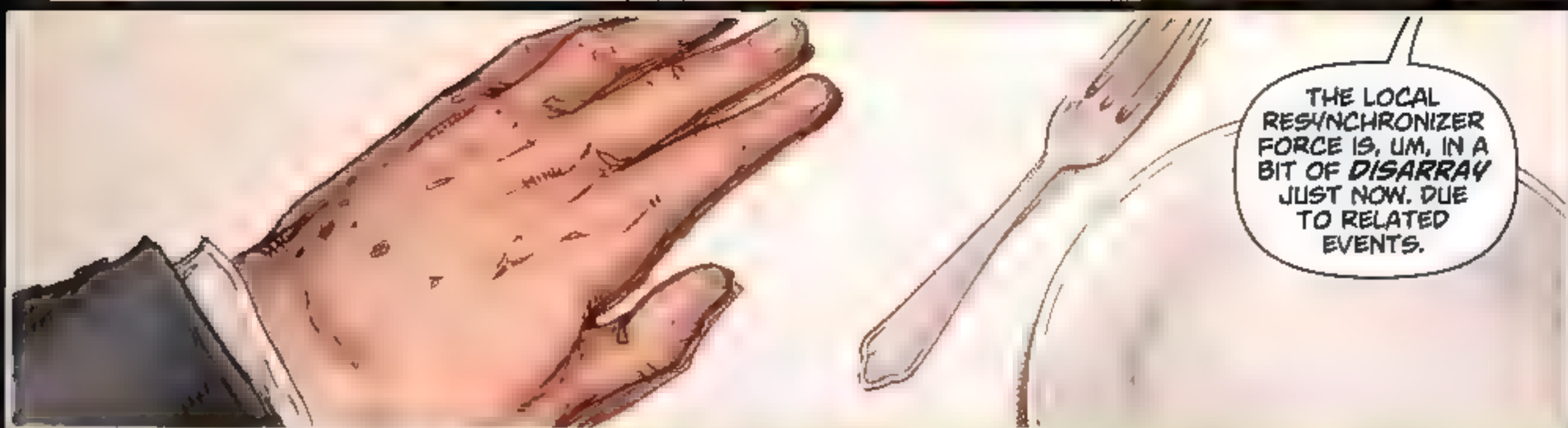
BUT THERE
HAS BEEN A
DEVELOPMENT
IN THE TRANS-
BERKSHIRE, WHICH
I SUPERVISE.





AN EXOTEMPORAL
ORIGINATING FROM AN
EPOCH OF **CLASS II**
URGENCY HAS
SURFACED.

WE DON'T KNOW HOW HE FELL
THROUGH THE CRACKS. HE MAY
HAVE BEEN A **REJECTOR**. OR
AFFLICTED WITH **HYPERACUTE**
HOSTING DYSFUNCTION.

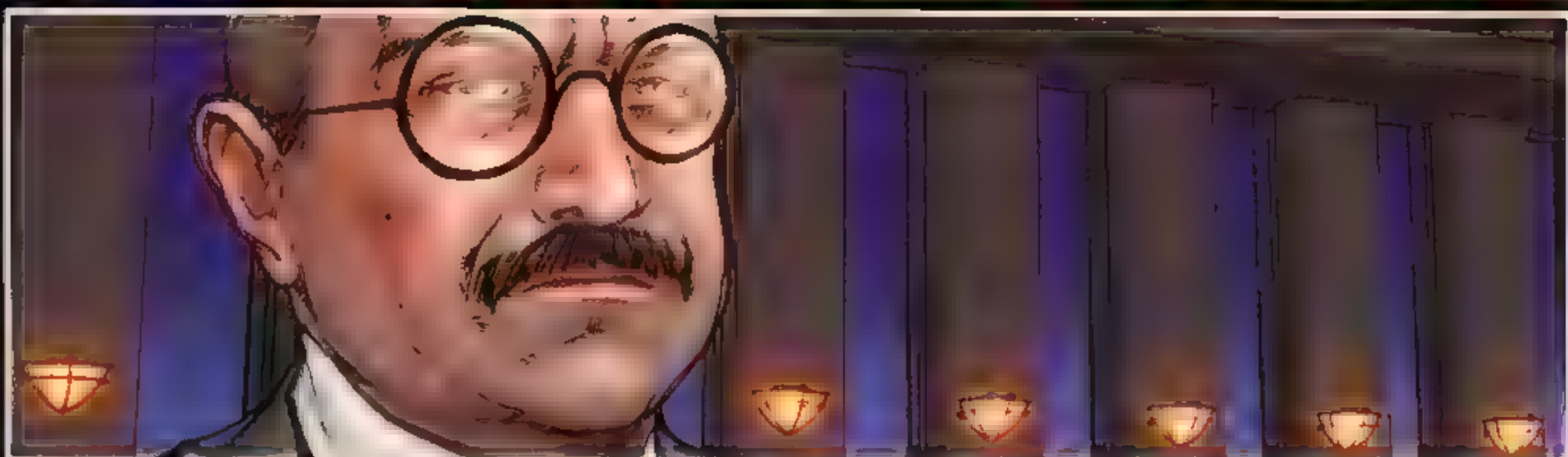


THE LOCAL
RESYNCHRONIZER
FORCE IS, UM, IN A
BIT OF **DISARRAY**
JUST NOW. DUE
TO RELATED
EVENTS.



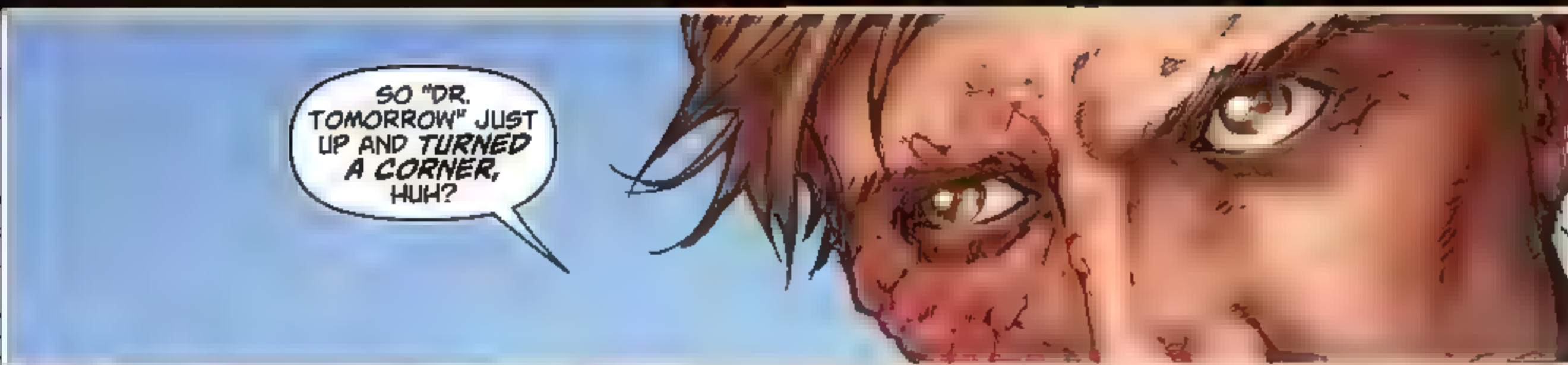
SO THE **COMMISSARIAT**
CHAIRS ARE RECOMMENDING
WE MAKE A **DIRECT**
INTERVENTION.

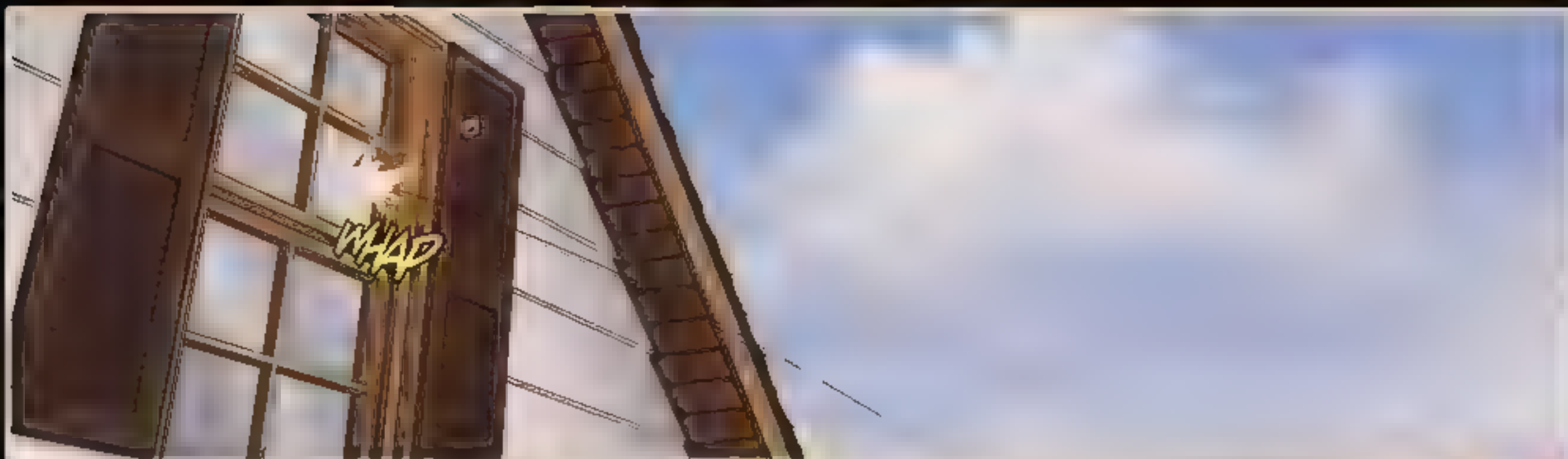
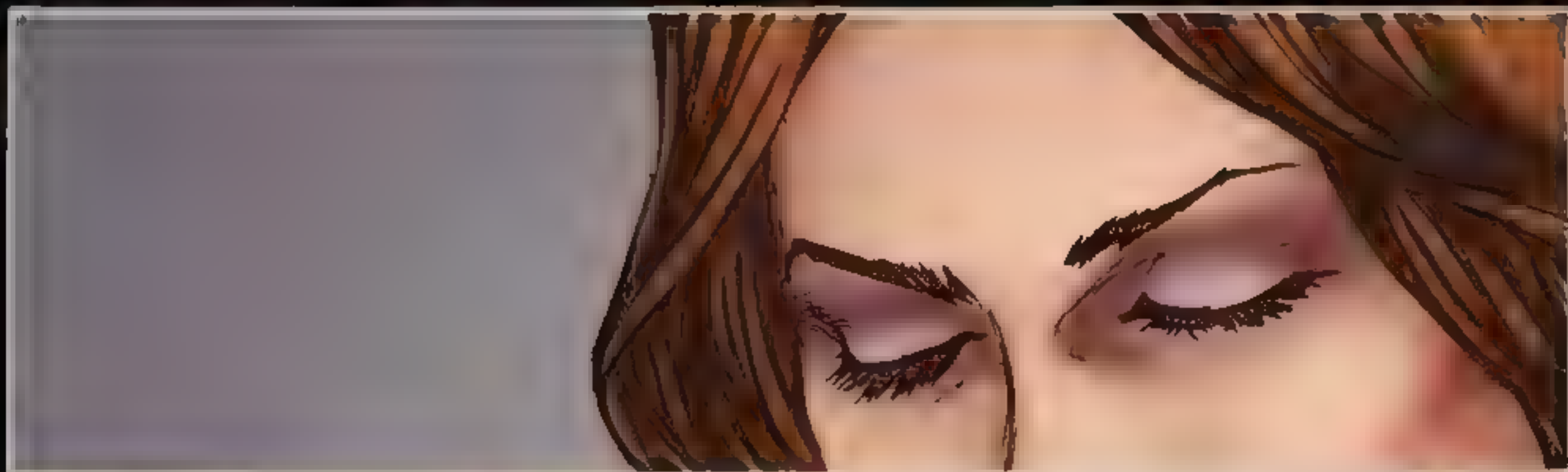
WHAT
ARE YOUR
THOUGHTS?

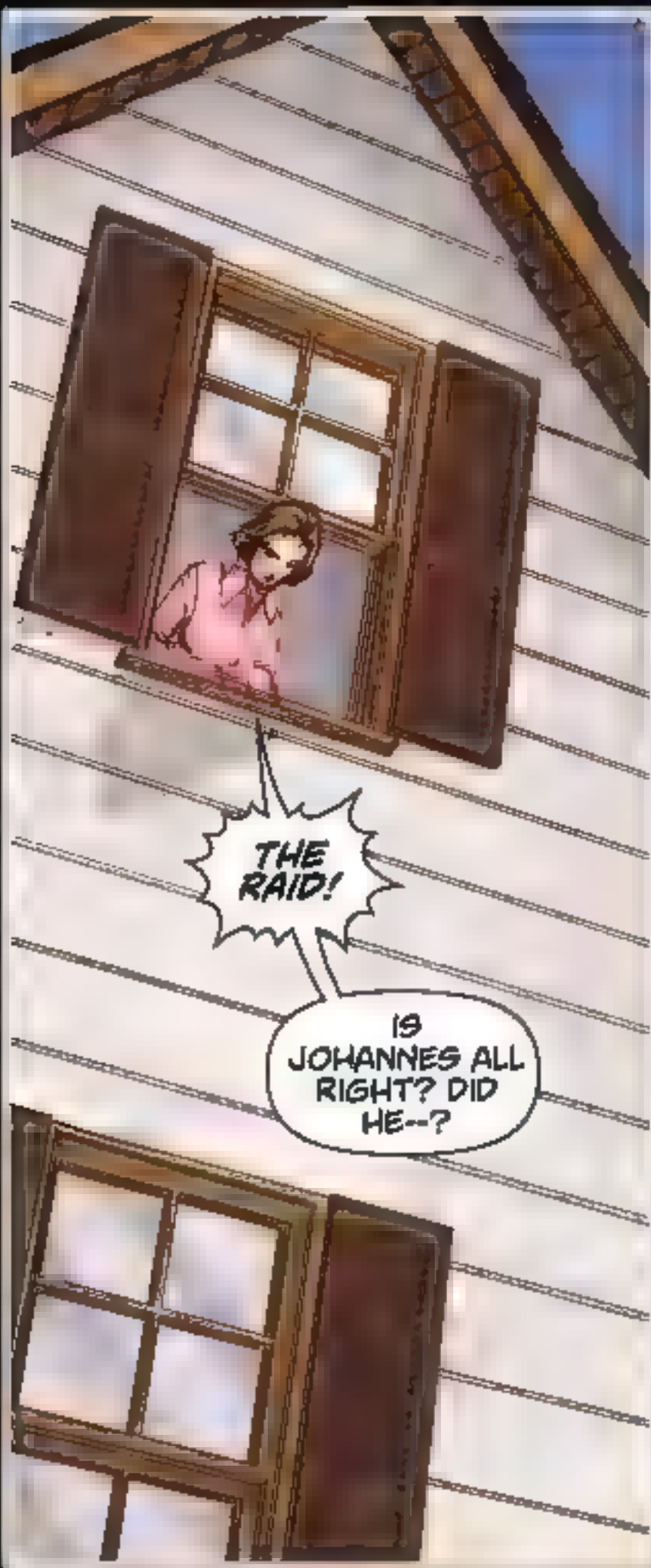


"THOUGHTS."

I ALWAYS
HAVE **SO MANY**
THOUGHTS...







THE
RAID!

IS
JOHANNES ALL
RIGHT? DID
HE--?



SHH. NO
NAMES.

HE'LL BE FINE.
THE ENGAGEMENT
DIDN'T END QUITE SO
BADLY AS FIRST
REPORTED.

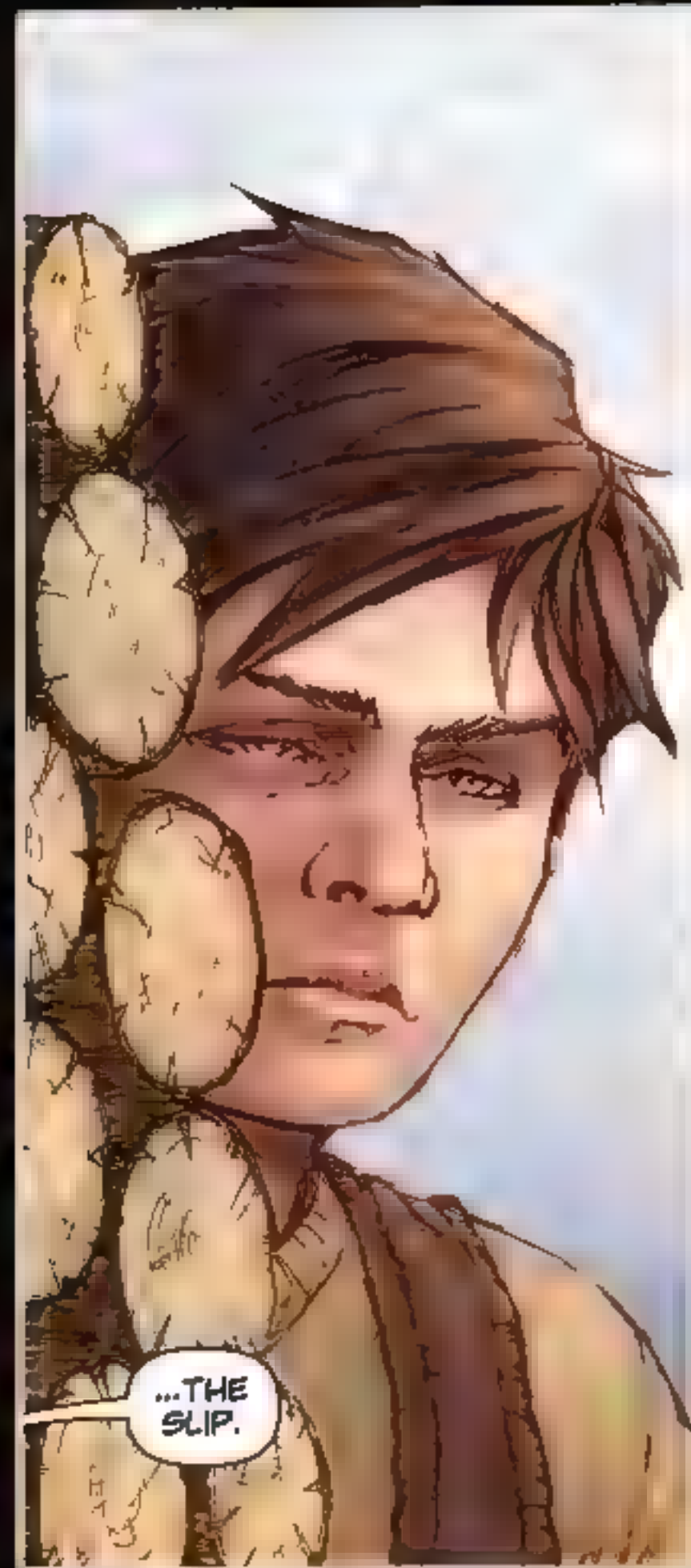


NOW. IF I
MAY. I WON'T
PRY OR
JUDGE...

...BUT, UH, I
CANNOT GET
INVOLVED IN
ANYTHING LIKE
THIS EVER
AGAIN.



OUR
FRIEND SAID
YOU WOULD
KNOW WHAT
TO DO ABOUT
THIS...



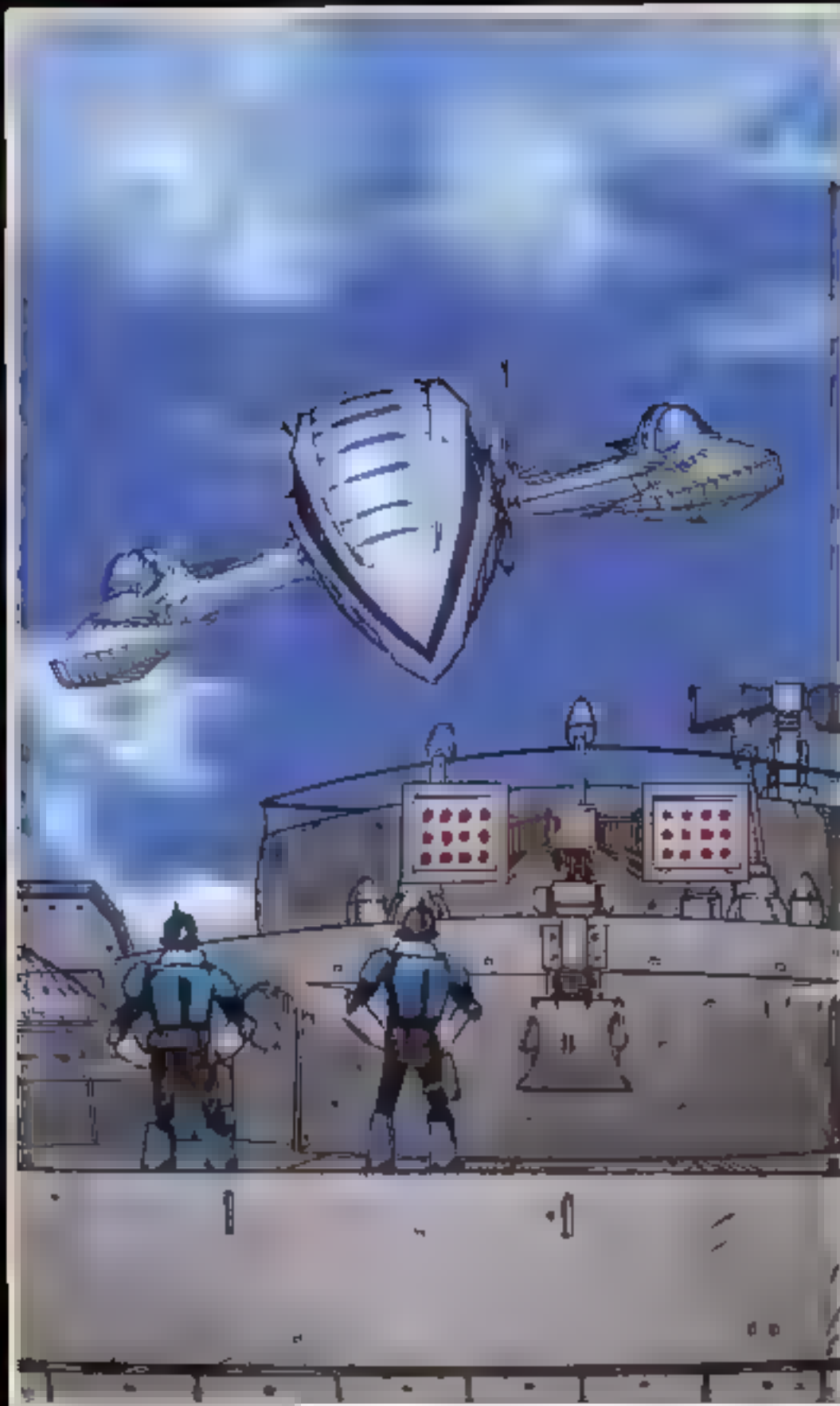
...THE
SLIP.

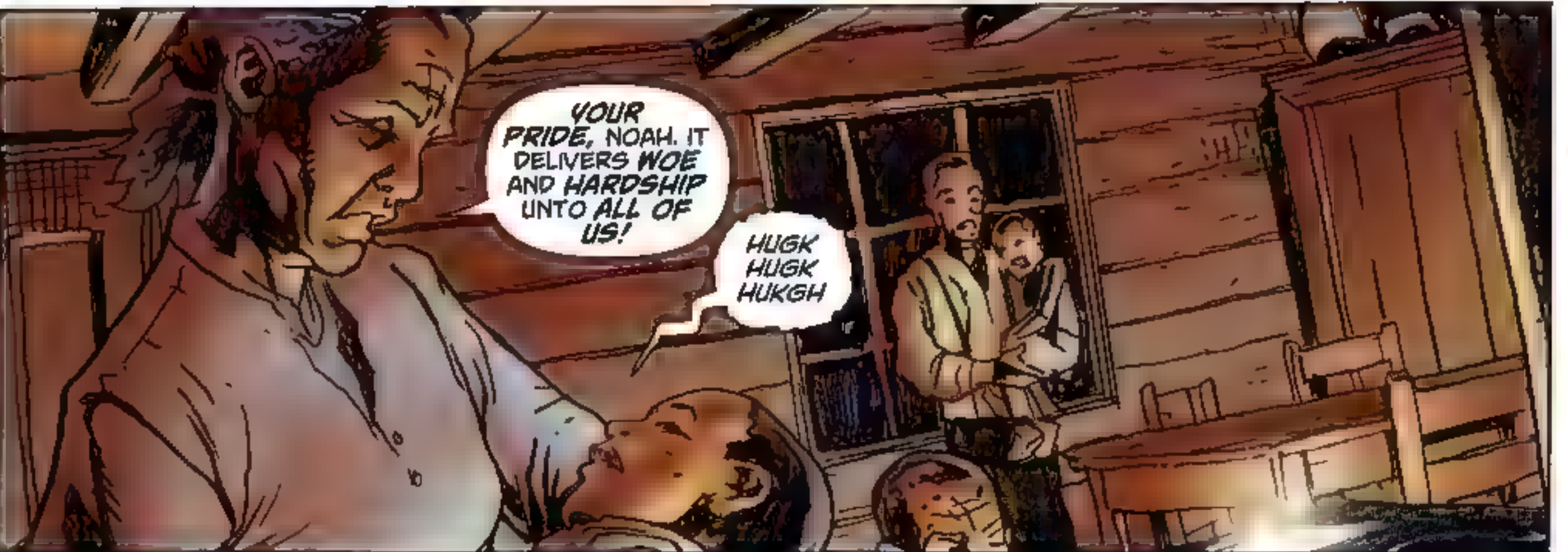
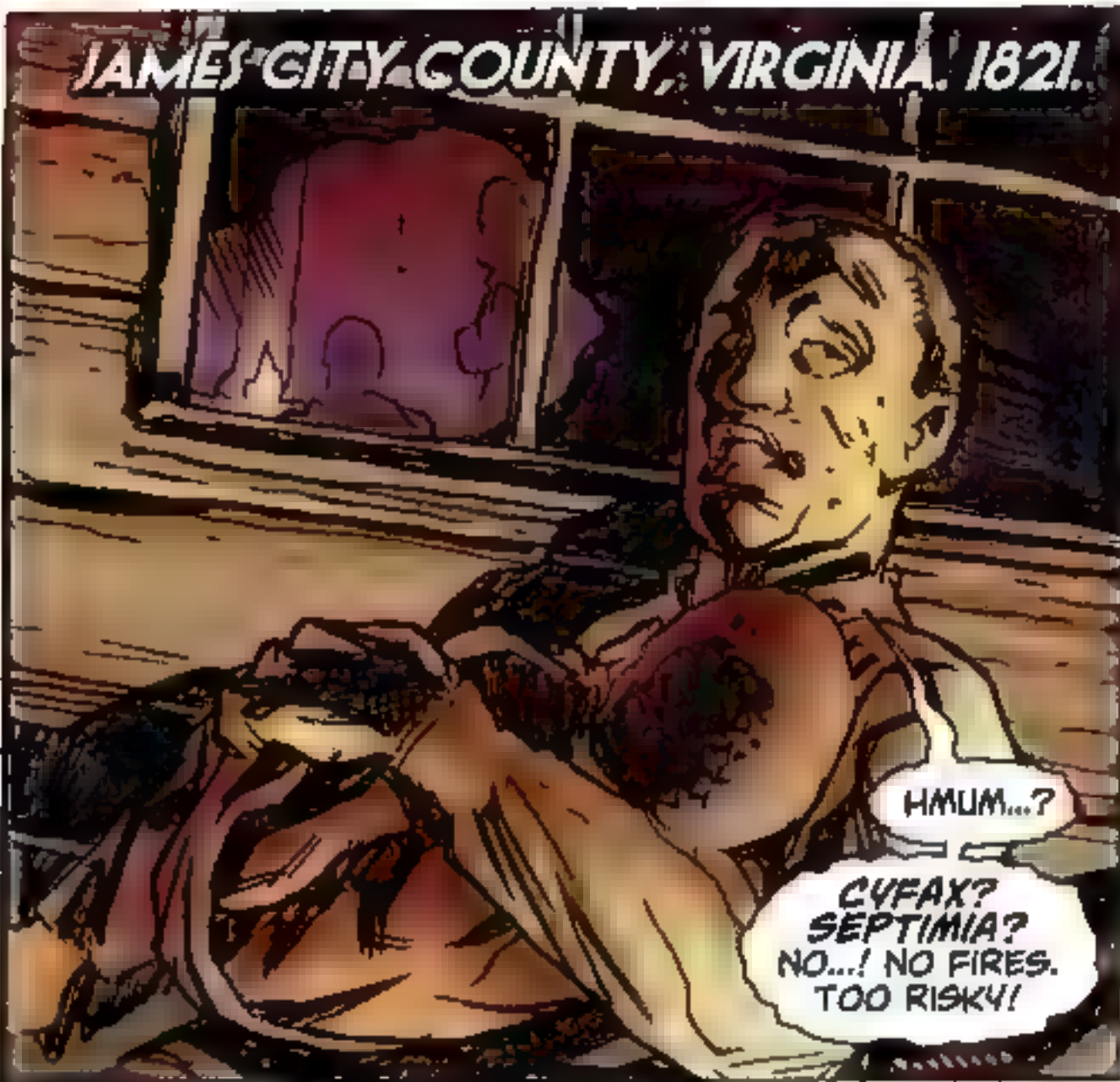
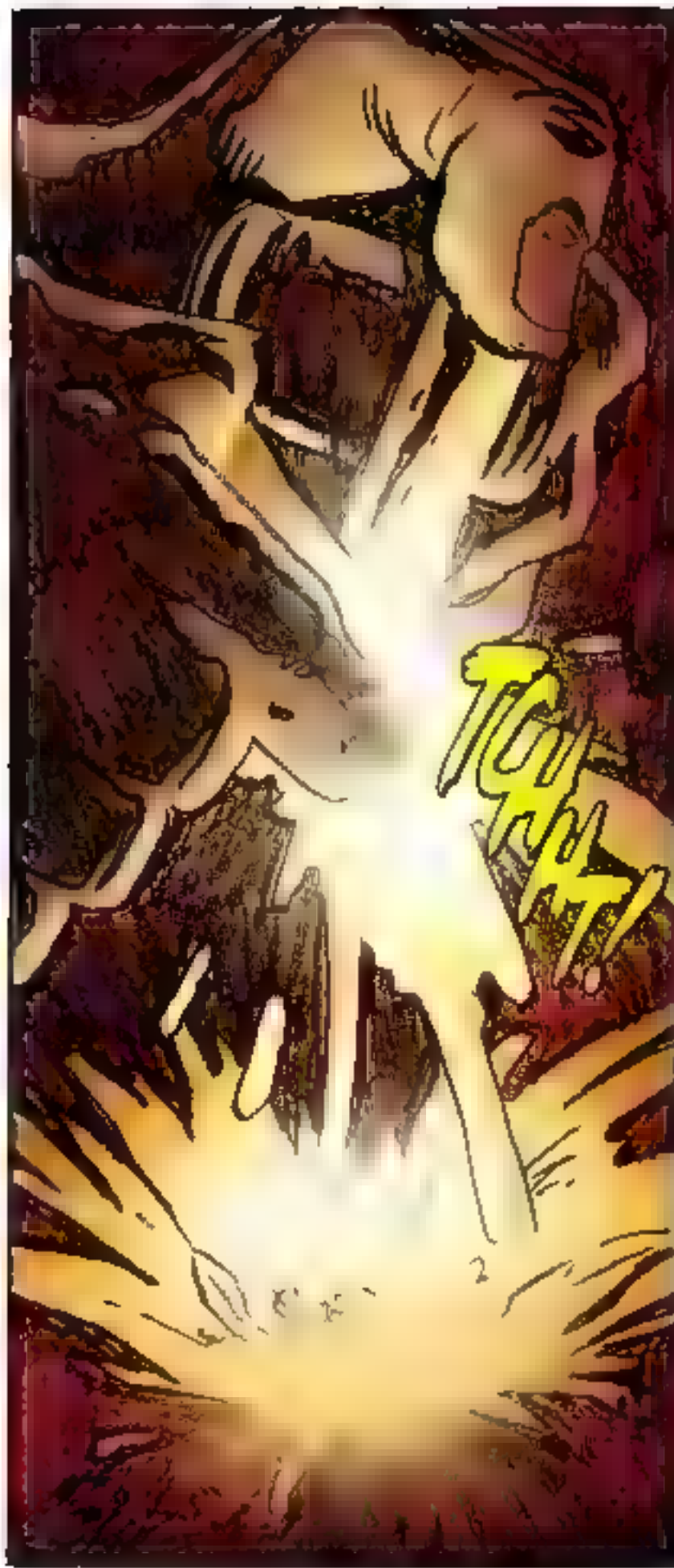
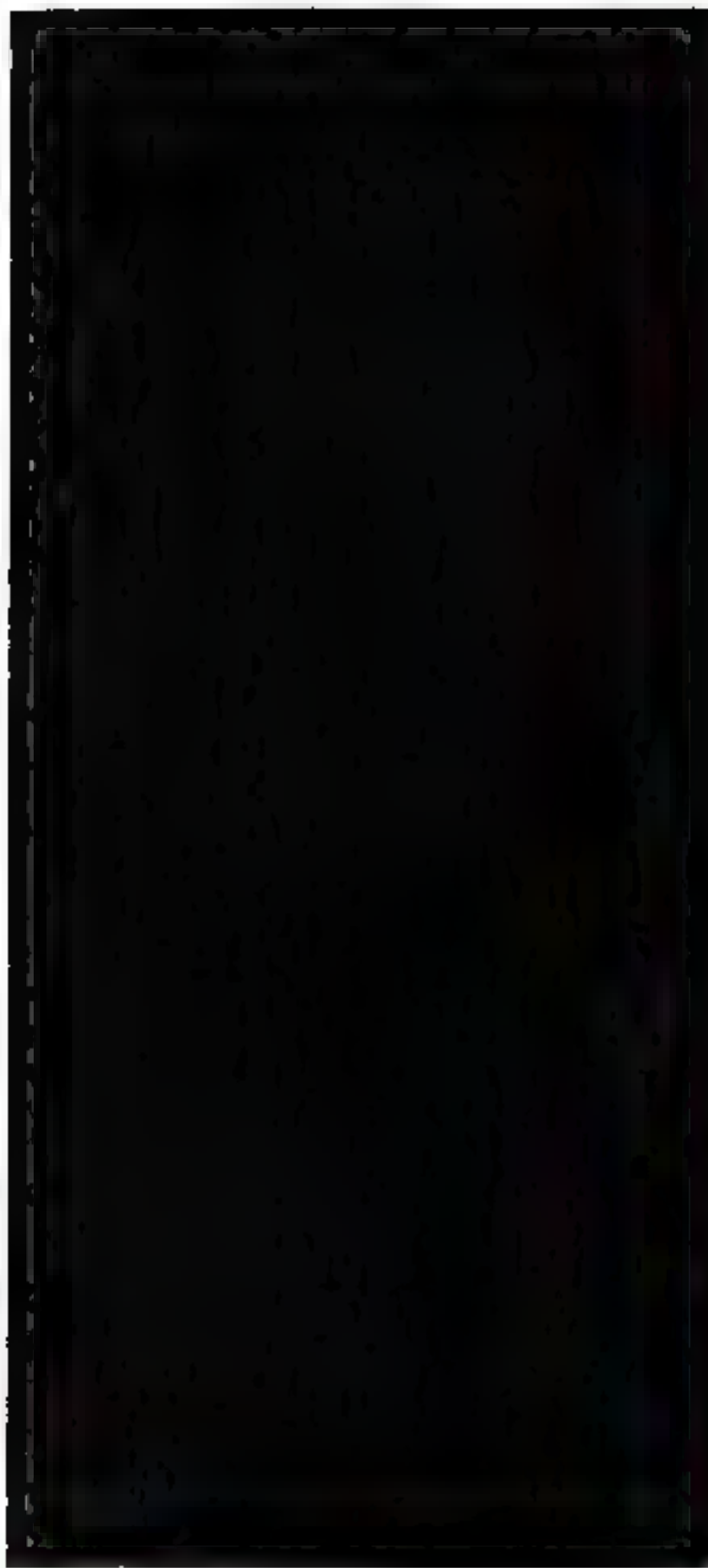


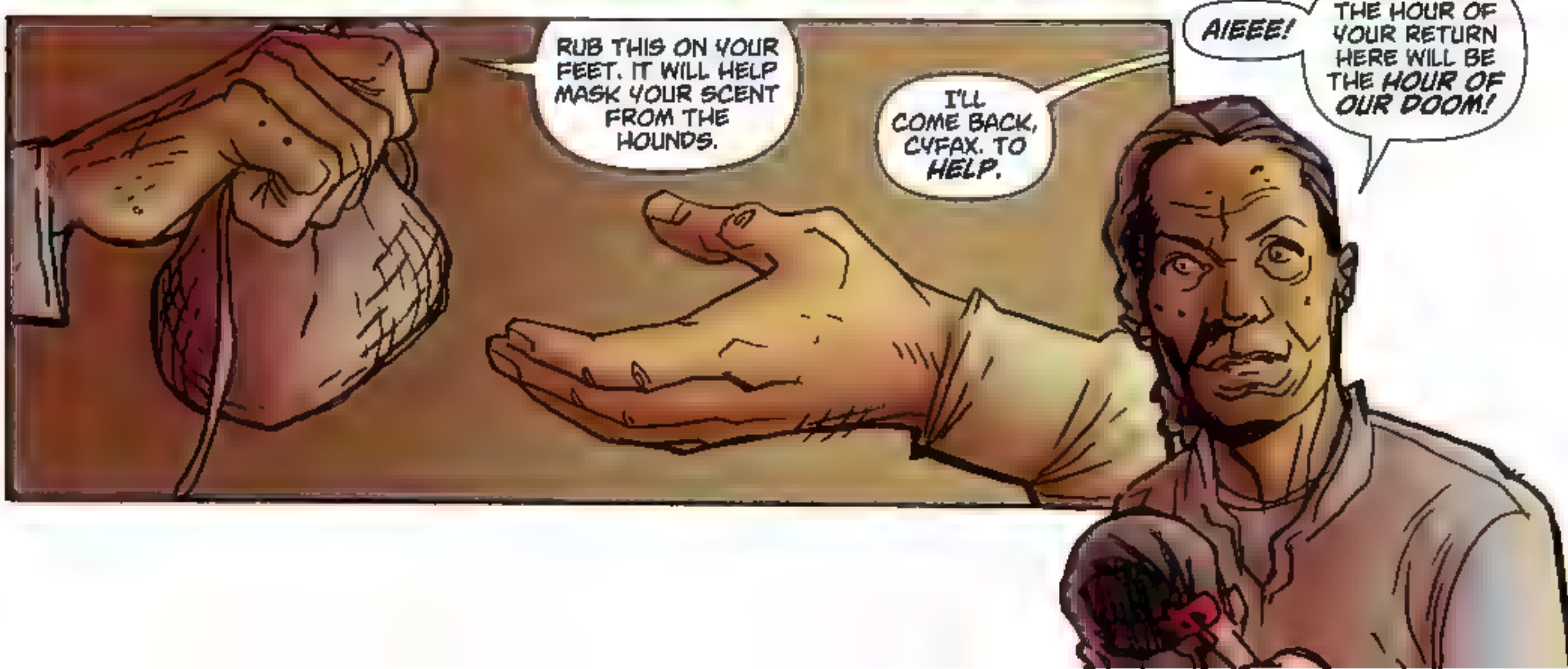
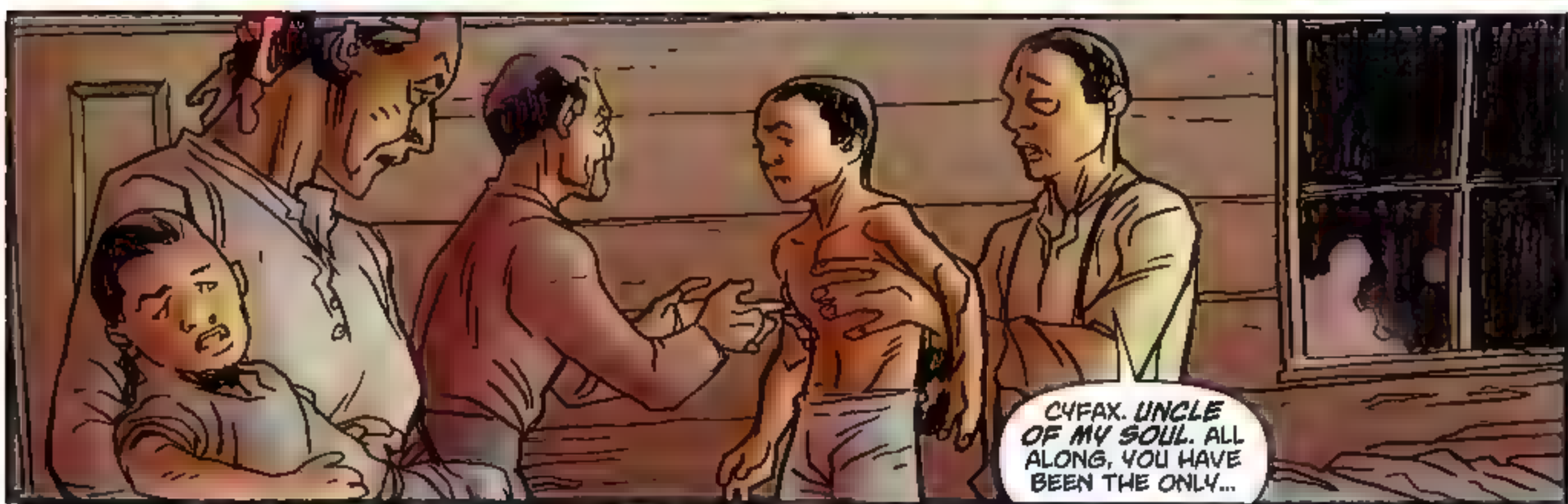
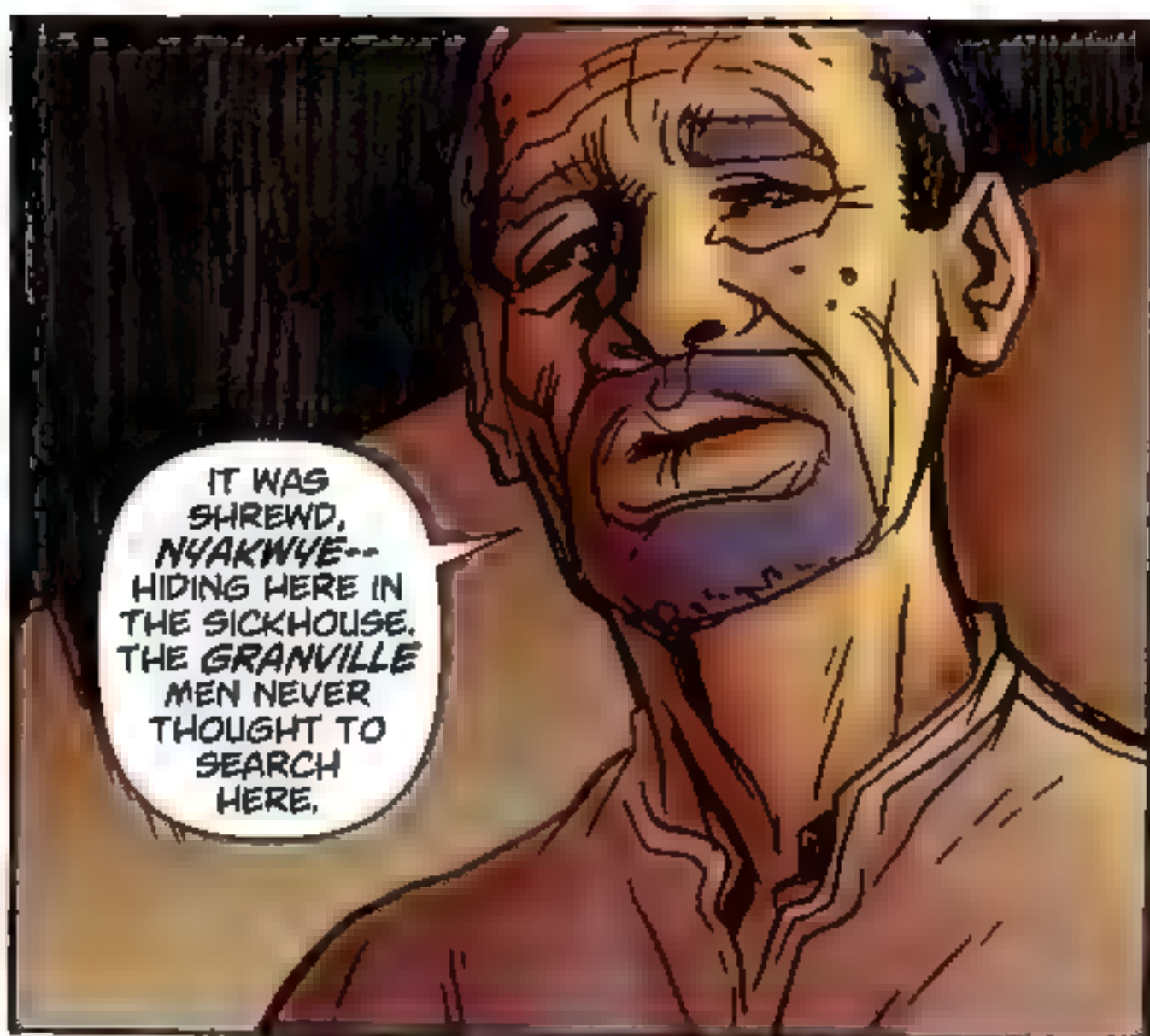
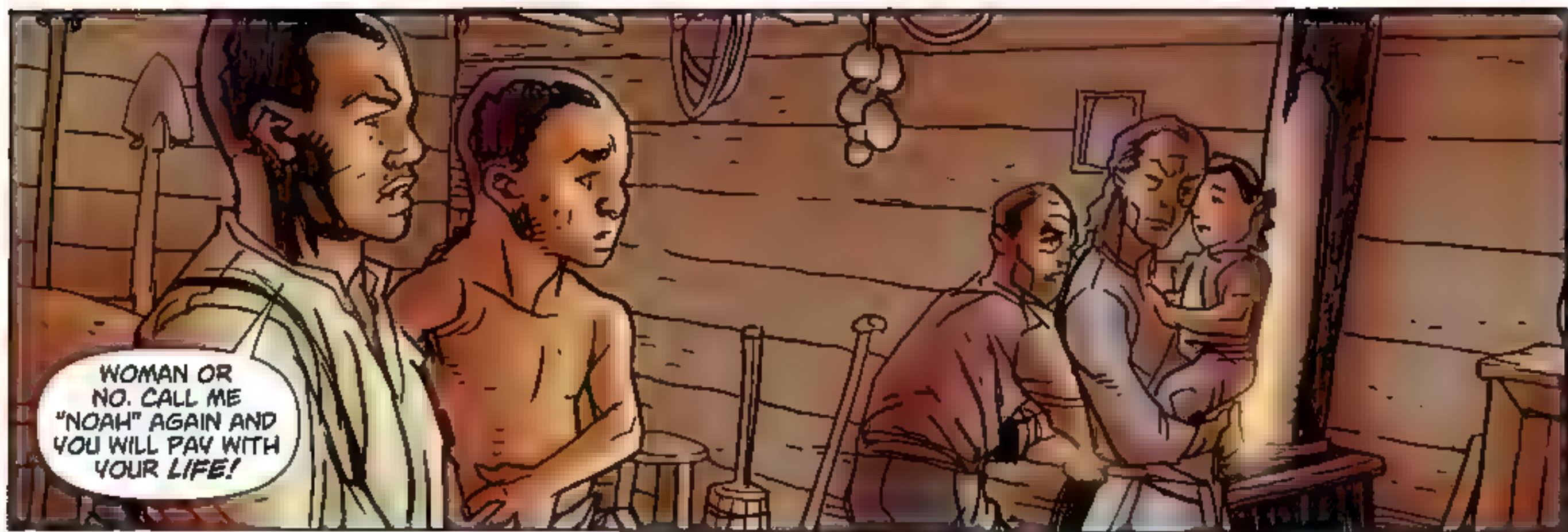
NICELY
DONE. *OPERATIC*
YET *FUNCTIONAL*.
SHOULD REALLY
DAZZLE THE TARGET
POPULATIONS.

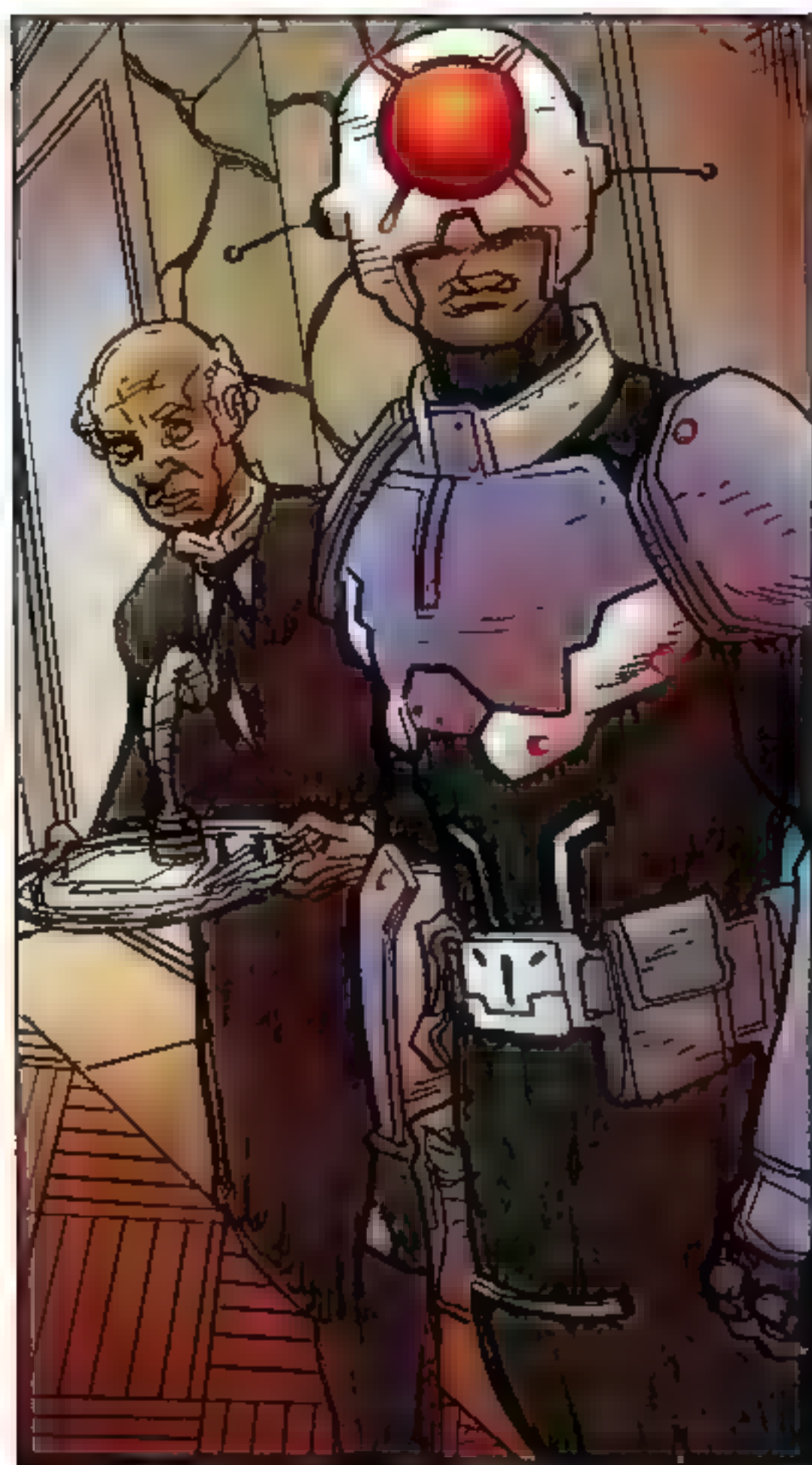
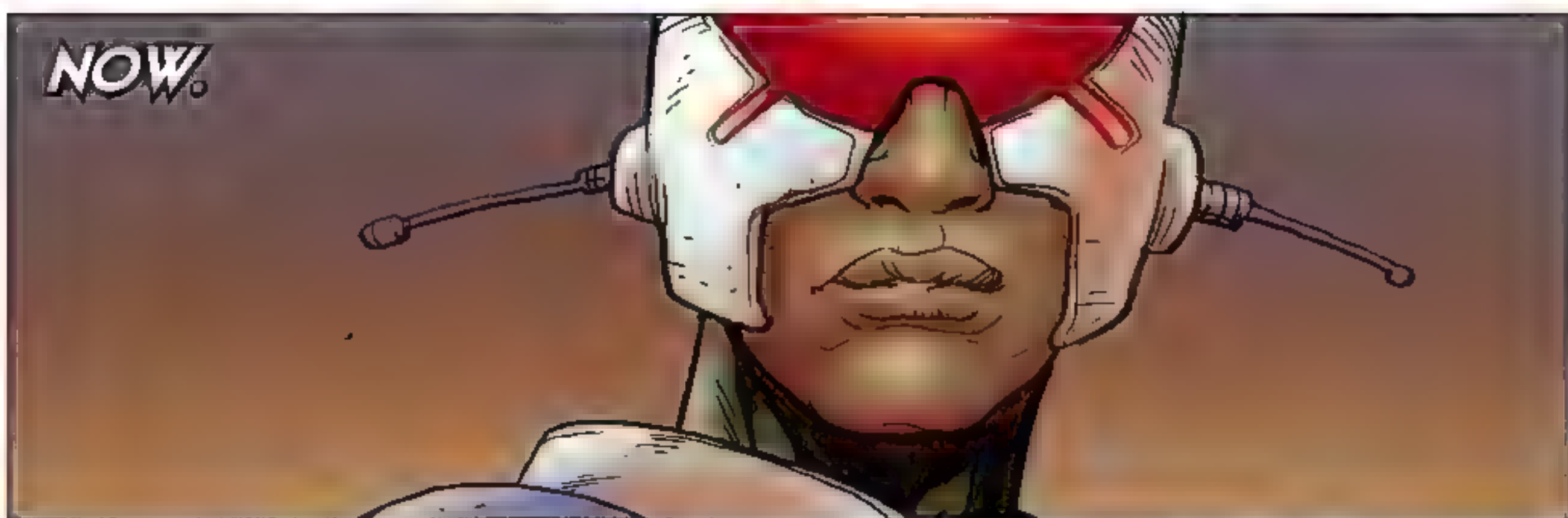
SCHUCKLE
I APPRECIATE IT.

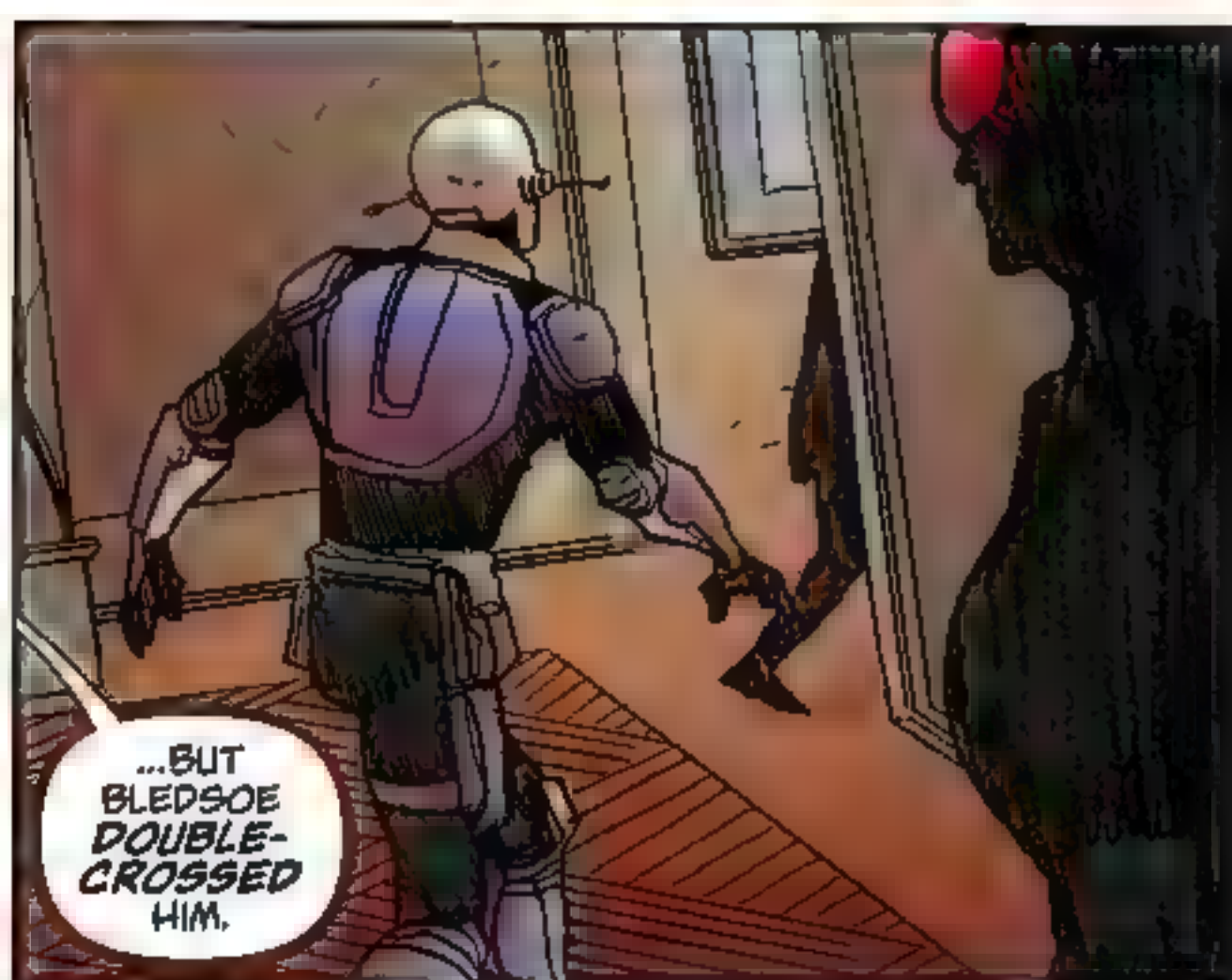
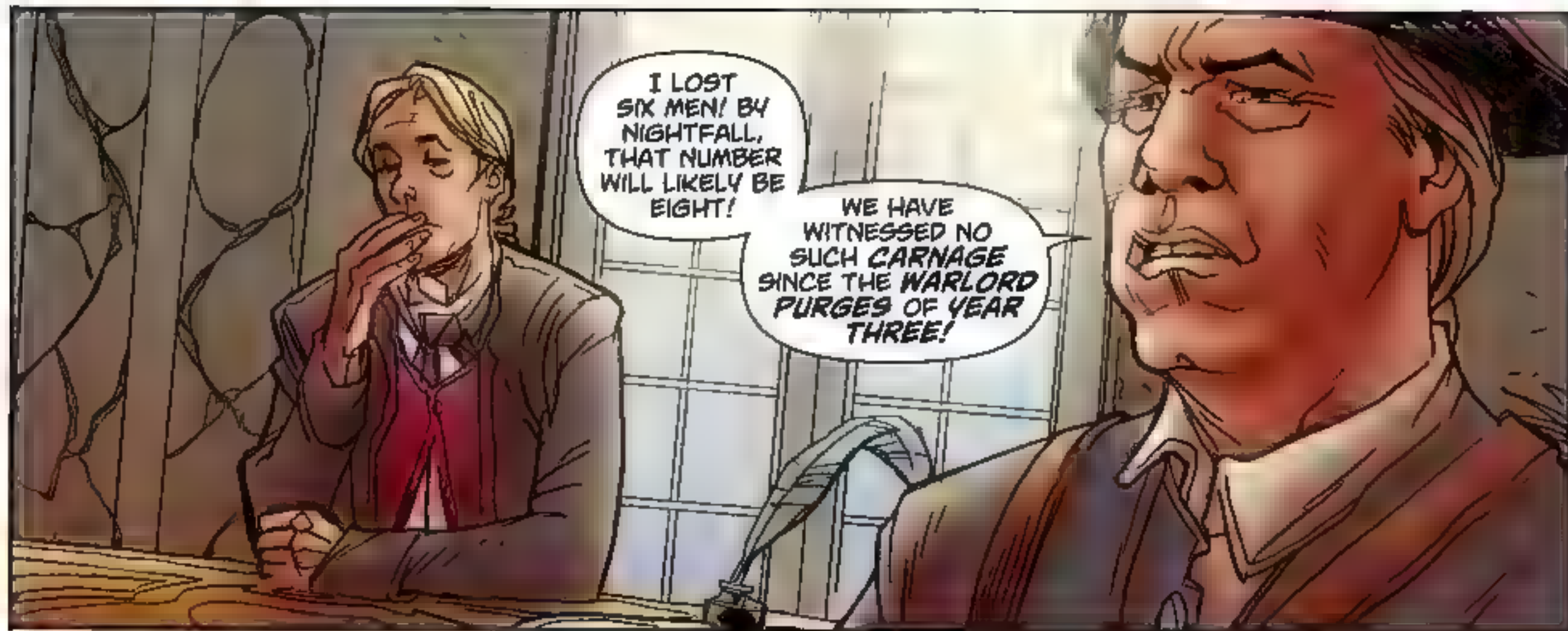
GIVEN MY
LIMITATIONS,
I WOULDN'T BE
MUCH MORE THAN A
MOUTHPIECE FOR THE
RESYNCHRONIZATION
PROJECT IF NOT FOR
THIS SORT OF FLAIR.











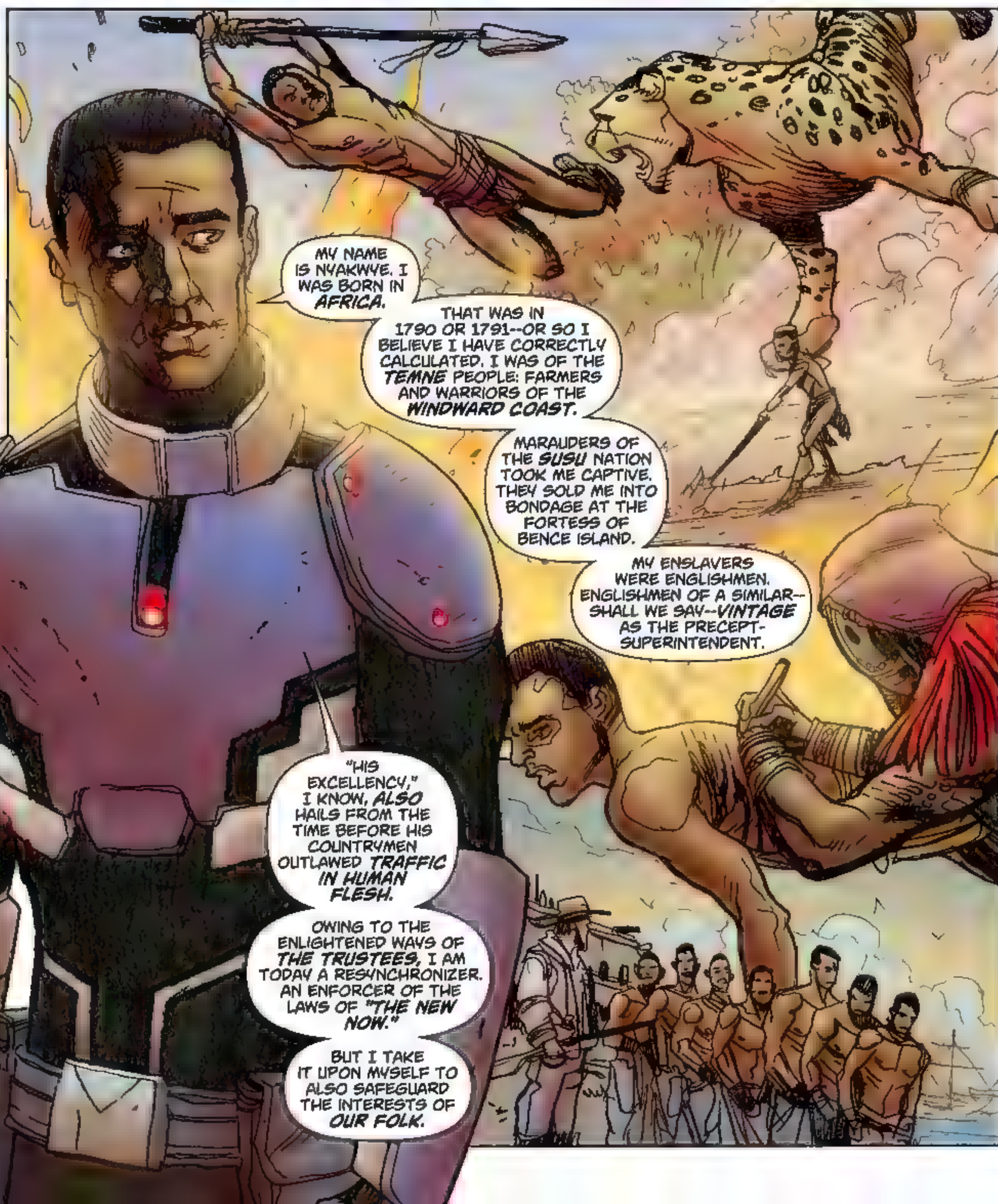


FORGIVE ME.
HIS EXCELLENCY
AND THE **LADY OF THE**
HOUSE HAVE MUCH I
MUST ATTEND TO.



OF COURSE.
YOU CANNOT
SEE...!

LISTEN. I AM ONE
YOU SHOULD CALL
BROTHER. DO YOU--
UNDERSTAND?



MY NAME
IS **NYAKWE**. I
WAS BORN IN
AFRICA.

THAT WAS IN
1790 OR 1791--OR SO I
BELIEVE I HAVE CORRECTLY
CALCULATED. I WAS OF THE
TEMNE PEOPLE: FARMERS
AND WARRIORS OF THE
WINDWARD COAST.

MARAUDERS OF
THE **SUSU** NATION
TOOK ME CAPTIVE.
THEY SOLD ME INTO
BONDAGE AT THE
FORTRESS OF
BENCE ISLAND.

MY ENSLAVERS
WERE ENGLISHMEN.
ENGLISHMEN OF A SIMILAR--
SHALL WE SAY--**VINTAGE**
AS THE PRECEPT-
SUPERINTENDENT.

"**HIS**
EXCELLENCY,"
I KNOW, **ALSO**
HAILS FROM THE
TIME BEFORE HIS
COUNTRYMEN
OUTLAWED **TRAFFIC**
IN **HUMAN**
FLESH.

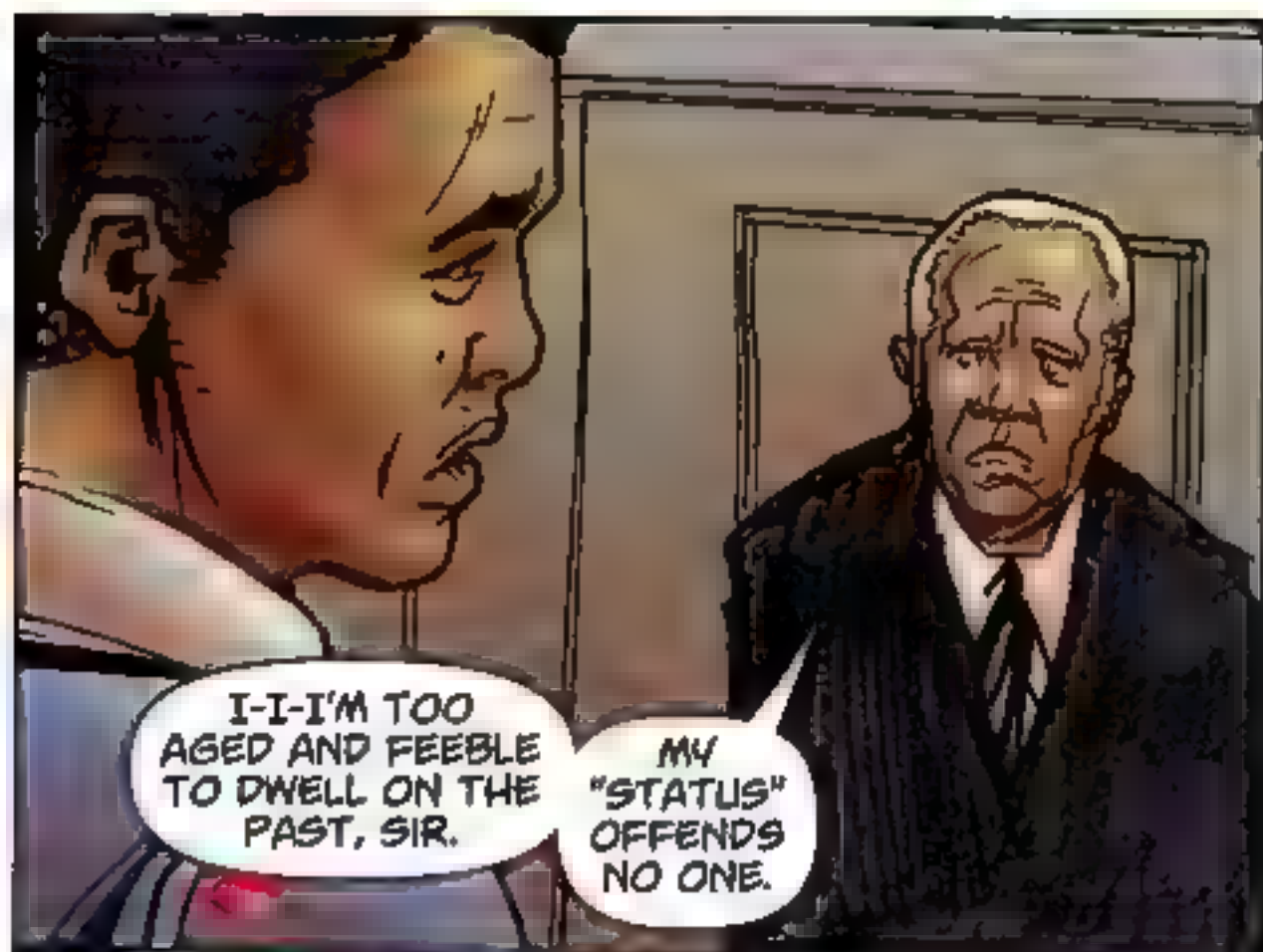
OWING TO THE
ENLIGHTENED WAYS OF
THE **TRUSTEES**, I AM
TODAY A RESYNCHRONIZER.
AN ENFORCER OF THE
LAWS OF "**THE NEW**
NOW."

BUT I TAKE
IT UPON MYSELF TO
ALSO SAFEGUARD
THE INTERESTS OF
OUR FOLK.



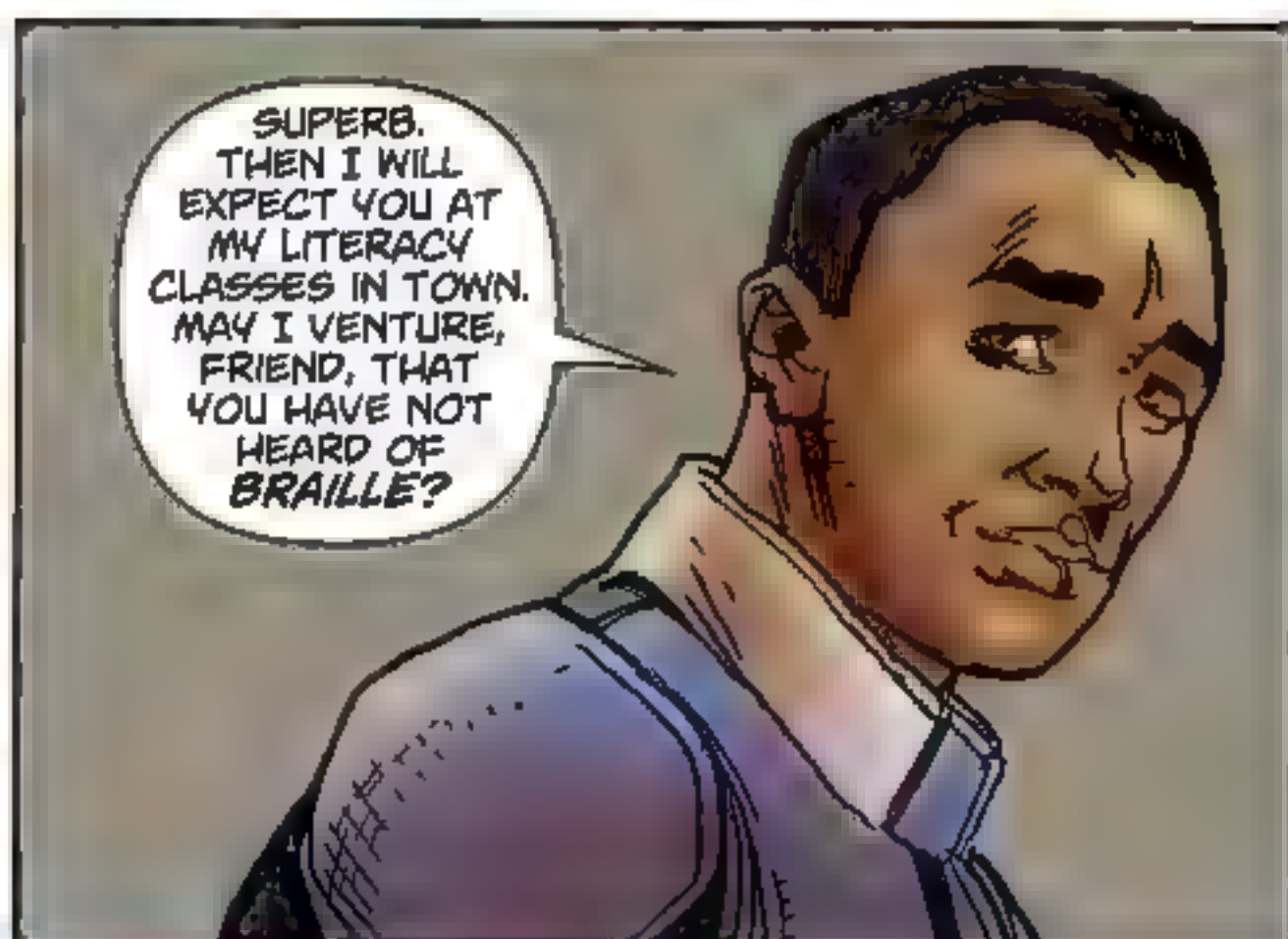
SO TELL ME,
YOUR **STATUS**
IN THIS HOUSE
IS IT...

...**APPROPRIATE?**

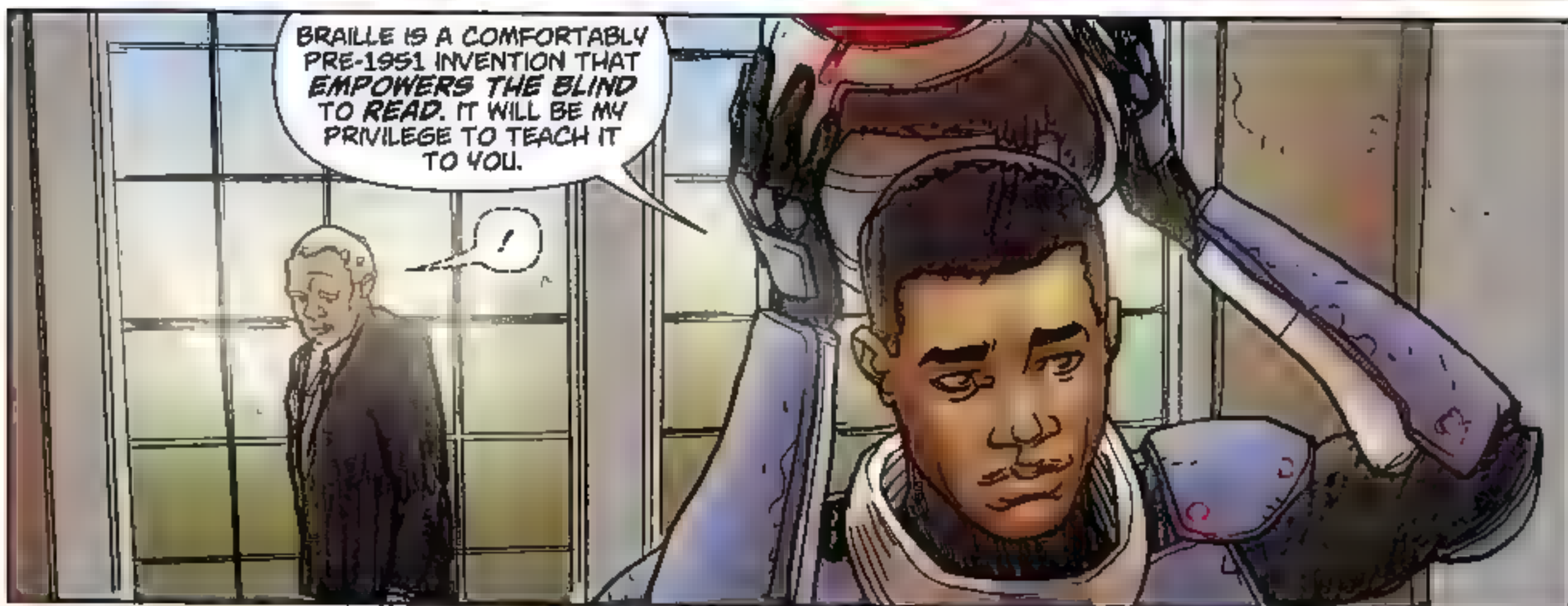


I-I-I'M TOO
AGED AND FEEBLE
TO DWELL ON THE
PAST, SIR.

MY
"STATUS"
OFFENDS
NO ONE.



SUPERB.
THEN I WILL
EXPECT YOU AT
MY LITERACY
CLASSES IN TOWN.
MAY I VENTURE,
FRIEND, THAT
YOU HAVE NOT
HEARD OF
BRaille?



BRaille IS A COMFORTABLY
PRE-1951 INVENTION THAT
EMPOWERS THE BLIND
TO READ. IT WILL BE MY
PRIVILEGE TO TEACH IT
TO YOU.

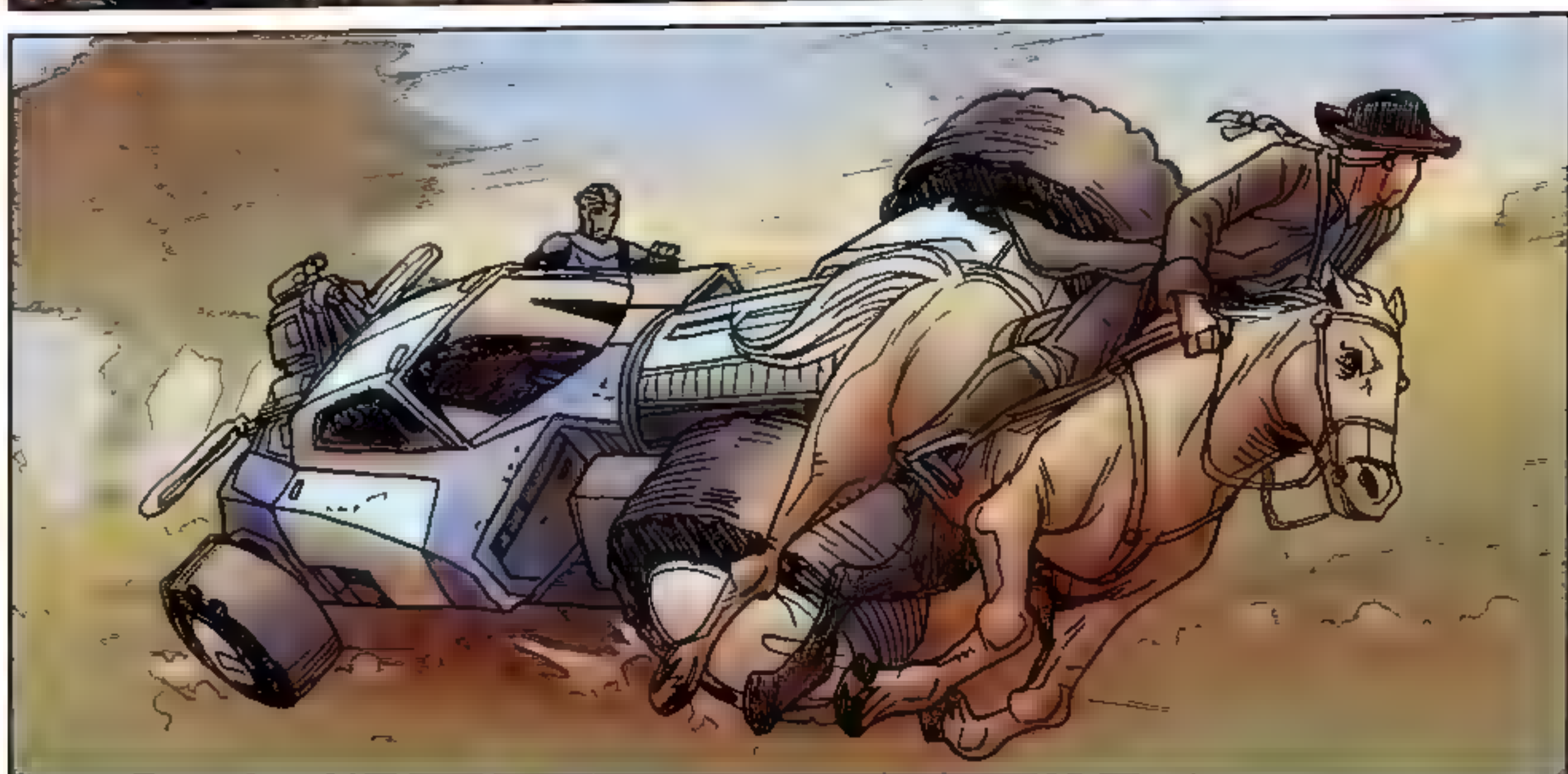
!



...PAULA...?!

NVAKWYE--
MY GOD!

IT'S AN
EMERGENCY!





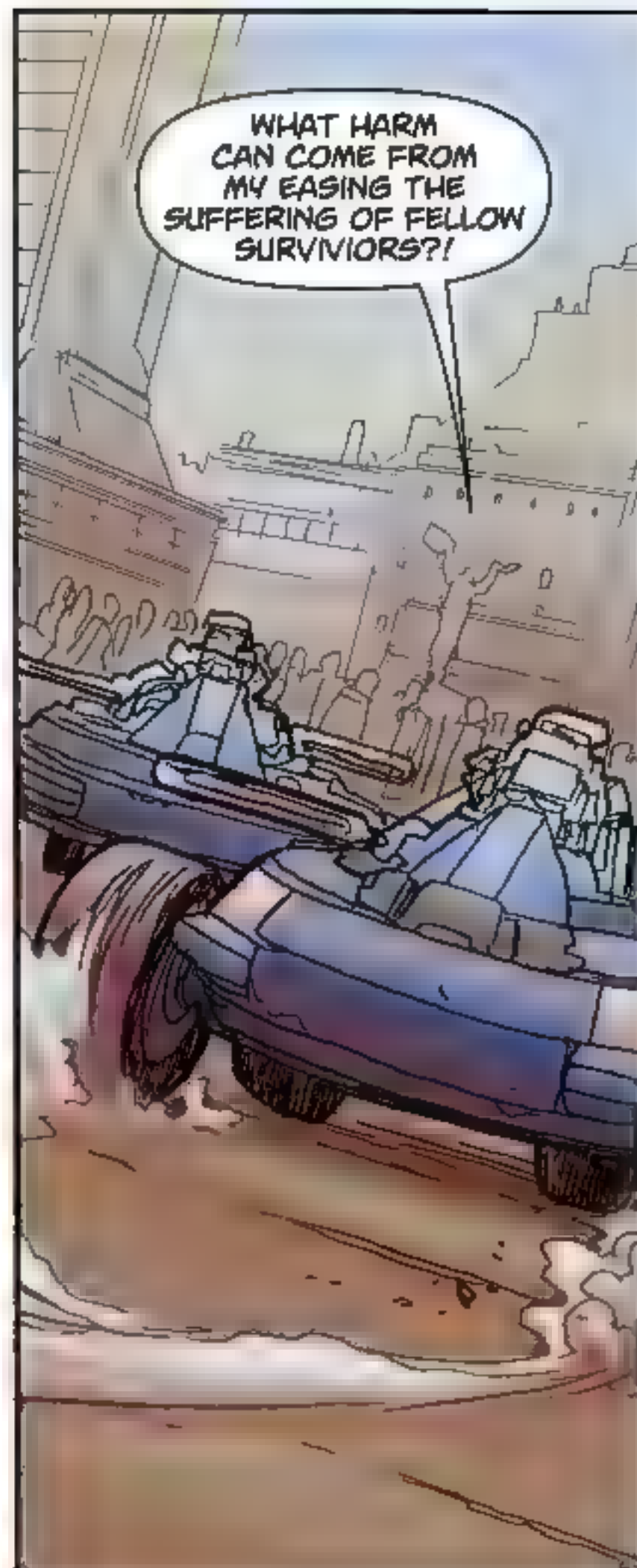
BUT THUGS
HIJACKED MY PRACTICE.
TO EXTORT FROM ME. TO
EXTORT FROM YOU.

THE THUGS GOT
SLOPPY. THEN
RESYNCHRONIZERS
MOVED IN.



I CAN NO
LONGER **SAVE**
LIVES BEHIND A
CURTAIN OF
SECRECY AND
INTIMIDATION!

THE TRUSTEES TELL
US **READJUSTMENT**
DAY IS COMING. BUT IT'S
BEEN **FOURTEEN**
YEARS!



WHAT HARM
CAN COME FROM
MY EASING THE
SUFFERING OF FELLOW
SURVIVORS?!



WATERPOKKEN...!



HERE THEY ARE!
RESYNCHRONIZERS--
COMING TO ICE
ME!

TO CONTAIN
ME LIKE I'M
SOME KIND OF
RADIOACTIVE
BOMB!



BUT I AM
NOT A BOMB!
I AM A
DOCTOR!

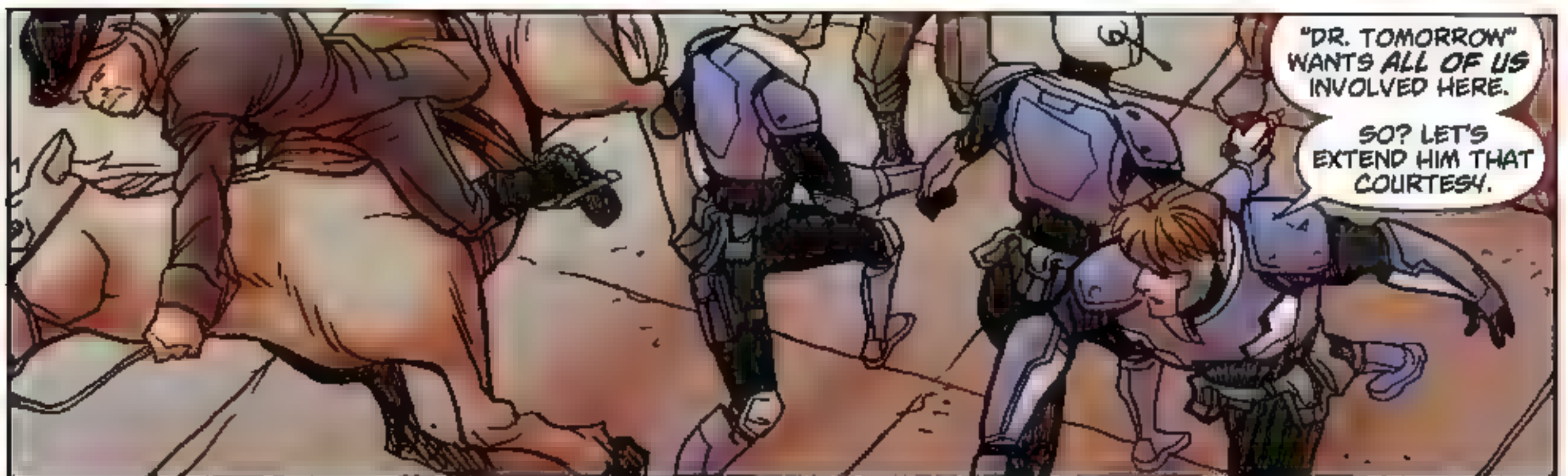
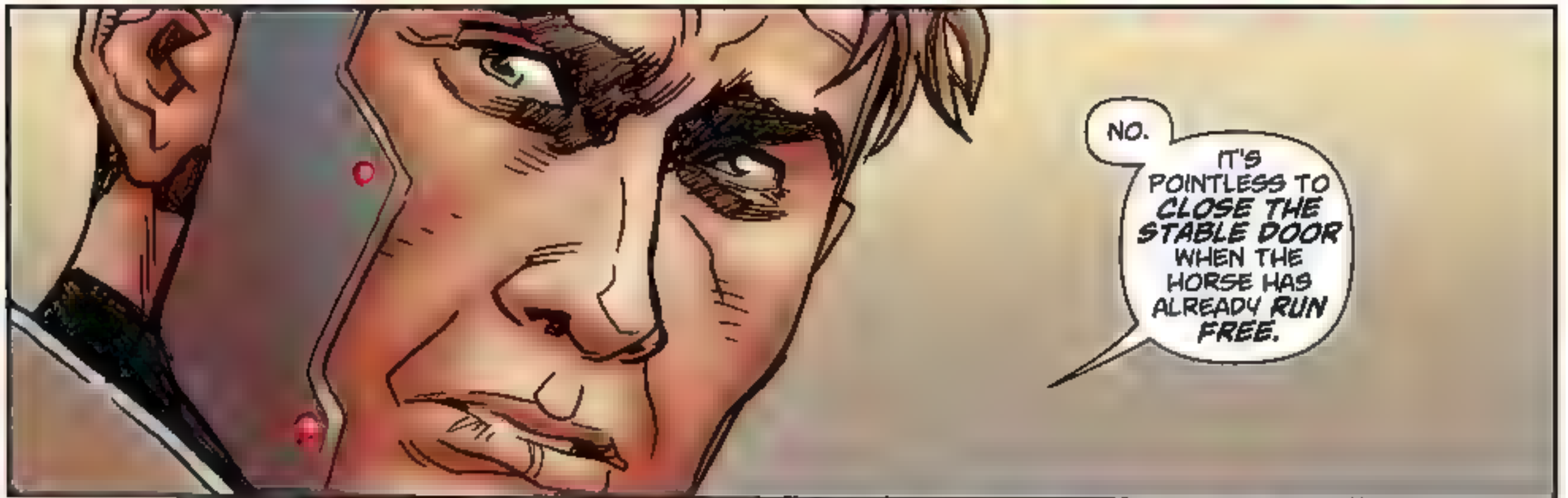
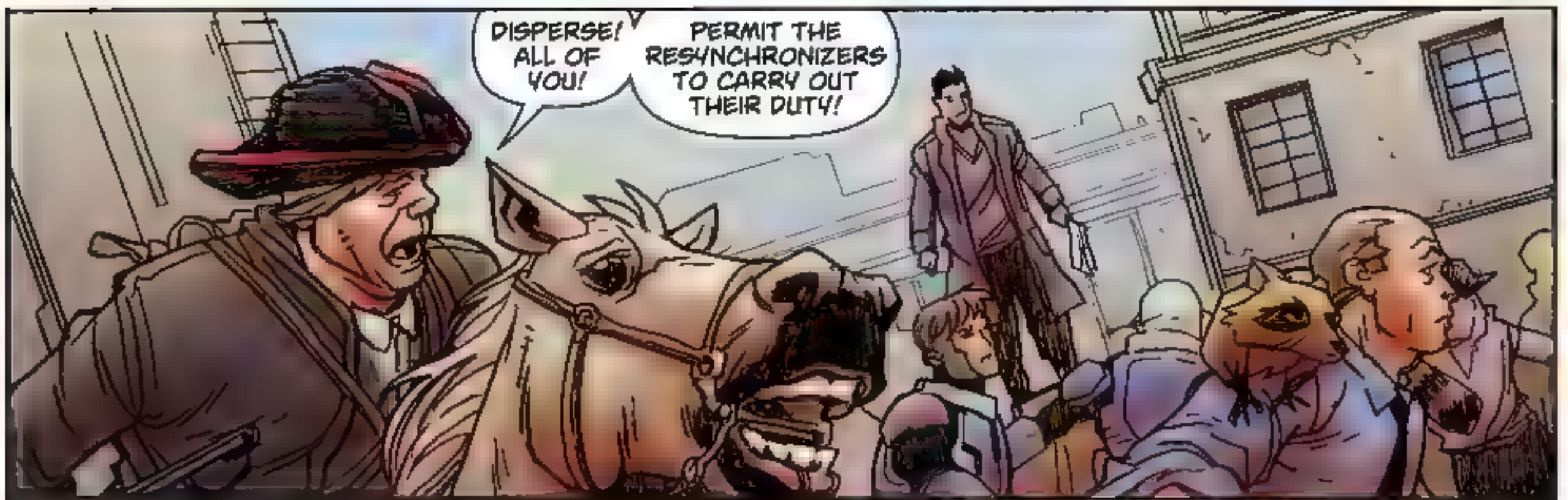
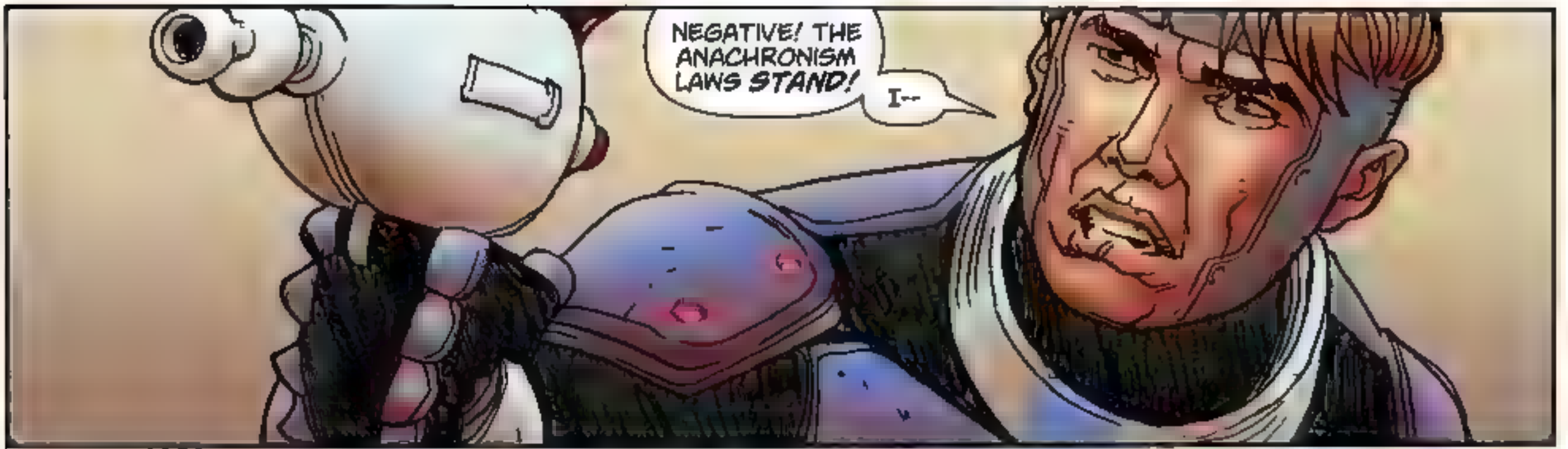


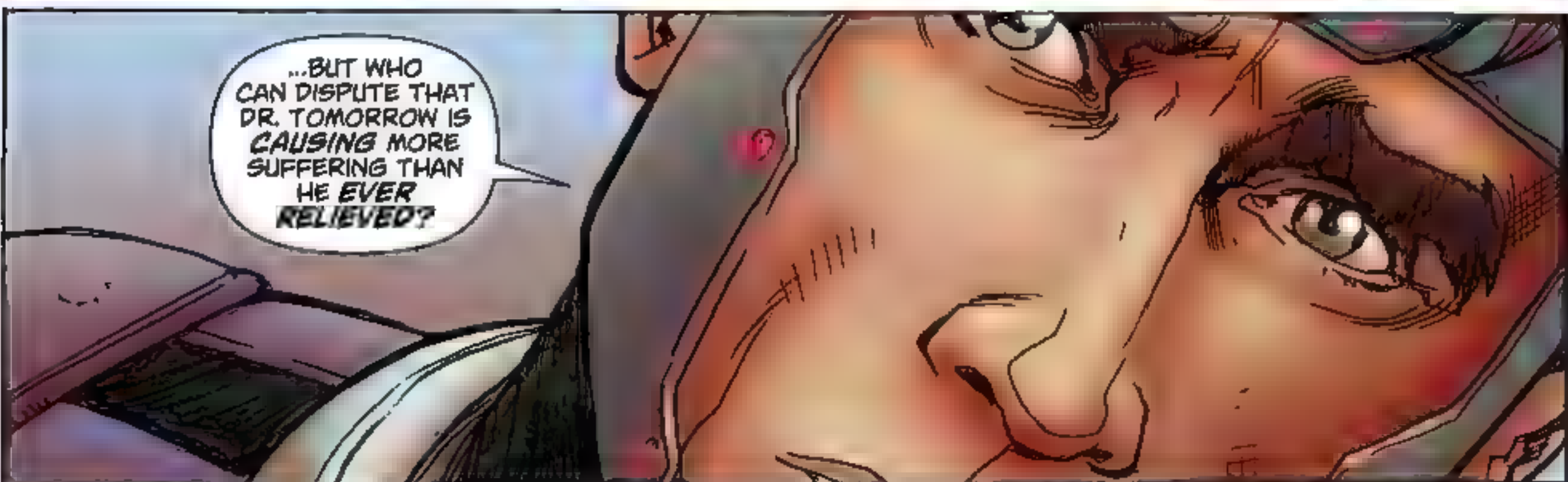
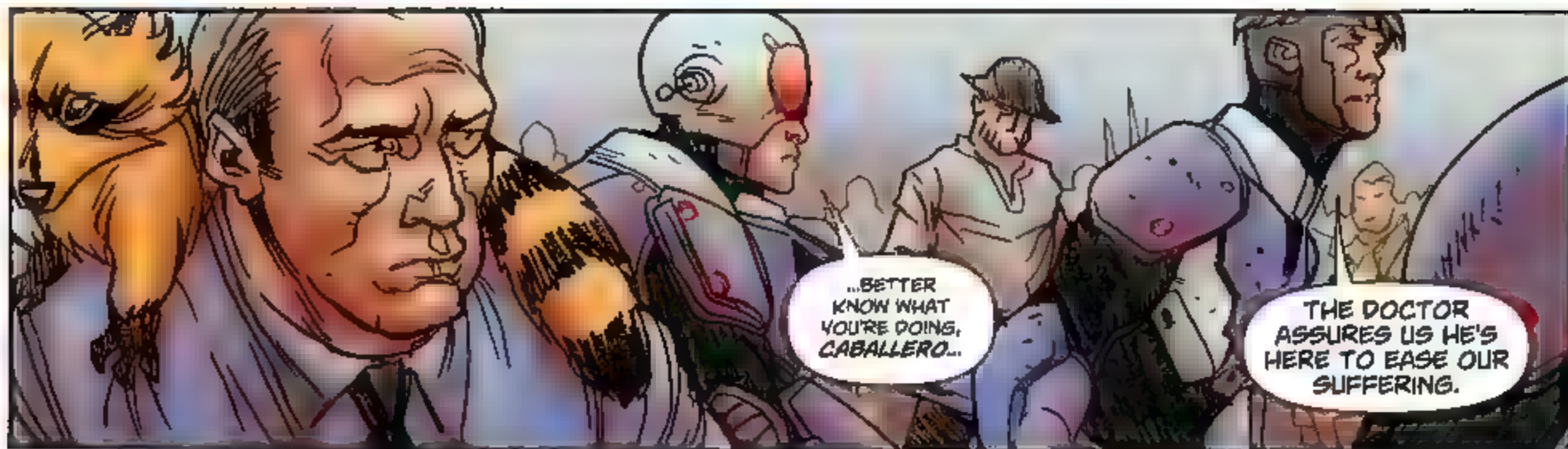
I HAVE SEEN--
BEEN PART OF--
FUTURE THINGS THAT
MOST OF YOU CANNOT
IMAGINE. BUT ALL I
WANT TO DO IS
HELP.

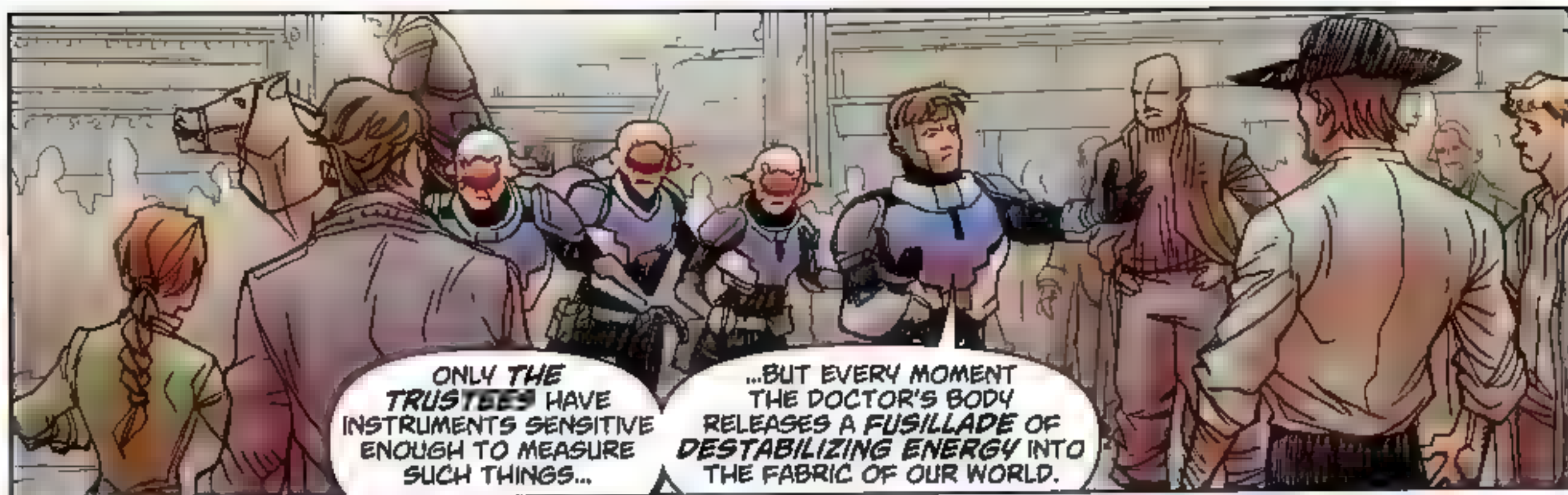
INSIST THAT I GET
TO LIVE AMONG YOU...
UNMOLESTED!



TELL THE
RESYNCHRONIZERS
ENOUGH IS
ENOUGH!

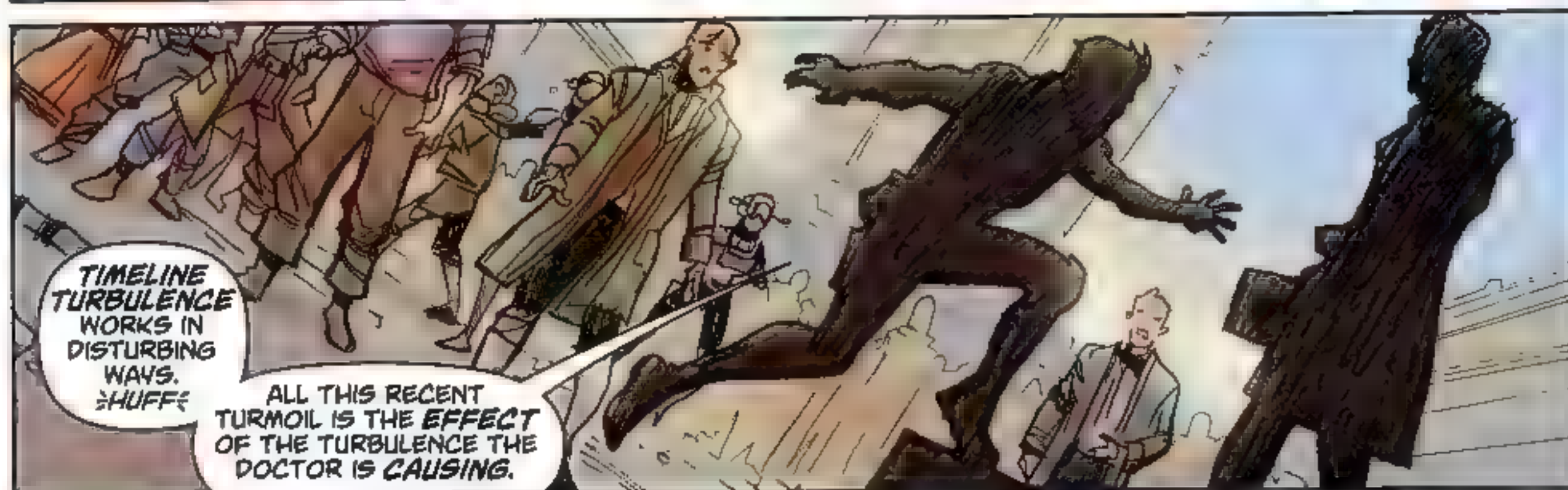






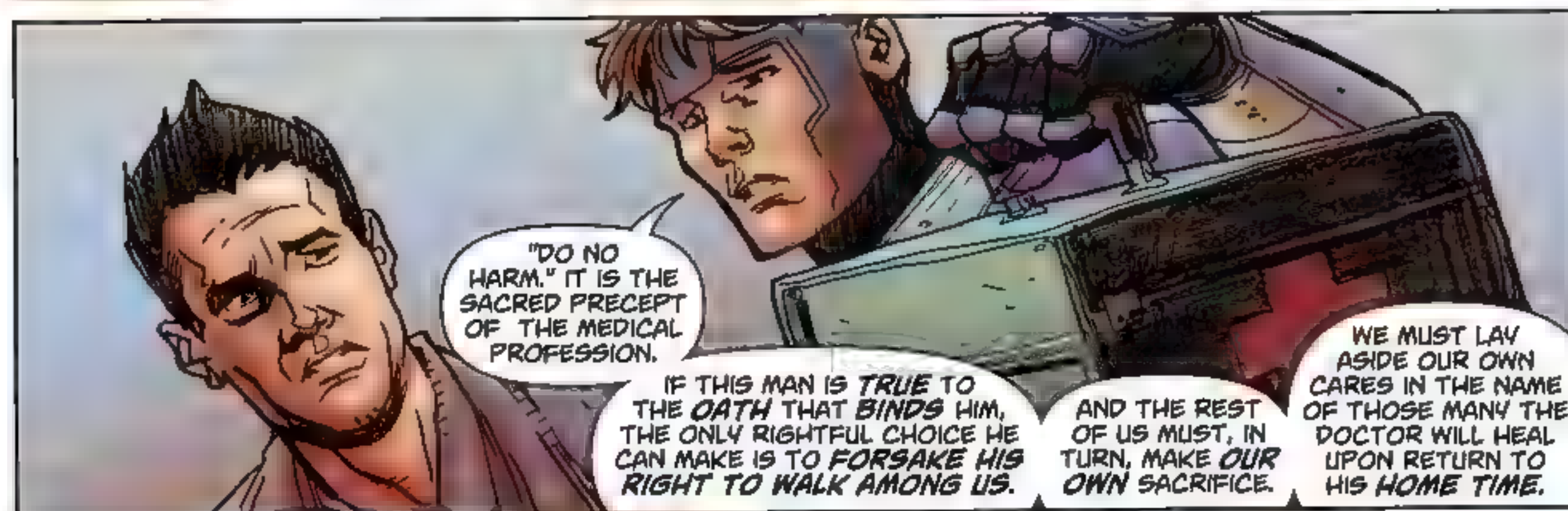
ONLY THE
TRUSTEES HAVE
INSTRUMENTS SENSITIVE
ENOUGH TO MEASURE
SUCH THINGS...

...BUT EVERY MOMENT
THE DOCTOR'S BODY
RELEASES A FUSILLADE OF
DESTABILIZING ENERGY INTO
THE FABRIC OF OUR WORLD.



TIMELINE
TURBULENCE
WORKS IN
DISTURBING
WAYS.
SHUFFE

ALL THIS RECENT
TURMOIL IS THE EFFECT
OF THE TURBULENCE THE
DOCTOR IS CAUSING.



"DO NO
HARM." IT IS THE
SACRED PRECEPT
OF THE MEDICAL
PROFESSION.

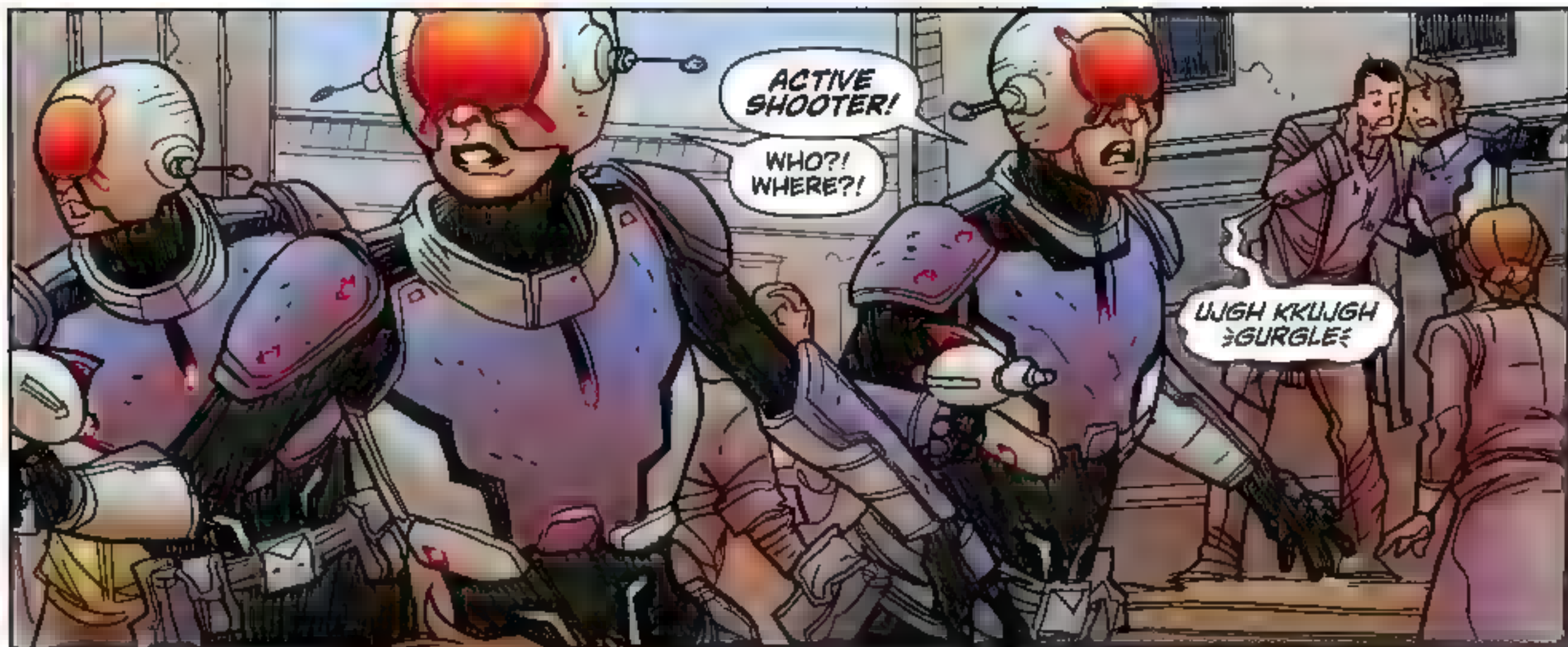
IF THIS MAN IS TRUE TO
THE OATH THAT BINDS HIM,
THE ONLY RIGHTFUL CHOICE HE
CAN MAKE IS TO FORSAKE HIS
RIGHT TO WALK AMONG US.

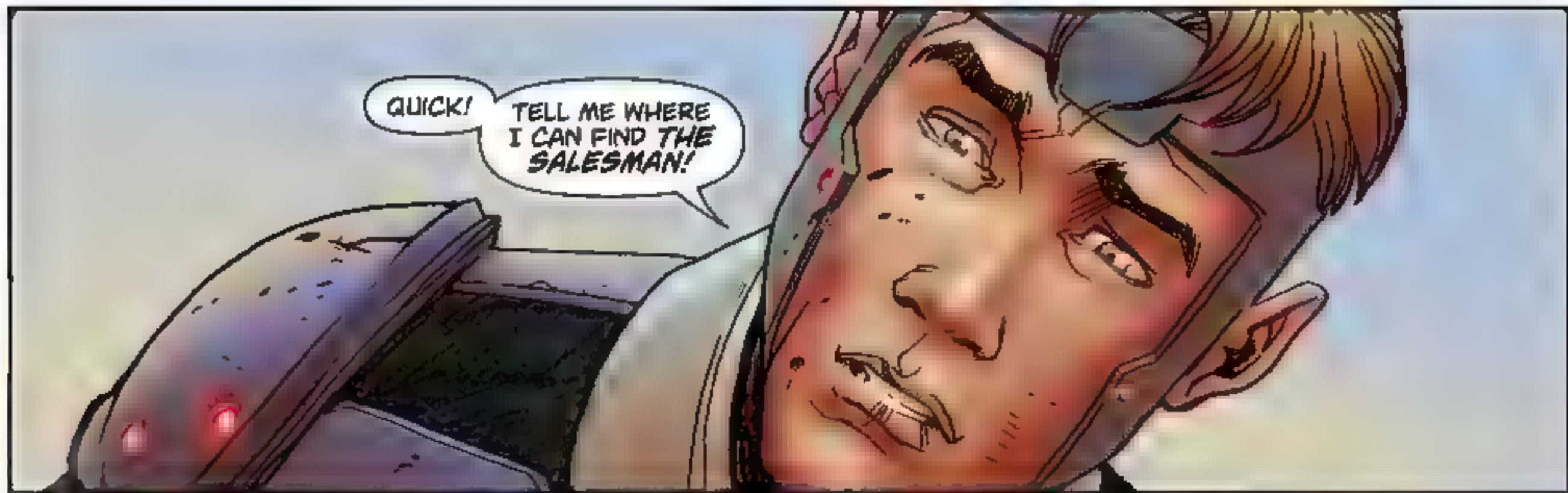
AND THE REST
OF US MUST, IN
TURN, MAKE OUR
OWN SACRIFICE.

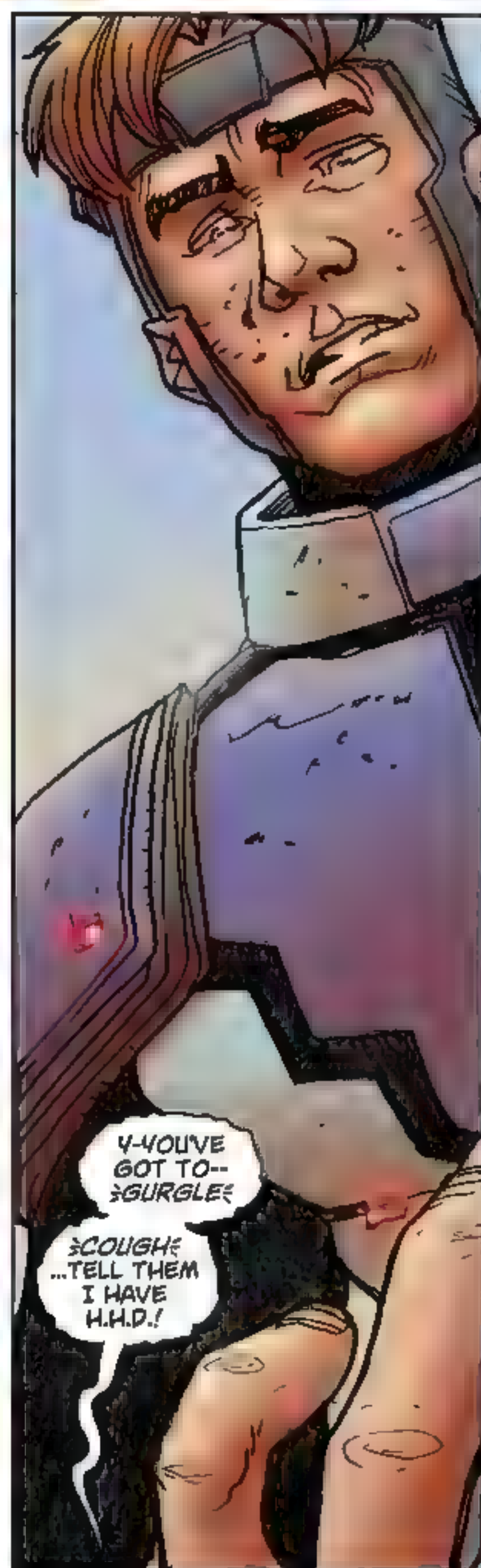
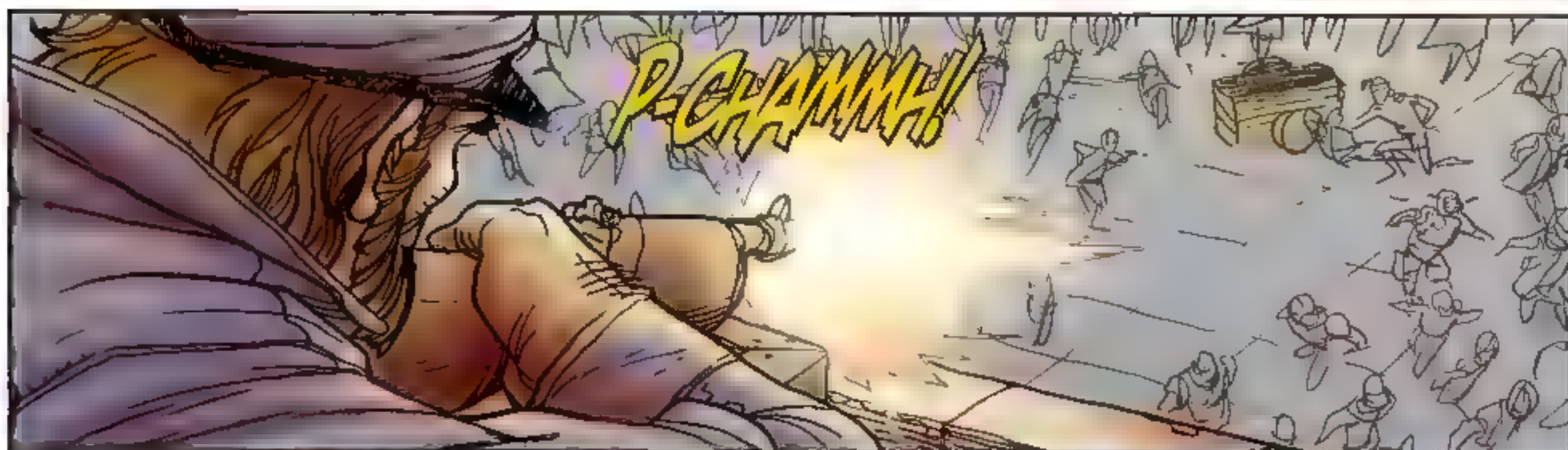
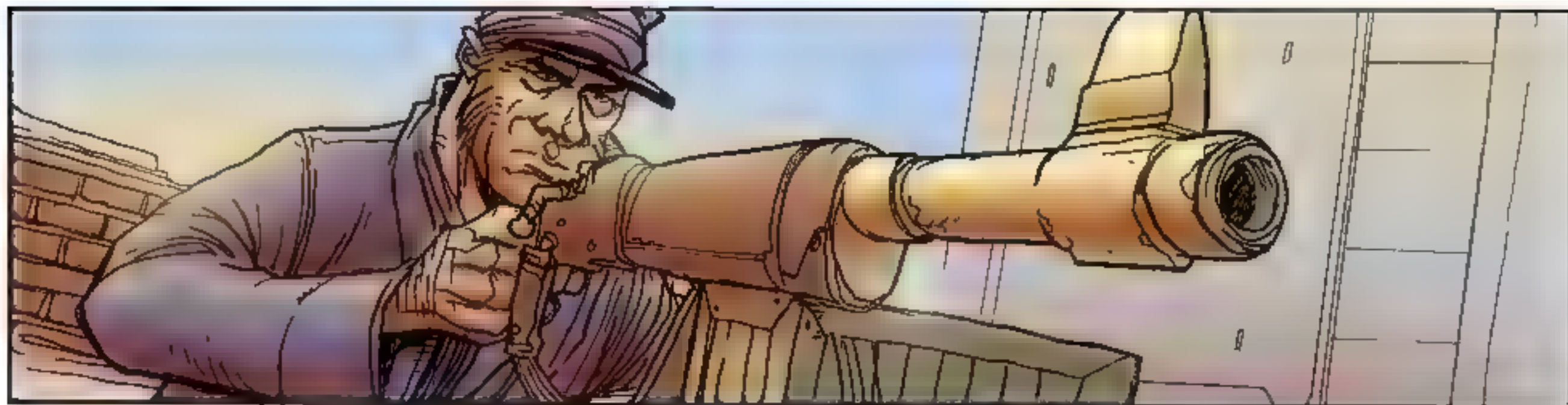
WE MUST LAY
ASIDE OUR OWN
CARES IN THE NAME
OF THOSE MANY THE
DOCTOR WILL HEAL
UPON RETURN TO
HIS HOME TIME.

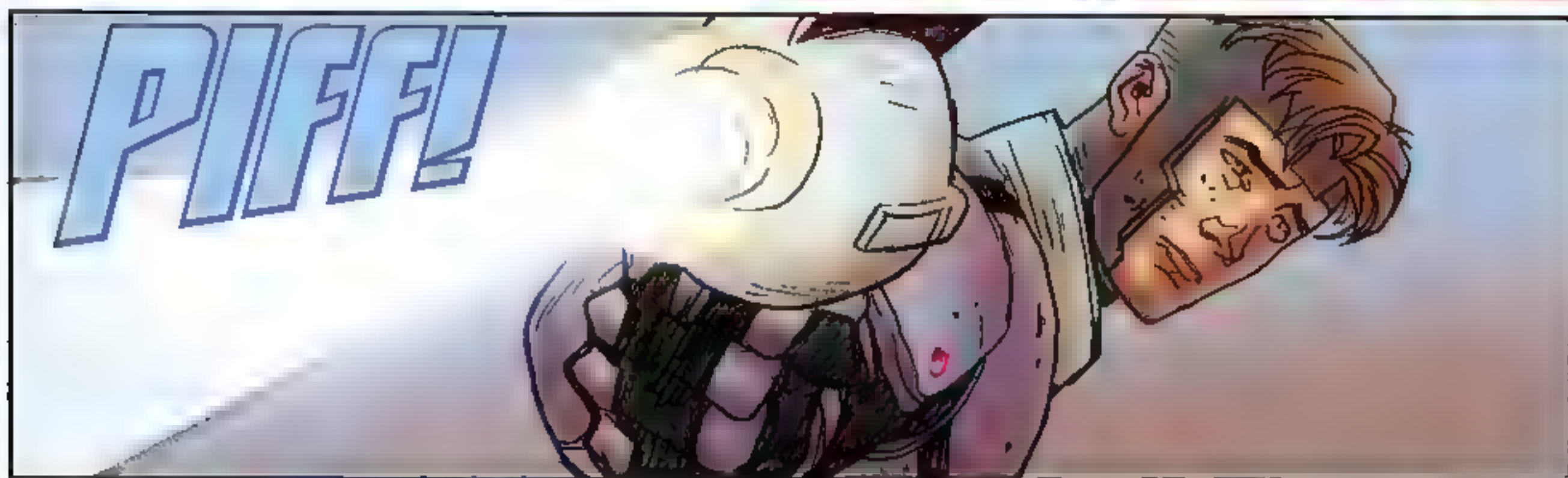
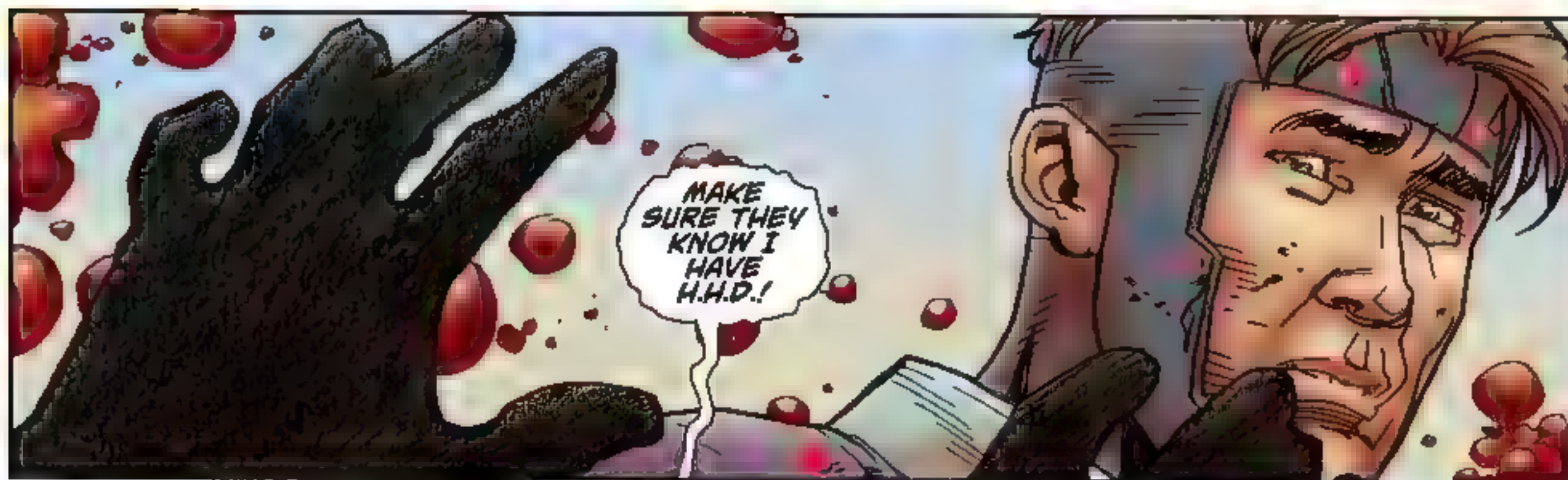
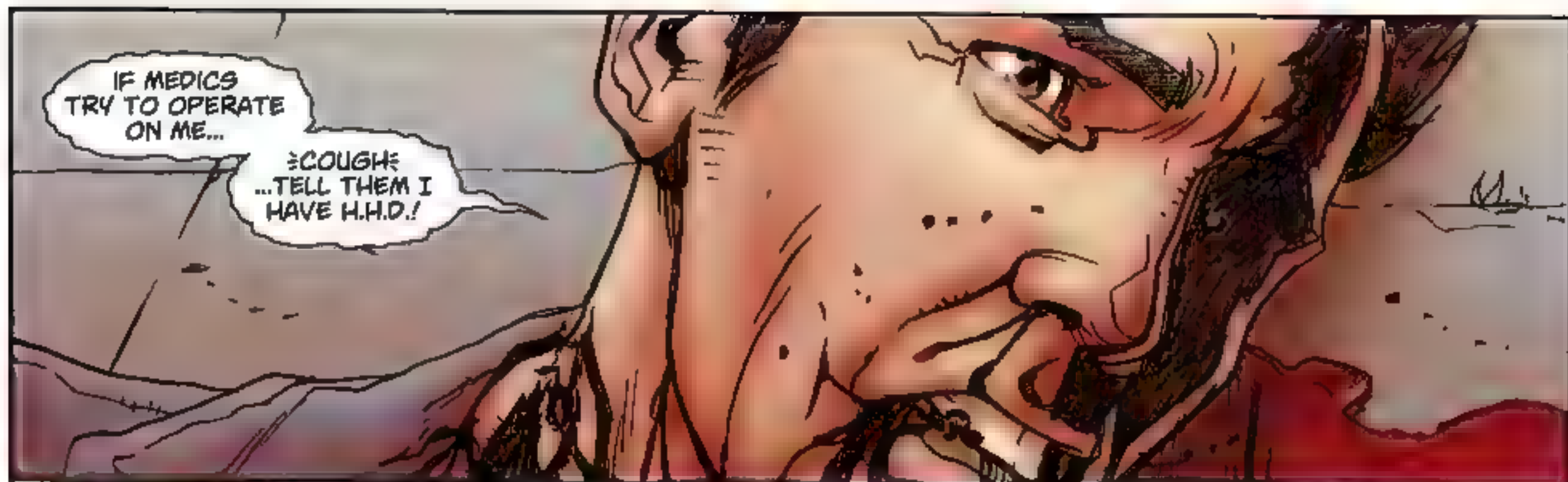
BLAM!

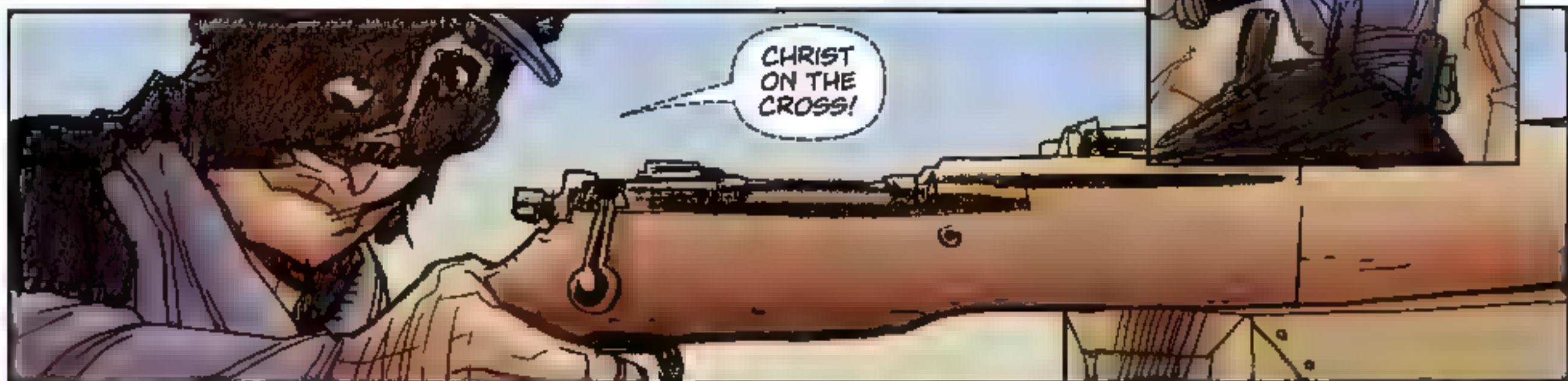
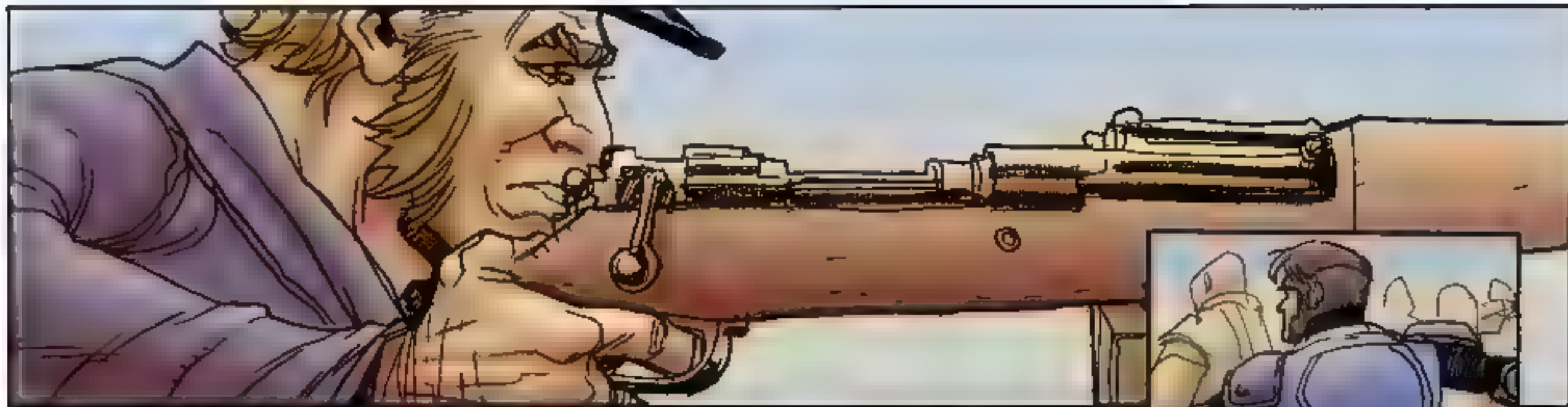














THINK
IT'S OVER,
HUH?

WELL--ONE
OF YOU IS GETTING
PLUGGED. WHO'S
GAME?

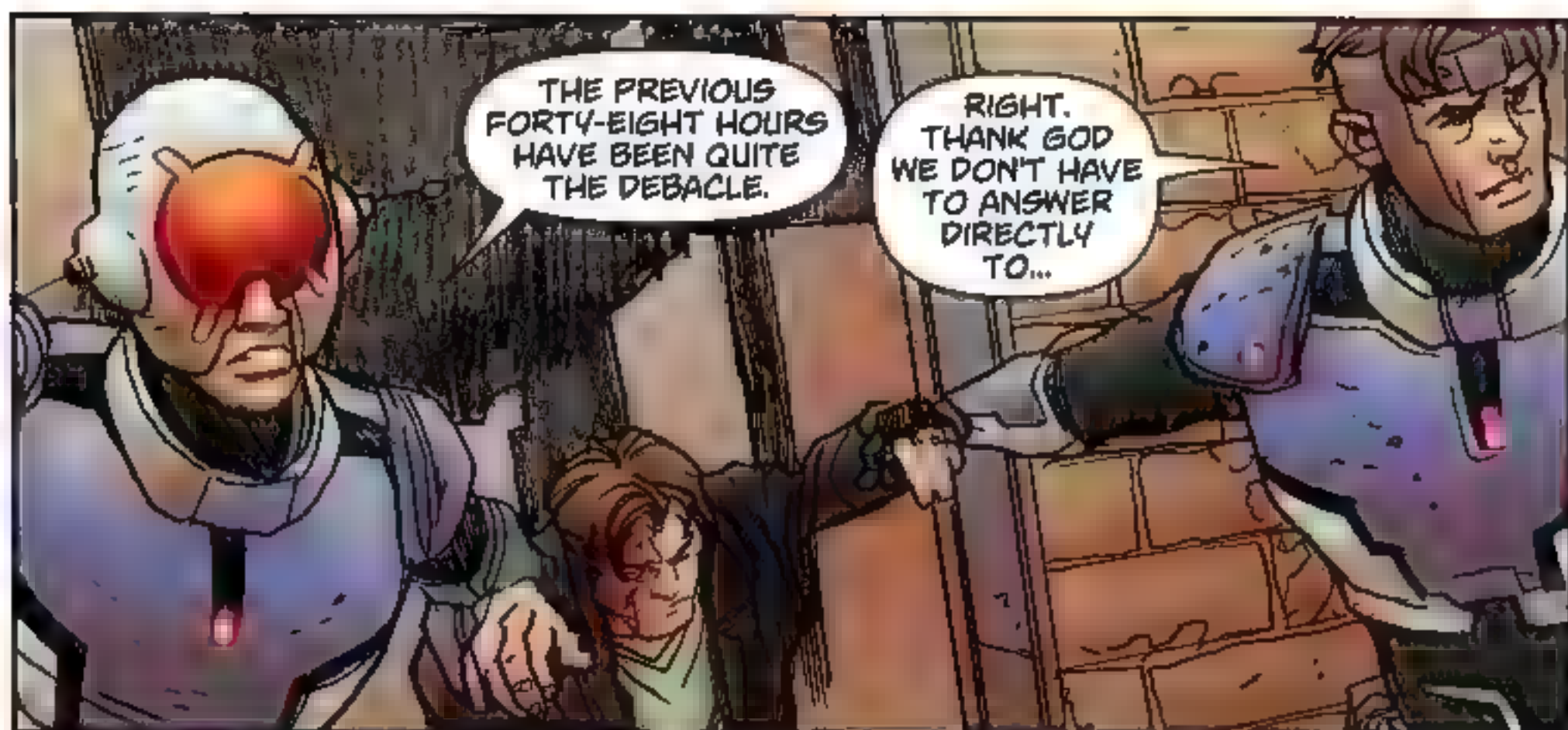


NOW,
FRANK!

HEAVE!



YIEAH!







Steve Martin
2014





JOHNSON



